SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XXV APRIL, 1899 NO. 4

A LOVER OF MUSIC

By Henry van Dyke

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER APPLETON CLARK

HE entered the backwoods village of Bytown literally on the wings of the wind, whirled along like a big snowflake, and dropped by the tempest at the door of Moody's "Sportsmen's Retreat," as if he were a New Year's gift from the North Pole. His coming seemed a mere chance; but perhaps there was something more in it, after all. At all events, you shall hear, if you will, the time and the manner of his arrival.

It was the last night of December, some thirty years ago. All the city sportsmen who had hunted the deer under Bill Moody's direction had long since retreated to their homes, leaving the little settlement on the border of the Adirondack wilderness wholly under the social direction of the natives. The annual ball was in full swing in the dining-room of the hotel. At one side of the room the tables and chairs were piled up, with their legs projecting in the air like a thicket of very dead trees. The huge stove in the southeast corner was blushing a rosy red through its thin coat of whitewash, and exhaling a furious dry heat flavored with the smell of baked iron. At the north end, however, winter reigned; and there were tiny ridges of fine snow on the floor, sifted in by the wind through the cracks in the window-frames.

But the bouncing girls and the heavy-footed guides and lumbermen who filled the ball-room did not appear to mind the heat or the cold. They balanced and "sashayed" from the tropics to the arctic circle. They swung at corners and made "ladies' change" all through the temperate zone. They stamped their feet and cut

Copyright, 1899, by Charles Scribner's Sons. All rights reserved.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

double-shuffles until the floor trembled beneath them. The tin lamp-reflectors on the walls rattled like castanets.

There was only one drawback to the hilarity of the occasion. The band, which was usually imported from Sandy River Forks for such festivities—a fiddle, a cornet, a flute, and an accordion—had not arrived. There was a general idea that the mail-sleigh, in which the musicians were to travel, had been delayed by the storm, and might break its way through the snow-drifts and arrive at any moment. But Bill Moody, who was naturally of a pessimistic temperament, had offered a different explanation.

"I tell ye, old Baker's got that blame' band down to his hotel at the Falls now, makin' 'em play fer his party. Them music fellers is onsartin'; can't trust 'em to keep anythin' 'cept the toon, and they don't always keep that. Guess we might uz well shet up this ball, or go to work playin' games."

At this proposal a thick gloom had fallen over the assembly; but it had been dispersed by Serena Moody's cheerful offer to have the small melodeon brought out of the parlor, and to play for dancing as well as she could. The company agreed that she was a smart girl, and prepared to accept her performance with enthusiasm. As the dance went on, there were frequent comments of approval to encourage her in the labor of love.

"Sereny's doin' splendid, ain't she?" said the other girls.

To which the men replied, "You bet! The playin's reel nice, and good 'nough fer anybody—outside o' city folks."

But Serena's repertory was weak, though her spirit was willing. There was an unspoken sentiment among the men that "The Sweet By and By" was not quite the best tune in the world for a quadrille. A Sunday-school hymn, no matter how rapidly it was rendered, seemed to fall short of the necessary vivacity for a polka. Besides, the wheezy little organ positively refused to go faster than a certain gait. Hose Ransom expressed the popular opinion of the instrument, after a figure in which he and his partner had been half a bar ahead of the music from start to finish, when he said:

"By Jolly! that old maloney may be chock full o' religion and po'try; but it ain't got no *dance* into it, no more'n a saw-mill."

This was the situation of affairs inside of Moody's tavern on New Year's Eve. But outside of the house the snow lay two feet deep on the level, and shoulder-high in the drifts. The sky was at last swept clean of clouds. The shivering stars and the small round moon looked infinitely remote in the black vault of heaven. The frozen lake, on which the ice was three feet thick and solid as rock, was like a vast, smooth bed, covered with a white counterpane, across which the cruel wind still poured out of the northwest, driving the dry snow along with it like a mist of powdered diamonds.

Enveloped in this dazzling, pungent atmosphere, half-blinded and bewildered by it, buffeted and yet supported by the onrushing torrent of air, a man on snow-shoes, with a light pack on his shoulders, emerged from the shelter of the Three Sisters' Islands, and staggered straight on down the lake. He passed the headland of the bay where Moody's tavern is ensconced, and probably would have drifted on beyond it, to the marsh at the lower end of the lake, but for the yellow glare of the ball-room windows and the sound of music and dancing which came out to him suddenly through a lull in the wind.

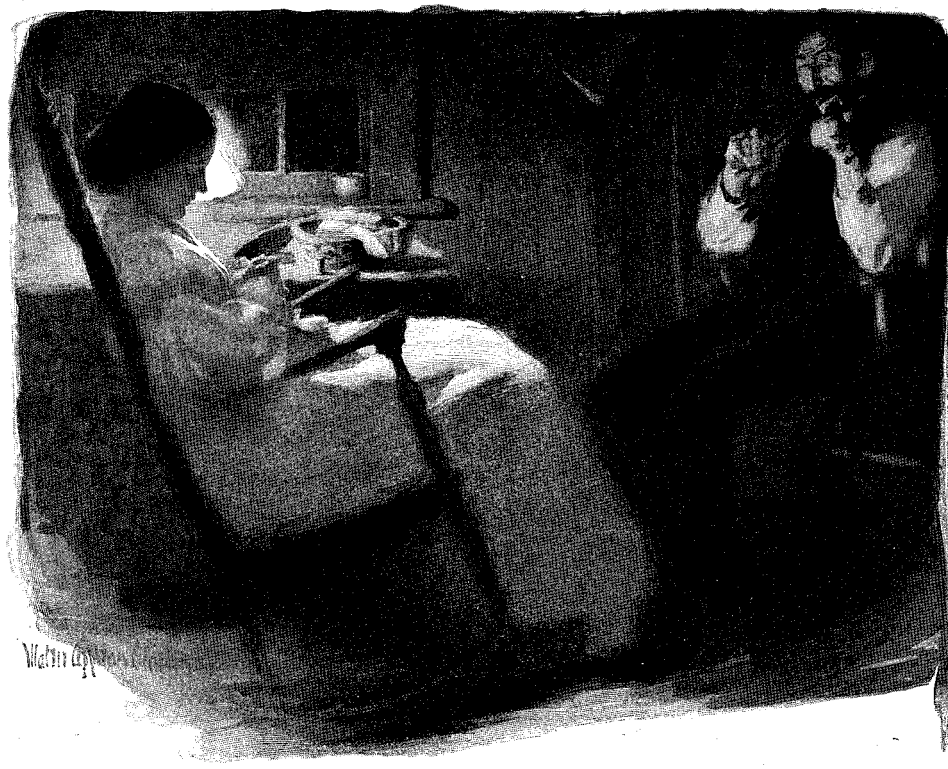
He turned to the right, climbed over the low wall of broken ice-blocks that bordered the lake, pushed up the gentle slope to the open passage-way by which the two parts of the rambling house were joined together. Crossing the porch with the last remnant of his strength, he knocked and fell heavily against the side-door.

The noise, heard through the confusion within, awakened curiosity and conjecture. Just as when a letter comes to a forest cabin, it is turned over and over, and many guesses are made as to the handwriting and the postmark before it occurs to anyone to open it and see who sent it, so was this rude knocking at the gate the occasion of argument among the rustic revellers as to what it might portend. Some thought it was the arrival of the belated band. Others supposed the sound betokened a descent of the Corey clan

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

There, in the parlor door, stood the stranger.—Page 392.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Perfectly content if she looked up now and then.—Page 394.

from the Upper Lake, or a change of heart on the part of old Dan Dunning, who had refused to attend the ball because they would not allow him to call out the figures. The guesses were various; but no one thought of the possible arrival of a stranger at such an hour on such a night, until Serena suggested that it would be a good plan to open the door. Then the unbidden guest was discovered lying benumbed along the threshold.

There was no want of knowledge as to what should be done with a half-frozen man, and no lack of ready hands to do it. They carried him not to the warm stove, but into the semi-arctic region of the parlor. They rubbed his face and his hands vigorously with snow. They gave him a drink of hot tea flavored with whiskey—or perhaps it was a drink of whiskey with a little hot tea in it—and then, as his senses began to return to him, they rolled him in a blanket and left him on a sofa to thaw out gradually, while they went on with the dance.

Naturally, he was the favorite subject of conversation for the next hour.

"Who is he, anyhow I never seen 'im before. Where'd he come from?" asked the girls.

"I dunno," said Bill Moody; "he didn't say much. Talk seemed all froze up. Frenchy, 'cordin' to what he did say. Guess he must a come down from Canady, workin' on a lumber job up Raquette River way. Got bounced out o' the camp, p'raps. All them Frenchies is queer."

This summary of national character appeared to command general assent.

"Yaas," said Hose Ransom, "did ye take note how he hung on to that pack o' his'n all the time? Wouldn't let go on it. Wonder what 'twuz? Seemed kinder holler'n light, fer all 'twuz so big an' wropped up in lots o' coverin's."

"What's the use of wonderin'?" said one of the younger boys; "find out later on. Now's the time fer dancin'. Whoop 'er up!"

So the sound of revelry swept on again in full flood. The men and maids went careering up and down the room. Serena's willing fingers labored patiently over the yellow keys of the reluctant melodion.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"... eef yo' lak' dat feedle so moch, hein?"—Page 393.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Would sit up in the bed trying to play.—Page 400.

But the ancient instrument was weakening under the strain; the bellows creaked; the notes grew more and more asthmatic.

"Hold the Fort" was the tune, "Money Musk" was the dance; and it was a preposterously bad fit. The figure was tangled up like a fishing-line after trolling all day without a swivel. The dancers were doing their best, determined to be happy, as cheerful as possible, but all out of time. The organ was whirring and gasping and groaning for breath. Suddenly a new music filled the room.

The right tune—the real old joyful Money Musk, played jubilantly, triumphantly, irresistibly—on a fiddle!

The melodion gave one final gasp of surprise and was dumb. Everyone looked up. There, in the parlor door, stood the stranger, with his coat off, his violin hugged close under his chin, his right arm making the bow fly over the strings, his black eyes sparkling, and his stockinged feet marking time to the tune.

"*Dansez! dansez*," he cried, "*en avant!* Don' spik. Don' res'! Ah'll goin' play de feedle fo' yo' jess moch yo' lak', eef yo' h'only *danse!*"

The music gushed from the bow like water from the rock when Moses touched it. Tune followed tune with endless fluency and variety—polkas, galops, reels, jigs, quadrilles; fragments of airs from many lands—"The Fisher's Hornpipe," "Charlie is my Darling," "Marianne s'en va-t-au Moulin," "Petit Jean," "Jordan is a Hard Road to Trabbel," woven together after the strangest fashion and set to the liveliest cadence.

It was a magical performance. No one could withstand it. They all danced together, like the leaves on the shivering poplars when the wind blows through them. The gentle Serena was swept away from

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

her stool at the organ as if she were a little canoe drawn into the rapids, and Bill Moody stepped high and cut pigeon-wings that had been forgotten for a generation. It was long after midnight when the dancers paused, breathless and exhausted.

"Waal," said Hose Ransom, "that's jess the high-tonedest music we ever had to Bytown. You're a reel player, Frenchy, that's what you are. What's your name? Where'd you come from? Where you goin' to? What brought you here, anyhow?"

"*Moi?*" said the fiddler, dropping his bow and taking a long breath. "Mah nem Jacques Tremblay. Ah'll ben come fraum Kebeck. W'ere goin'? Ah donno. Prob'ly Ah'll stop dis place, eef yo' lak' dat feedle so moch, hein?"

His hand passed caressingly over the smooth brown wood of the violin. He drew it up close to his face again, as if he would have kissed it, while his eyes wandered timidly around the circle of listeners, and rested at last, with a question in them, on the face of the hotel-keeper. Moody was fairly warmed, for once, out of his customary temper of mistrust and indecision. He spoke up promptly.

"You kin stop here jess long's you like. We don' care where you come from, an' you needn't to go no fu'ther, 'less you wanter. But we ain't got no use for French names round here. Guess we'll call him Fiddlin' Jack, hey, Sereny? He kin do the chores in the day-time, an' play the fiddle at night."

This was the way in which Bytown came to have a lover of music among its permanent inhabitants.

II

Jacques dropped into his place and filled it as if it had been made for him. There was something in his disposition that seemed to fit him for just the *rôle* that was vacant in the social drama of the settlement. It was not a serious, important, responsible part, like that of a farmer, or a store-keeper, or a professional hunter. It was rather an addition to the regular programme of existence, something unannounced and voluntary, and therefore not weighted with too heavy responsibilities. There was a touch of the transient and uncertain about it. He seemed like a perpetual visitor; and yet he stayed on as steadily as a native, never showing, from the first, the slightest wish or intention to leave the woodland village.

I do not mean that he was an idler. Bytown had not yet arrived at that stage of civilization in which an ornamental element is supported at the public expense.

He worked for his living, and earned it. He was full of a quick, cheerful industry; and there was nothing that needed to be done about Moody's establishment, from the wood-pile to the ice-house, at which he did not bear a hand willingly and well.

"He kin work like a beaver," said old Moody, talking the stranger over down at the post-office one day, "but I don't b'lieve he's got much ambition. Jess does his work and takes his wages, and then gits his fiddle out and plays."

"Tell ye what," said Hose Ransom, who set up for the village philosopher, "he ain't got no imagination. That's what makes men slack. He don't know what it means to rise in the world; don't care fer anythin' ez much ez he does for his music. He's jess like a bird; let him have 'nough to eat and a chance to sing, and he's all right. What's he 'magine about a house of his own, and a barn, and sich things?"

Hosea's illustration was suggested by his own experience. He had just put the profits of his last summer's guiding into a new barn, and his imagination was already at work planning an addition to his house in the shape of a kitchen L.

But in spite of his tone of contempt, he had a kindly feeling for the unimaginative fiddler. Indeed, this was the attitude of pretty much every one in the community. A few men of the rougher sort had made fun of him at first, and there had been one or two attempts at rude handling. But Jacques was determined to take no offence; and he was so good-humored, so obliging, so pleasant in his way of whistling and singing about his work, that all unfriendliness soon died out.

He had literally played his way into the affections of the village. The winter seemed to pass more swiftly and merrily than it had done before the violin was

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

there. He was always ready to bring it out, and draw all kinds of music from its strings, as long as anyone wanted to listen or to dance.

It made no difference whether there was a roomful of listeners, or only a couple, Fiddlin' Jack was just as glad to play. With a little, quiet audience, he loved to try the quaint, plaintive airs of the old French songs—"À la Claire Fontaine," "Un Canadien Errant," and "Isabeau s'y Promene"—and bits of simple melody from the great composers, and familiar Scotch and English ballads—things that he had picked up heaven knows where, and into which he put a world of meaning, sad and sweet.

He was at his best in this vein when he was alone with Serena in the kitchen—she with a piece of sewing in her lap, sitting beside the lamp; he in the corner by the stove, with the brown violin tucked under his chin, wandering on from one air to another, and perfectly content if she looked up now and then from her work and told him that she liked the tune.

Serena was rather a pretty girl, with smooth, silky hair, and eyes the color of the nodding harebells that blossom on the edge of the woods. She was slight and delicate. The neighbors called her sickly; and a great doctor from Philadelphia who had spent a summer at Bytown had put his ear to her chest, and looked grave, and said that she ought to winter in a mild climate. That was before people had discovered the Adirondacks as a sanitarium for consumptives.

But the inhabitants of Bytown were not in the way of paying much attention to the theories of physicians in regard to climate. They held that if you were rugged, it was a great advantage, almost a virtue; but if you were sickly, you just had to make the best of it, and get along with the weather as well as you could.

So Serena stayed at home and adapted herself very cheerfully to the situation. She kept the house in winter more than the other girls, and had a quieter way about her; but you would never have called her an invalid. There was only a clearer blue in her eyes, and a smoother lustre on her brown hair, and a brighter spot of red on her cheek. She was particularly fond of reading and of music. It was this that made her so glad of the arrival of the violin. The violin's master knew it, and turned to her as a sympathetic soul. I think he liked her eyes too, and the soft tones of her voice. He was a sentimentalist, this little Canadian, for all he was so merry; and love—but that comes later.

"Where'd you get your fiddle, Jack?" said Serena, one night as they sat together in the kitchen.

"Ah'll was get heem in Kebeck," answered Jacques, passing his hand lightly over the instrument, as he always did when anyone spoke of it. "Vair' nice *violon*, hein? W'at you t'ink? Ma h'ole teacher, to de college, he was gif' me dat violon, w'en Ah was gone away to de woods."

"I want to know! Were you in the College? What'd you go off to the woods for?"

"Ah'll get tire' fraum dat teachin'—read, read, read, h'all taim'. Ah'll not lak' dat so moch. Rader be out-door—run aroun'—paddle de *canot*—go wid de boys in de woods—mek' dem danse at ma *musique*. A-a-ah! Dat was fon! P'raps you t'ink dat not good, hein? You t'ink Jacques one beeg fool, Ah suppose?"

"I dunno," said Serena, declining to commit herself, but pressing on gently, as women do, to the point she had in view when she began the talk. "Dunno's you're any more foolish than a man that keeps on doin' what he don't like. But what made you come away from the boys in the woods and travel down this way?"

A shade passed over the face of Jacques. He turned away from the lamp and bent over the violin on his knees, fingering the strings nervously. Then he spoke, in a changed, shaken voice.

"Ah'll tole you somet'ing, Ma'amselle Seréne. You ma frien'. Don' you h'ask me dat reason of it no more. Dat's somet'ing vair' bad, bad, bad. Ah can't nevair tole dat—nevair."

There was something in the way he said it that gave a check to her gentle curiosity and turned it into pity. A man with a secret in his life? It was a new element in her experience; like a chapter in a book. She was lady enough at heart to respect his silence. She kept away from the forbidden ground. But the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

knowledge that it was there gave a new interest to Jacques and his music. She embroidered some strange romances around that secret while she sat in the kitchen sewing.

Other people at Bytown were less forbearing. They tried their best to find out something about Fiddlin' Jack's past, but he was not communicative. He talked about Canada. All Canadians do. But about himself? No.

If the questions became too pressing, he would try to play himself away from his inquisitors with new tunes. If that did not succeed, he would take the violin under his arm and slip quickly out of the room. And if you had followed him at such a time, you would have heard him drawing strange, melancholy music from the instrument, sitting alone in the barn, or in the darkness of his own room in the garret.

Once, and only once, he seemed to come near betraying himself. This was how it happened.

There was a party at Moody's one night, and Bull Corey had come down from the Upper Lake and filled himself up with whiskey.

Bull was an ugly-tempered fellow. The more he drank, up to a certain point, the steadier he got on his legs, and the more necessary it appeared to him to fight somebody. The tide of his pugnacity took a straight set that night toward Fiddlin' Jack. Bull began with musical criticisms. The fiddling did not suit him at all. It was too quick, and it was too slow. He failed to perceive how anyone could tolerate such music even in the infernal regions, and he expressed himself in plain words to that effect. In fact, he damned the performance without even the faintest praise.

But the majority of the audience gave him no support. On the contrary, they told him to shut up. And Jack fiddled along cheerfully.

Then Bull returned to the attack, after having fortified himself in the bar-room. And now he took national grounds. The French, were, in his opinion, a most despicable race. They were not a patch on the noble Anglo-Saxon race. They talked too much, and their language was ridiculous. They had a condemned, fool habit of taking off their hats when they spoke to a lady. They ate frogs.

Having delivered himself of these sentiments in a loud voice, much to the interruption of the music, he marched over to the table on which Fiddlin' Jack was sitting, and grabbed the violin from his hands.

"Gimme that dam fiddle," he cried, "till I see if there's a frog in it."

Jacques leaped from the table, transported with rage. His face was convulsed. His eyes blazed. He snatched a carving-knife from the dresser behind him, and sprang at Corey.

"*Tort Dieu!*" he shrieked, "*mon violon!* Ah'll keel you, beast!"

But he could not reach the enemy. Bill Moody's long arms were flung around the struggling fiddler, and a pair of brawny guides had Corey pinned by the elbows, hustling him backward. Half a dozen men thrust themselves between the would-be combatants. There was a dead silence, a scuffling of feet on the bare floor; then the danger was past, and a tumult of talk burst forth.

But a strange alteration had passed over Jacques. He trembled. He turned white. Tears poured down his cheeks. As Moody let him go, he dropped on his knees, hid his face in his hands, and prayed in his own tongue.

"My God, it is here again! Was it not enough that I must be tempted once before? Must I have the madness yet another time? My God, show the mercy toward me, for the Blessed Virgin's sake. I am a sinner, but not the second time; O, for the love of Jesus, not the second time! *Ave Maria, gratia plena, ora pro me!*"

The others did not understand what he was saying. Indeed, they paid little attention to him. They saw he was frightened, and thought it was with fear. They were already discussing what ought to be done about the fracas. It was plain that Bull Corey, whose liquor had now taken effect suddenly, and made him as limp as a strip of cedar bark, must be thrown out of the door, and left to cool off on the beach. But what to do with Fiddlin' Jack for his attempt at knifing—a detested crime? He might have gone at Bull with a gun, or with a club, or with a chair, or with any recognized weapon. But with a carving-knife!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

That was a serious offence. Arrest him, and send him to jail at the Forks? Take him out, and duck him in the lake? Lick him, and drive him out of the town?

There was a multitude of counsellors, but it was Hose Ransom who settled the case. He was a well-known fighting-man, as well as a respected philosopher. He swung his broad frame in front of the fiddler.

"Tell ye what we'll do. Jess nothin'! Ain't Bull Corey the blowin'est and the mos' trouble-us cuss 'round these hull woods? And wouldn't it be a fust-rate thing ef some o' the wind was let out'n him?"

General assent greeted this pointed inquiry.

"And wa'n't Fiddlin' Jack peacerble 'nough 's long's he was let alone? What's the matter with lettin' him alone now?"

The argument seemed to carry weight. Hose saw his advantage, and clinched it.

"Ain't he given us a lot o' fun here this winter in a innercent kind o' way, with his old fiddle? I guess there ain't nothin' on airth he loves better'n that holler piece o' wood, and the toons that's inside o' it. It's jess like a wife or a child to him. Where's that fiddle, anyhow?"

Some one had picked it deftly out of Corey's hand during the scuffle, and now passed it up to Hose.

"Here, Frenchy, take yer long-necked, pot-bellied music-gourd. And I want you boys to understand, ef anyone teches that fiddle agin, I'll knock hell out'n him."

So the recording angel dropped another tear upon the record of Hosea Ransom, and the books were closed for the night.

III

For some weeks after the incident of the violin and the carving-knife, it looked as if a permanent cloud had settled upon the spirits of Fiddlin' Jack. He was sad and nervous; if anyone touched him, or even spoke to him suddenly, he would jump like a deer. He kept out of everybody's way as much as possible, sat out in the wood-shed when he was not at work, and could not be persuaded to bring down his fiddle. He seemed in a fair way to be transformed into "the melancholy Jacques."

It was Serena who broke the spell; and she did it in a woman's way, the simplest way in the world—by taking no notice of it.

"Ain't you goin' to play for me to-night?" she asked one evening, as Jacques passed through the kitchen. Whereupon the evil spirit was exorcised, and the violin came back again to its place in the life of the house.

But there was less time for music now than there had been in the winter. As the snow vanished from the woods, and the frost leaked out of the ground, and the ice on the lake was honeycombed, breaking away from the shore, and finally going to pieces altogether in a warm southeast storm, the Sportsmen's Retreat began to prepare for business. There was a garden to be planted, and there were boats to be painted. The rotten old wharf in front of the house stood badly in need of repairs. The fiddler proved himself a Jack-of-all-trades and master of more than one.

In the middle of May the anglers began to arrive at the Retreat—a quiet, sociable, friendly set of men, most of whom were old-time acquaintances and familiar lovers of the woods. They belonged to the early Adirondack period, these disciples of Walton. They were not very rich, and they did not put on much style, but they understood how to have a good time; and what they did not know about fishing was not worth knowing. Jacques fitted into their scheme of life as a well-made reel fits the butt of a good rod. He was a steady oarsman, a lucky fisherman, with a real genius for the use of the landing-net, and a cheerful companion, who did not insist upon giving his views about artificial flies and advice about casting on every occasion. By the end of June he found himself in pretty steady employment as a guide.

He liked best to go with the anglers who were not too energetic, but were satisfied to fish for a few hours in the morning and again at sunset, after a long rest in the middle of the afternoon. This was just the time for the violin; and if Jacques had his way, he would take it with him, carefully tucked away in its case in the bow of the boat; and when the pipes were lit after lunch, on the shore of Round

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Island or at the mouth of Cold Brook, he would discourse sweet music until the declining sun drew near the tree-tops and the hermit-thrush rang his silver bell for vespers. Then it was time to fish again, and the flies danced merrily over the water and the great speckled trout leaped eagerly to catch them. For trolling all day long for lake-trout he had little liking.

"Dat is not de sport," he would say, "to hol' one r-r-ope in de 'and, an' den pool heem in wid one feesh on t'ree hook, h'all tangle h'up in hees mout'—dat is not de sport. Bisside, dat leef not taim' for *la musique*."

Midsummer brought a new set of guests to the Retreat, and filled the ramshackle old house to overflowing. The fishing fell off, but there were picnics and camping-parties in abundance, and Jacques was in demand. The ladies liked him; his manners were so pleasant, and they took a great interest in his music. Moody bought a piano for the parlor that summer; and there were two or three good players in the house, to whom Jacques would listen with delight, sitting on a pile of logs outside the parlor-windows in the warm August evenings.

Someone asked him whether he did not prefer the piano to the violin.

"*Non*," he answered, very decidedly; "dat piano, he vairee smart; he got plentee word, lak' de leetle yellow bird in de cage—'ow you call heem?—*le serin*. He spik' moch. Bot dat violon, he spik' more deep, to de heart. He mak' me feel more glad, more sorree—dat fo' w'at Ah lak' heem de bes'!"

Through all the occupations and pleasures of the summer Jacques kept as near as he could to Serena. If he learned a new tune, by listening to the piano—some simple, artful air of Mozart, some melancholy echo of a nocturne of Chopin, some tender, passionate love-song of Schubert—it was to her that he would play it first. If he could persuade her to a boat-ride with him on the lake Sunday evening, the week was complete. He even learned to know the more shy and delicate forest-blossoms that she preferred, and would come in from a day's guiding with a tiny bunch of belated twin-flowers, or a few purple-fringed orchids, or a handful of nodding stalks of the fragrant pyrola for her.

So the summer passed, and the autumn, with its longer hunting expeditions into the depth of the wilderness; and by the time that winter came around again, Fiddlin' Jack was well settled at Moody's as a regular Adirondack guide of the old-fashioned type, but with a difference. He improved in his English. Something of that missing quality which Moody called ambition, and to which Hose Ransom gave the name of imagination, seemed to awaken within him. He saved his wages. He went into business for himself in a modest way, and made a good turn in the manufacture of deerskin mittens and snow-shoes. By the spring he had nearly three hundred dollars laid by, and bought a piece of land from Ransom on the bank of the river just above the village.

The second summer of guiding brought him in enough to commence building a little house. It was of logs, neatly squared at the corners; and there was a door exactly in the middle of the *façade*, with a square window at either side, and another at each end of the house, according to the common style of architecture at Bytown.

But it was in the roof that the touch of distinction appeared. For this, Jacques had modelled after his memory of a Canadian roof. There was a delicate inward curve in it, as it sloped downward from the peak, and the eaves projected pleasantly over the front door, making a strip of shade wherein it would be good to rest when the afternoon sun shone hot.

He took great pride in this effort of the builder's art. One day at the beginning of May, when the house was nearly finished, he asked old Moody and Serena to stop on their way home from the village and see what he had done. He showed them the kitchen, and the living-room, with the bedroom partitioned off from it, and sharing half of its side window. Here was a place where a door could be cut at the back, and a shed built for a summer kitchen—for the coolness, you understand. And here were two stoves—one for the cooking, and the other in the living-room for the warming, both of the newest.

"An' look dat roof. Dat's lak' we make dem in Canada. De rain ron off easy, and de sun not shine too strong at de door. Ain't dat nice? You lak' dat roof, Ma'amselle Seréne, hein?"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Thus the imagination of Jacques unfolded itself, and his ambition appeared to be making plans for its accomplishment. I do not want anyone to suppose that there was a crisis in his affair of the heart. There was none. Indeed, it is very doubtful whether anybody in the village, even Serena herself, ever dreamed that there was such an affair. Up to the point when the house was finished and furnished, it was to be a secret between Jacques and his violin; and they found no difficulty in keeping it.

Bytown was a Yankee village. Jacques was, after all, nothing but a Frenchman. The native tone of religion, what there was of it, was strongly Methodist. Jacques never went to church, and if he was anything, was probably a Roman Catholic. Serena was something of a sentimentalist, and a great reader of novels; but the international love-story had not yet been invented, and the idea of getting married to a foreigner never entered her smooth little head. I do not say that she suspected nothing in the wild flowers, and the Sunday evening boat rides, and the music. She was a woman. I have said already that she liked Jacques very much, and his violin pleased her to the heart. But the new building by the river? I am sure she never even thought of it once in the way that he did.

Well, in the end of June, just after the furniture had come for the house with the curved roof, Serena was married to Hose Ransom. He was a widower without children, and altogether the best fellow, as well as the most prosperous, in the settlement. His house stood up on the hill, behind the lot which Jacques had bought. It was painted white, and it had a narrow front porch, with a scroll-saw fringe around the edge of it; and there was a little garden fenced in with white palings, in which Sweet Williams and pansies and blue lupines and pink bleeding hearts were planted.

The wedding was at the Sportsmen's Retreat, and Jacques was there, of course. There was nothing of the disconsolate lover about him. The noun he might have confessed to, in a confidential moment of intercourse with his violin; but the adjective was not in his line. The strongest impulse in his nature was to be a giver of entertainment, a source of joy in others, a recognized element of delight in the little world where he moved. He had the artistic temperament in its most primitive and naïve form. Nothing pleased him so much as the act of pleasing. Music was the means which Nature had given him to fulfil this desire. He played, as you might say, out of a certain kind of selfishness, because he enjoyed making other people happy. He was selfish enough, in his way, to want the pleasure of making everybody feel the same delight that he felt in the clear tones, the merry cadences, the tender and caressing flow of his violin. That was consolation. That was power. That was success.

And especially was he selfish enough to want to feel his ability to give Serena a pleasure at her wedding—a pleasure that nobody else could give her. When she asked him to play, he consented gladly. Never had he drawn the bow across the strings with a more magical touch. The wedding guests danced as if they were enchanted. The big bridegroom came up and clapped him on the back, with the nearest approach to a gesture of affection that backwoods etiquette allows between men.

"Jack, you're the boss fiddler o' this hull county. Have a drink now? I guess you're mighty dry."

"*Merci, non*," said Jacques. "I drink only de museek dis night. Eef I drink two t'ings, I get dronk."

In between the dances, and while the supper was going on, he played quieter tunes—ballads and songs that he knew Serena liked. After supper came the final reel; and when that was wound up, with immense hilarity, the company ran out to the side door of the tavern to shout a noisy farewell to the bridal buggy, as it drove down the road toward the house with the white palings. When they came back, the fiddler was gone. He had slipped away to the little cabin with the curved roof.

All night long he sat there playing in the dark. Every tune that he had ever known came back to him—grave and merry, light and sad. He played them over and over again, passing round and round among them as a leaf on a stream follows the eddies, now backward, now forward, and returning most frequently to an echo of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a certain theme from Chopin—you remember the *nocturne in G minor*, the second one. He did not know who Chopin was. Perhaps he did not even know the name of the music. But the air had fallen upon his ear somewhere, and had stayed in his memory; and now it seemed to say something to him that had an especial meaning.

At last he let the bow fall. He patted the brown wood of the violin after his old fashion, loosened the strings a little, wrapped it in its green baize cover, and hung it on the wall.

"Hang thou there, thou little violin," he murmured. "It is now that I shall take the good care of thee, as never before; for thou art the wife of Jacques Tremblay. And the wife of Osée Ransom, she is a friend to us, both of us; and we will make the music for her many years, I tell thee, many years—for her, and for her good man, and for the children—yes?"

But Serena did not have many years to listen to the playing of Jacques Tremblay: on the white porch, in the summer evenings, with bleeding-hearts abloom in the garden; or by the winter fire, while the pale blue moonlight lay on the snow without, and the yellow lamplight filled the room with homely radiance. In the third year after her marriage she died, and Jacques stood beside Hose at the funeral.

There was a child—a little boy—delicate and blue-eyed, the living image of his mother. Jacques appointed himself general attendant, and nurse in extraordinary, and court musician to this child. He gave up his work as a guide. It took him too much away from home. He was tired of it. Besides, what did he want of so much money? He had his house. He could gain enough for all his needs by making snow-shoes and the deerskin mittens at home. Then he could be near little Billy. It was pleasanter so.

When Hose was away on a long trip in the woods, Jacques would move up to the white house and stay on guard. His fiddle learned how to sing the prettiest slumber songs. Moreover, it could crow in the morning, just like the cock; and it could make a noise like a mouse, and like the cats, too; and there were more tunes inside of it than in any music-box in the world.

As the boy grew older, the little cabin with the curved roof became his favorite playground. It was near the river, and Fiddlin' Jack was always ready to make a boat for him, or to help him to catch minnows in the mill-dam. The child had a taste for music, too, and learned some of the old Canadian songs, which he sang in a curious broken *patois*, while his delighted teacher accompanied him on the violin. But it was a great day when he was eight years old, and Jacques brought out a small fiddle, for which he had secretly sent to Albany, and presented it to the boy.

"You see dat feedle, Billee? Dat's for you! You mek' de *leçon* on that. When you kin mak' de *museek*, den you play on de violon—lak' dis one—listen!"

Then he drew the bow across the strings and dashed into a medley of the jolliest airs imaginable.

The boy took to his instruction as kindly as could have been expected. School interrupted it a good deal; and play with the other boys carried him away often; but, after all, there was nothing that he liked much better than to sit in the little cabin on a winter evening and pick out a simple tune after his teacher. He must have had some talent for it, too; for Jacques was very proud of his pupil, and prophesied great things of him.

"You know dat little Billee of 'Ose Ransom," the fiddler would say to a circle of people at the hotel, where he still went to play for parties; "you know dat small Ransom boy? Well, I'm tichin' heem play de feedle; an' I tell you, one day he play better dan hees ticher. Ah, dat's gr-r-reat t'ing, de museek, ain't it? Mek' you laugh, mek' you cry, mek' you dance! Now, you dance. Tek' your pardnerre. *En avant!* Kip' step to de museek!"

IV

THIRTY years brought many changes to Bytown. The wild woodland flavor evaporated out of the place almost entirely; and instead of an independent centre of rustic life, it became an annex to great cities. It was exploited as a summer-resort, and discovered as a winter-resort. Three or four big hotels were planted

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

there, and in their shadow a score of boarding-houses alternately languished and flourished. The summer cottage also appeared and multiplied; and with it came many of the peculiar features which man elaborates in his struggle toward the finest civilization—afternoon teas, and amateur theatricals, and claw-hammer coats, and a casino, and even a few servants in livery.

The very name of Bytown was discarded as being too American and commonplace. An Indian name was discovered, and considered much more romantic and appropriate. You will look in vain for Bytown on the map now. Nor will you find the old saw-mill there any longer, wasting a vast water-power to turn its dripping wheel and cut up a few pine-logs into fragrant boards. There is a big steam-mill a little farther up the river, which rips out thousands of feet of lumber in a day; but there are no more pine-logs, only sticks of spruce which the old lumbermen would have thought hardly worth cutting. And down below the dam there is a pulp-mill, to chew up the poplar and the birch and turn it into paper, and a chair factory, and two or three industrial establishments, with quite a little colony of French Canadians employed in them as workmen.

Hose Ransom sold his place on the hill to one of the hotel companies, and a huge caravansary occupied the site of the house with the white palings. There were no more bleeding-hearts in the garden. There were beds of flaring red geraniums, which looked as if they were painted; and across the circle of smooth lawn in front of the piazza the name of the hotel was printed in coleus—letters two feet long, immensely ugly. Hose had been elevated to the office of postmaster, and lived in a Queen Anne cottage on the main street. Little Billy Ransom had grown up into a very interesting young man, with a decided musical genius, and a tenor voice, which being discovered by an enterprising patron of genius from Boston, Billy was sent away to Paris to learn to sing. Some day you will hear of his *début* in grand opera, as *Monsieur Guillaume Rançon*.

But Fiddlin' Jack lived on in the little house with the curved roof, beside the river, refusing all the good offers which were made to him for his piece of land.

"*Non*," he said; "what for shall I sell dis house? I lak' her, she lak' me. All dese walls got full from museek, jus' lak' de wood of dis violon. He play bettair dan de new feedle, becos' I play heem so long. I lak' to lissen to dat rivaire in de night. She sing from long taim' ago—jus' de same song w'en I firs' come here. What for I go away? Wat I get? What you can gif' me lak' dat?"

He was still the favorite musician of the county-side, in great request at parties and weddings; but he had extended the sphere of his influence a little. He was not willing to go to church, though there were now several to chose from; but a young minister of liberal views who had come to take charge of the new Episcopal chapel had persuaded Jacques into the Sunday-school, to lead the children's singing with his violin. He did it so well that the school became the most popular in the village. It was much pleasanter to sing than to listen to long addresses.

Jacques grew old gracefully, but he certainly grew old rapidly. His beard was white; his shoulders were stooping; he suffered a good deal in damp days from rheumatism—fortunately not in his hands, but in his legs. One spring there was a long spell of abominable weather, just between freezing and thawing. He caught a heavy cold and took to his bed. Hose came over to look after him.

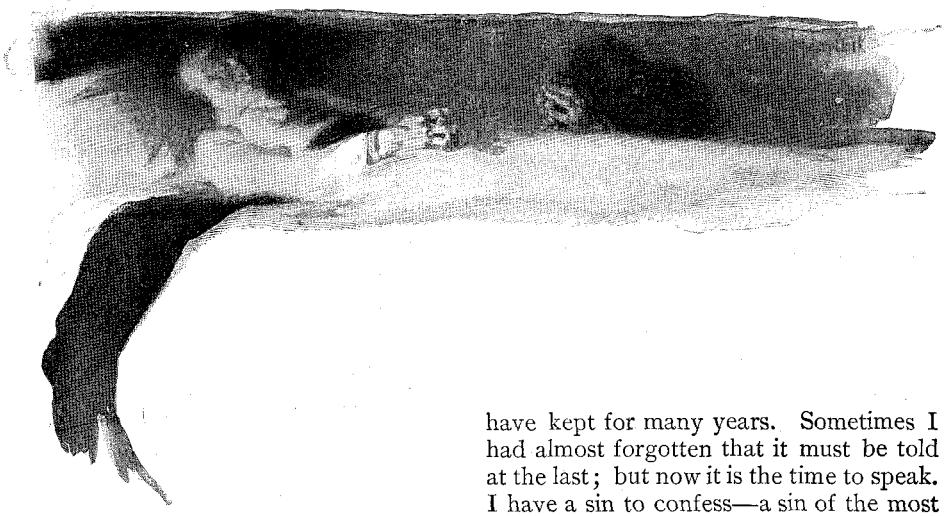
For a few days the old fiddler kept up his courage, and would sit up in the bed trying to play; then his strength and his spirit seemed to fail together. He grew silent and indifferent. When Hose came in he would find Jacques with his face turned to the wall, where there was a tiny brass crucifix hanging below the violin, and his lips moving quietly.

"Don't ye want the fiddle, Jack? I'd like ter hear some o' them old-time tunes agin."

But the artifice failed. Jacques shook his head. His mind seemed to turn back to the time of his first arrival in the village, and beyond it. When he spoke at all, it was of something connected with this early time.

"Dat was bad taim' when I near keel Bull Corey, *hein?*"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Hose nodded gravely.

"Dat was beeg storm, dat night when I come to Bytown. You remember dat?"

Yes, Hose remembered it very well. It was a real old-fashioned storm.

"Ah, but befo' dose taim', dere was wuss tam' dan dat—in Canada. Nobody don' know 'bout dat. I lak' to tell you, 'Ose, but I can't. *Non, pas possib', jamais!*"

It came into Hose's mind that the case was serious. Jack was going to die. He never went to church, but perhaps the Sunday-school might count for something. He was only a Frenchman, after all, and Frenchmen had their own ways of doing things. He certainly ought to see some kind of a preacher before he went out of the wilderness. There was a Canadian priest in town that week, who had come down to see about getting up a church for the French people who worked in the mills. Perhaps Jack would like to talk with him.

His face lighted up at the proposal. He asked to have the room tidied up, and a clean shirt put on him, and the violin laid open in its case on a table beside the bed, and a few other preparations made for the visit. Then the visitor came, a tall, friendly, quiet-looking man about Jacques's age, with a smooth face and a long black cassock. The door was shut, and they were left alone together.

"I am comforted that you are come, *mon père*," said the sick man, "for I have the heavy heart. There is a secret that I have kept for many years. Sometimes I had almost forgotten that it must be told at the last; but now it is the time to speak. I have a sin to confess—a sin of the most grievous, of the most unpardonable."

The listener soothed him with gracious words; spoke of the mercy that waits for all the penitent; urged him to open his heart without delay.

"Well, then, *mon père*, it is this that makes me fear to die. Long since, in Canada, before I came to this place, I have killed a man. It was——"

The voice stopped. The little round clock on the window-sill ticked very distinctly and rapidly, as if it were in a hurry.

"I will speak as short as I can. It was in the camp of 'Poléon Gautier, on the river St. Maurice. The big Baptiste Lacombe, that crazy boy who wants always to fight, he mocks me when I play, he snatches my violin, he goes to break him on the stove. There is a knife in my belt. I spring to Baptiste. I see no more what it is that I do. I cut him in the neck—once, twice. The blood flies out. He falls down. He cries, 'I die.' I grab my violin from the floor, quick; then I run to the woods. No one can catch me. A blanket, the axe, some food, I get from a *cachette* down the river. Then I travel, travel, travel through the woods, how many days I know not, till I come here. No one knows me. I give myself the name Tremblay. I make the music for them. With my violin I live. I am happy. I forget. But it all returns to me—now—at the last. I have murdered. Is there a forgiveness for me, *mon père?*"

The priest's face had changed very

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

swiftly at the mention of the camp on the St. Maurice. As the story went on, he grew strangely excited. His lips twitched. His hands trembled. At the end he sank on his knees, close by the bed, and looked into the countenance of the sick man, searching it as a forester searches in the undergrowth for a lost trail. Then his eyes lighted up as he found it.

"My son," said he, clasping the old fiddler's hand in his own, "you are Jacques Dellaire. And I—do you know me now?—I am Baptiste Lacombe. See those two scars upon my neck. But it was not death. You have not murdered. You have given the stroke that changed my heart. Your sin is forgiven—*and mine also*—by the mercy of God!"

The round clock ticked louder and louder. A level ray from the setting sun—red gold—came in through the dusty window, and lay across the clasped hands on the bed. A white-throated sparrow, the first of the season, on his way to the woods beyond the St. Lawrence, whistled so clearly and sweetly that it seemed as if he were repeating to these two gray-haired exiles the name of their homeland. But there was a sweeter sound than that in the quiet room.

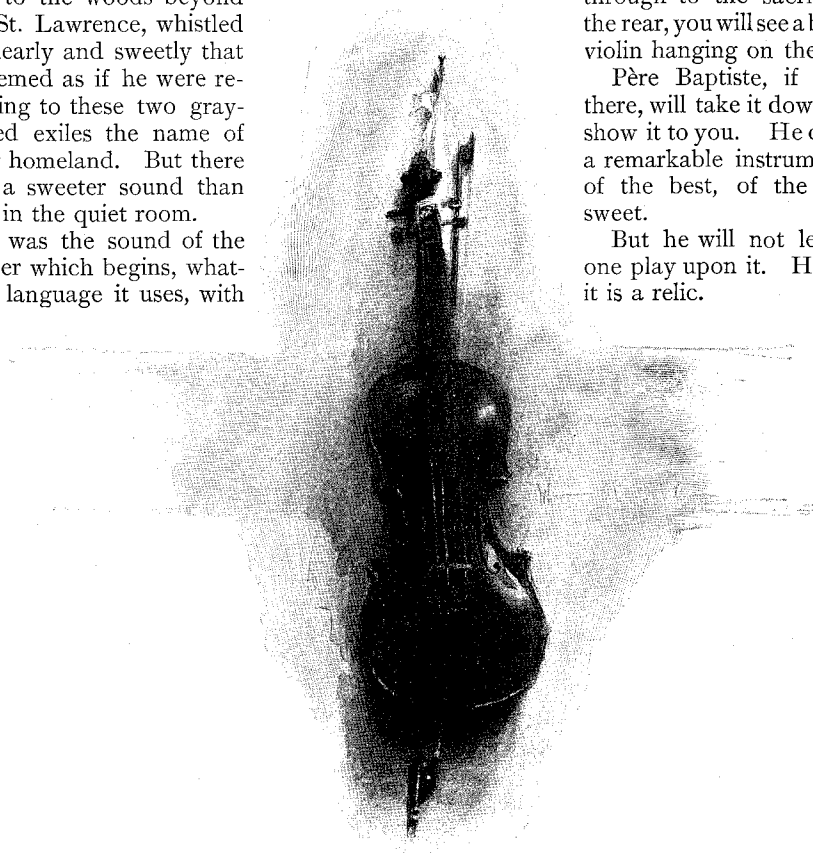
It was the sound of the prayer which begins, whatever language it uses, with the name of that Unseen One who rules over life's chances, and pities its discords, and tunes it back again into harmony. Yes, this prayer of the little children who are only learning how to play the first notes of life's music, turns to the great Master musician who knows it all and who loves to bring a melody out of every instrument that He has made—and it seems to lay the soul in His hands to play upon as He will—while it calls Him, *Our Father!*

. . . . . .

Some day, perhaps, you will go to the busy place where Bytown used to be; and if you do, you must take the street by the river to the small wooden church of St. James. It stands on the spot where there was once a cabin with a curved roof. There is a gilt cross on the top of the church. The door is usually open, and the interior is quite gay with vases of china and brass, and paper flowers of many colors; but if you go through to the sacristy at the rear, you will see a brown violin hanging on the wall.

Père Baptiste, if he is there, will take it down and show it to you. He calls it a remarkable instrument—of the best, of the most sweet.

But he will not let any one play upon it. He says it is a relic.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE SHIP OF STARS

By A. T. Quiller-Couch

(Q.)

I

THE BOY IN THE GATE-HOUSE

UNTIL his ninth year the boy about whom this story is written lived in a house which looked upon the square of a county town. The house had once formed part of a large religious building, and the boy's bedroom had a high groined roof, and on the capstone an angel carved, with outspread wings. Every night the boy wound up his prayers with this verse, which his grandmother had taught him :

> Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John,
> Bless the bed that I lie on.
> Four corners to my bed,
> Four angels round my head;
> One to watch and one to pray,
> Two to bear my soul away.

Then he would look up to the angel and say : "Only Luke is with me." His head was full of queer texts and beliefs. He supposed the three other angels to be always waiting in the next room, ready to bear away the soul of his grandmother (who was bedridden), and that he had Luke for an angel because he was called Theophilus, after the friend for whom St. Luke had written his Gospel and the Acts of the Holy Apostles. His name in full was Theophilus John Raymond, but people called him Taffy.

Of his parents' circumstances he knew very little, except that they were poor, and that his father was a clergyman attached to the parish church. As a matter of fact, the Reverend Samuel Raymond was senior curate there, with a stipend of ninety-five pounds a year. Born at Tewkesbury, the son of a miller, he had won his way to a servitorship at Christ Church, Oxford ; and somehow, in the course of one Long Vacation, had found money for travelling expenses to join a reading party under the Junior Censor. The party spent six summer weeks at a farm-house near Honiton, in Devon. The farm belonged to an invalid widow named Venning, who let it be managed by her daughter Humility and two paid laborers, while she herself sat by the window in her kitchen parlor, busied incessantly with lace-work, of that beautiful kind for which Honiton is famous.

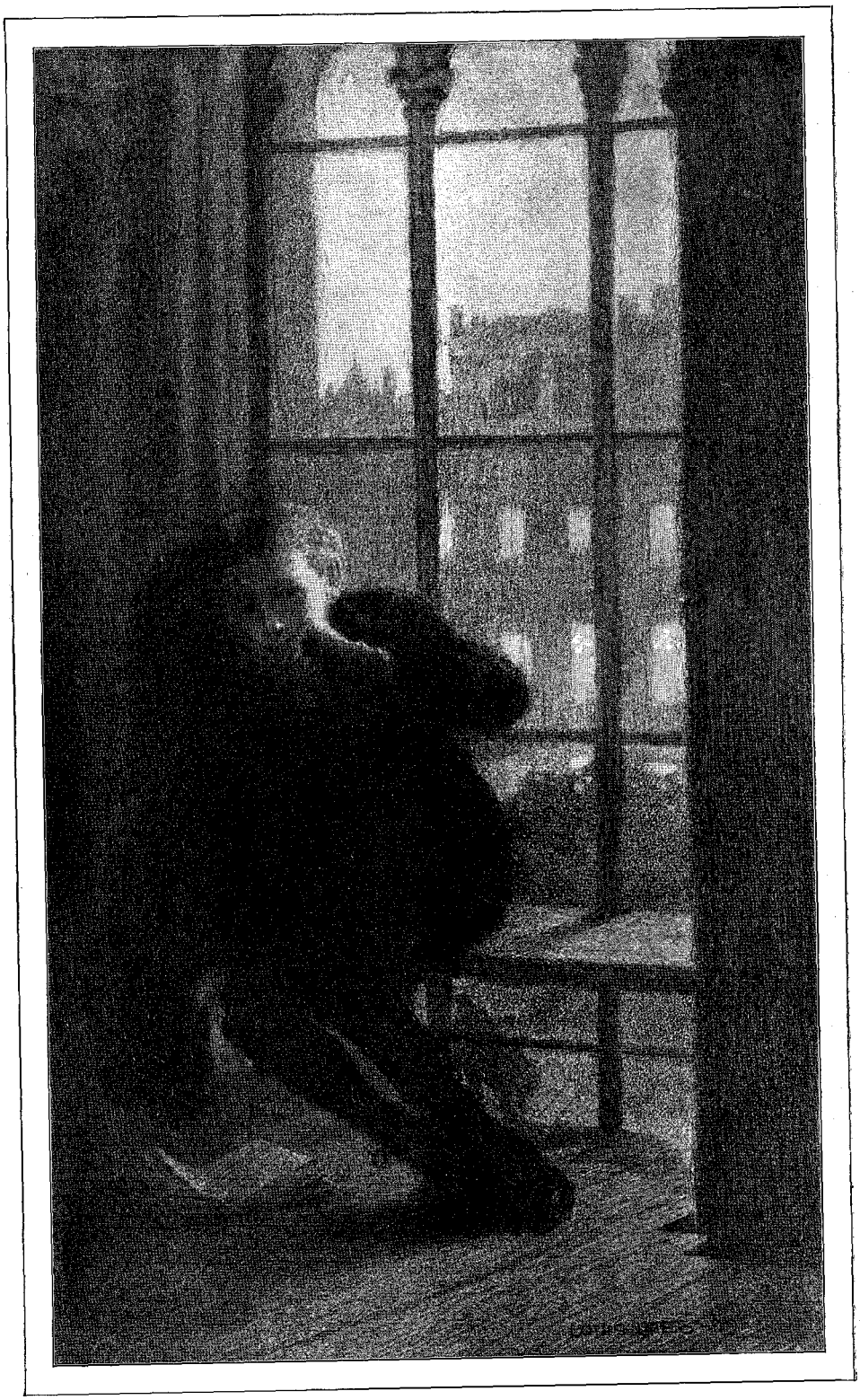
He was an unassuming youth ; and, although in those days servitors were no longer called upon to black the boots of richer undergraduates, the widow and her daughter soon divined that he was lowlier than the others, and his position an awkward one, and were kind to him in small ways, and grew to like him. Next year, at their invitation, he travelled down to Honiton alone, with a box of books ; and, at twenty-two, having taken his degree, he paid them a third visit, and asked Humility to be his wife. At twenty-four, soon after his admission to deacon's orders, they were married. The widow sold the small farm, with its stock, and followed, to live with them in the friary gate-house ; this having been part of Humility's bargain with her lover, if the word can be used of a pact between two hearts so fond.

About ten years had gone since these things happened, and their child Taffy was now past his eighth birthday.

It seemed to him that, as far back as he could remember, his mother and grandmother had been making lace continually. At night, when his mother took the candle away with her and left him alone in the dark, he was not afraid ; for, by closing his eyes, he could always see the two women quite plainly ; and always he saw them at work, each with a pillow on her lap, and the lace upon it growing, growing, until the pins and bobbins wove a pattern that was a dream, and he slept. He could not tell what became of all the lace, though he had a collar of it, which he wore to church on Sundays, and his mother had once shown him a parcel of it, wrapped in tissue-paper, and told him it was his christening robe.

His father was always reading, except

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The melody always became a story.—Page 407.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

on Sundays, when he preached sermons. In his thoughts, nine times out of ten, Taffy associated his father with a great pile of books; but the tenth time with something totally different. One summer—it was in his sixth year—they had all gone on a holiday to Tewkesbury, his father's old home; and he recalled quite clearly the close of a warm afternoon which he and his mother had spent there in a green meadow beyond the abbey church. She had brought out a basket and cushion, and sat sewing, while Taffy played about and watched the haymakers at their work. Behind them, within the great church, the organ was sounding; but by and by it stopped, and a door opened in the abbey wall, and his father came across the meadow toward them, with his surplice on his arm. And then Humility unpacked the basket and produced a kettle, a spirit-lamp, and a host of things good to eat. The boy thought the whole adventure splendid. When tea was done, he sprang up with one of those absurd notions which come into children's heads:

"Now let's feed the poultry," he cried, and flung his last scrap of bun three feet in air toward the gilt weather-cock on the abbey tower. While they laughed, "Father, how tall is the tower?" he demanded.

"A hundred and thirty-two feet, my boy, from ground to battlements."

"What are battlements?"

He was told.

"But people don't fight here," he objected.

Then his father told of a battle fought in the very meadow in which they were sitting; of soldiers at bay with their backs to the abbey wall; of crowds that ran screaming into the church; of others chased down Mill Street and drowned; of others killed by the Town Cross; and how—people said in the upper room of a house still standing in the High Street—a boy prince had been stabbed.

Humility laid a hand on his arm.

"He'll be dreaming of all this. Tell him it was a long time ago, and that these things don't happen now."

But her husband was looking up at the tower.

"See it now with the light upon it!" he went on. "And it has seen it all. Eight hundred years of heaven's storms and man's madness, and still foursquare and as beautiful now as when the old masons took down their scaffolding. When I was a boy——"

He broke off suddenly. "Lord, make men as towers," he added, quietly, after awhile, and nobody spoke for many minutes.

To Taffy this had seemed a very queer saying; about as queer as that other one about "men as trees walking." Somehow—he could not say why—he had never asked any questions about it. But many times he had perched himself on a flat tombstone under the church tower at home, and tilted his head back and stared up at the courses and pinnacles, wondering what his father could have meant, and how a man could possibly be like a tower. It ended in this—that whenever he dreamed about his father, these two towers, or a tower which was more or less a combination of both, would get mixed up with the dream as well.

The gate-house contained a sitting-room and three bedrooms (one hardly bigger than a box-cupboard); but a building adjoined it which had been the old Franciscans' refectory, though now it was divided by common planking into two floors, the lower serving for a feoffee office, while the upper was supposed to be a muniment-room, in charge of the feoffees' clerk. The clerk used it for drying his garden-seeds and onions, and spread his hoarding apples to ripen on the floor. So when Taffy grew to need a room of his own, and his father's books to cumber the very stairs of the gate-house, the money which Humility and her mother made by their lace-work, and which arrived always by post, came very handy for the rent which the clerk asked for his upper chamber.

Carpenters appeared and partitioned it off into two rooms, communicating with the gate-house by a narrow door-way pierced in the wall. All this, whilst it was doing, interested Taffy mightily; and he announced his intention of being a carpenter one of these days.

"I hope," said Humility, "you will look higher, and be a preacher of God's Word, like your father."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

His father frowned at this and said: "Jesus Christ was both."

Taffy compromised: "Perhaps I'll make pulpits."

This was how he came to have a bedroom with a vaulted roof and a window that reached down below the floor.

II

MUSIC IN THE TOWN SQUARE

THIS window looked upon the town square, and across it to the mayoralty. The square had once been the Franciscans' burial-ground, and was really no square at all, but a semicircle. The townspeople called it Mount Folly. The chord of the arc was formed by a large Assize Hall, with a broad flight of granite steps, and a cannon planted on either side of the steps. The children used to climb about these cannons, and Taffy had picked out his first letters from the words Sevastopol and Russian Trophy, painted in white on their lead-colored carriages.

Below the Assize Hall an open gravelled space sloped gently down to a line of iron railings and another flight of granite steps leading into the main street. The street curved uphill around the base of this open ground, and came level with it just in front of the mayoralty, a tall stuccoed building where the public balls were given, and the judges had their lodgings in assize time, and the colonel his quarters during the militia training.

Fine shows passed under Taffy's window. Twice a year came the judges, with the sheriff in uniform and his chaplain, and his coach, and his coachman and lackeys in powder and plush and silk stockings, white or flesh-colored; and the barristers with their wigs, and the javelin men and silver trumpets. Every spring, too, the Royal Rangers Militia came up for training. Suddenly, one morning, in the height of the bird-nesting season, the street would swarm with countrymen tramping up to the barracks on the hill, and back with bundles of clothes and unblackened boots dangling. For the next six weeks the town would be full of bugle calls, and brazen music, and companies marching and parading in suits of invisible green, and clanking officers in black, with little round forage caps, and silver badges on their side-belts; and, toward evening, with men lounging and smoking, or washing themselves in public before the doors of their billets.

Usually, too, Whitsun Fair fell at the height of the militia training; and then, for two days, booths and caravans, sweet-standings and shooting-galleries lined the main street, and Taffy went out with a shilling in his pocket to enjoy himself. But the bigger shows—the menagerie, the marionettes, and the travelling theatre Royal—were pitched on Mount Folly, just under his window. Sometimes the theatre would stay for a week or two after the fair was over, until even the boy grew tired of the naphtha-lamps and the voices of the tragedians, and the cornet wheezing under canvas, and began to long for the time when they would leave the square open for the boys to come and play at prisoner's base in the dusk.

One evening, a fortnight before Whitsun Fair, he had taken his book to the open window, and sat there with it. Every night he had to learn a text which he repeated next morning to his mother. Already, across the square, the mayoralty house was brightly lit, and the bandsmen had begun to arrange their stands and music before it; for the colonel was receiving company. Every now and then a carriage arrived, and set down its guests.

After awhile Taffy looked up and saw two people crossing the square—an old man and a little girl. He recognized them, having seen them together in church the day before, when his father had preached the sermon. The old man wore a rusty silk hat, cocked a little to one side, a high stock collar, black cutaway coat, breeches and gaiters of gray cord. He stooped as he walked, with his hands behind him and his walking-stick dangling like a tail—a very positive old fellow, to look at. The girl's face Taffy could not see; it was hidden by the brim of her Leghorn hat.

The pair passed close under the window. Taffy heard a knock at the door below, and ran to the head of the stairs. Down in the passage his mother was

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

talking to the old man, who turned to the girl and told her to wait outside.

"But let her come in and sit down," urged Humility.

"No, ma'am; I know my mind. I want one hour with your husband."

Taffy heard the door shut, and went back to his window-seat.

The little girl had climbed the cannon opposite, and sat there dangling her feet and eying the house.

"Boy," said she, "what a funny window-seat you've got! I can see your legs under it."

"That's because the window reaches down to the floor, and the bench is fixed across by the transom here."

"What's your name?"

"Theophilus; but they call me Taffy."

"Why?"

"Father says it's an imperfect example of Grimm's Law."

"Oh! Then, I suppose you're quite the gentleman. My name's Honoria."

"Is that your father downstairs?"

"Bless the boy! What age d' you take me for? He's my grandfather. He's asking your father about his soul. He wants to be saved, and says if he's not saved before next Lady-day, he'll know the reason why. What are you doing up there?"

"Reading."

"Reading what?"

"The Bible."

"But, I say, can you really?"

"You listen." Taffy rested the big Bible on the window-frame; it just had room to lie open, between the two mullions—"*Now when they had gone throughout Phrygia and Galatia, and were forbidden of the Holy Ghost to preach the word in Asia, after they were come to Mysia they assayed to go into Bithynia; but the Spirit suffered them not. And they, passing by Mysia, came down to Troas. And a vision appeared to Paul in the night. . . .*"

"I don't wonder at it. Did you ever have the whooping-cough?"

"Not yet."

"I've had it all the winter. That's why I'm not allowed in to play with you. Listen!"

She coughed twice, and wound up with a terrific whoop.

"Now, if you'd only put on your nightshirt and preach, I'd be the congregation and interrupt you with coughing."

"Very well," said Taffy, "let's do it."

"No; you didn't suggest it. I hate boys who have to be told."

Taffy was huffed and pretended to return to his book. By and by she called up to him:

"Tell me what's written on this gun of yours?"

"Sevastopol—that's a Russian town. The English took it by storm."

"What! the soldiers over there?"

"No, they're only bandsmen; and they're too young. But I expect the Colonel was there. He's upstairs in the mayoralty, dining. He's quite an old man, but I've heard father say he was as brave as a lion when the fighting happened."

The girl climbed off the gun.

"I'm going to have a look at him," she said; and turning her back on Taffy, she sauntered off across the square, just as the band struck up the first note of the overture from "Semiramide." A waltz of Strauss followed, and then came a cornet solo by the bandmaster, and a melody of old English tunes—to all of these Taffy listened. It had fallen too dark to read, and the boy was always sensitive to music. Often when he played alone, broken phrases and scraps of remembered tunes came into his head and repeated themselves over and over. Then he would drop his game and wander about restlessly, trying to fix and complete the melody; and somehow in the process the melody always became a story, or so like a story that he never knew the difference. Sometimes his uneasiness lasted for days together. But when the story came complete at last—and this always sprang on him quite suddenly—he wanted to caper and fling his arms about and sing aloud; and did so, if nobody happened to be looking.

The bandmaster, too, had music, and a reputation for imparting it. Famous regimental bands contained pupils of his; and his old pupils, when they met, usually told each other stories of his atrocious temper. But he kept his temper to-night, for his youngsters were playing well, and the small crowd standing quiet.

The English melodies had scarcely

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

closed with "Come, lassies and lads," when across in the mayoralty a blind was drawn, and a window thrown open, and Taffy saw the warm room within, and the officers and ladies standing with glasses in their hands. The Colonel was giving the one toast of the evening:

"Ladies and Gentlemen—The Queen!"

The adjutant leaned out and lifted his hand for signal, and the band crashed out with the National Anthem. Then there was silence for a minute. The window remained open. Taffy still caught glimpses of jewels and uniforms, and white necks bending, and men leaning back in their chairs, with their mess-jackets open, and the candle-light flashing on their shirt-fronts. Below, in the dark street, the bandmaster trimmed the lamp by his music-stand. In the rays of it he drew out a handkerchief and polished the keys of his cornet; then passed the cornet over to his left hand, took up his baton, and nodded.

What music was that, stealing, rippling across the square? The bandmaster knew nothing of the tale of Tannhauser, but was wishing that he had violins at his beck, instead of stupid flutes and reeds. And Taffy had never heard so much as the name of Tannhauser. Of the meaning of the music he knew nothing—nothing beyond its wonder and terror. But afterward he made a tale of it to himself.

In the tale it seemed that a vine shot up and climbed on the shadows of the warm night; and the shadows climbed with it and made a trellis for it right across the sky. The vine thrust through the trellis faster and faster, dividing, throwing out little curls and tendrils; then leaves and millions of leaves, each leaf unfolding about a drop of dew, which trickled and fell, and tinkled like a bird's song.

The beauty and scent of the vine distressed him. He wanted to cry out, for it was hiding the sky. Then he heard the tramp of feet in the distance, and knew that they threatened the vine, and with that he wanted to save it. But the feet came nearer and nearer, tramping terribly.

He could not bear it. He ran to the stairs, stole down them, opened the front door cautiously, and slipped outside. He was half-way across the square before it occurred to him that the band had ceased to play. Then he wondered why he had come, but he did not go back. He found Honoria standing a little apart from the crowd, with her hands clasped behind her, gazing up at the window of the banqueting-room.

She did not see him at once.

"Stand on the steps, here," he whispered, "then you can see him. That's the Colonel—the man at the end of the table, with the big, gray mustache."

He touched her arm. She sprang away and stamped her foot.

"Keep off with you! Who *told* you —Oh! you bad boy!"

"Nobody. I thought you hated boys who wait to be told."

"And now you'll get the whooping-cough, and goodness knows what will happen to you, and you needn't think I'll be sorry!"

"Who wants you to be sorry? As for you," Taffy went on, sturdily, "I think your grandfather might have more sense than to keep you waiting out here in the cold, and giving your cough to the whole town!"

"Ha! you do, do you?"

It was not the girl who said this. Taffy swung round and saw an old man staring down on him. There was just light enough to reveal that he had very formidable gray eyes. But Taffy's blood was up.

"Yes, I do," he said, and wondered at himself.

"Ha! Does your father whip you sometimes?"

"No, sir."

"I should, if you were my boy. I believe in it. Come, Honoria!"

The child threw a glance at Taffy as she was led away. He could not be sure whether she took his side or her grandfather's.

That night he had a very queer dream.

His grandmother had lost her lace-pillow, and after searching for some time, he found it lying out in the square. But the pins and bobbins were darting to and fro on their own account, at an incredible rate, and the lace as they made it turned into a singing beanstalk, and rose and threw out branches all over the sky. Very soon he found himself climbing among these branches, up and up, until he came to a Palace, which was really the Assize

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hall, with a flight of steps before it, and a cannon on either side of the steps. Within sat a giant, asleep, with his head on the table and his face hidden; but his neck bulged at the back just like the bandmaster's during a cornet solo. A harp stood on the table. Taffy caught this up, and was stealing downstairs with it, but at the third stair the harp—which had Honoria's head and face—began to cough, and wound up with a whoop! This woke the giant—he turned out to be Honoria's grandfather—who came roaring after him. Glancing down below as he ran, Taffy saw his mother and the bandmaster far below with axes, hacking at the foot of the beanstalk. He tried to call out and prevent them, but they kept smiting. And the worst of it was, that down below, too, his father was climbing into a pulpit, quite as if nothing was happening. The pulpit grew and became a tower, and his father kept calling, "Be a tower! Be a tower, like me!"

But Taffy couldn't for the life of him see how to manage it. The beanstalk began to totter; he felt himself falling, and leapt for the tower. . . .

And awoke in his bed shuddering, and, for the first time in his life, afraid of the dark. He would have called for his mother, but just then down by the turret clock in Fore Street the buglers began to sound the "Last Post," and he hugged himself and felt that the world he knew was still about him, companionable and kind.

Twice the buglers repeated their call, in more distant streets, each time more faintly; and the last flying notes carried him into sleep again.

III

PASSENGERS BY JOBY'S VAN

AT breakfast next morning he saw by his parent's faces that something unusual had happened. Nothing was said to him about it, whatever it might be. But once or twice after this, coming into the parlor suddenly, he found his father and mother talking low and earnestly together; and now and then they would go up to his grandmother's room and talk.

In some way he divined that there was a question of leaving home. But the summer passed and these private talks became fewer. Toward August, however, they began again; and by and by his mother told him. They were going to a parish on the North Coast, right away across the Duchy, where his father had been presented to a living. The place had an odd name—Nannizabuloe.

"And it is lonely," said Humility, "the most of it sea-sand, as far as I can hear."

It was by the sea, then How would they get there?

"Oh, Joby's van will take us most of the way."

Of all the vans which came and went in the Fore Street, none could compare for romance with Joby's. People called it the Wreck Ashore; but its real name, "Vital Spark, J. Job, Proprietor," was painted on its orange-colored sides in letters of vivid blue, a blue not often seen except on ships' boats. It disappeared every Tuesday and Saturday over the hill and into a mysterious country, from which it emerged on Mondays and Fridays, with a fine flavor of the sea renewed upon it, and upon Joby. No other driver wore a blue guernsey, or rings in his ears, as Joby did. No other van had the same mode of progressing down the street in a series of short tacks, or brought such a crust of brine on its panes, or such a mixture of mud and fine sand on its wheels, or mingled scraps of dry sea-weed with the straw on its floor.

"Will there be ships?" Taffy asked.

"I daresay we shall see a few, out in the distance. It's a poor, outlandish place. It hasn't even a proper church."

"If there's no church, father can get into a boat and preach; just like the Sea of Galilee, you know."

"Your father is too good a man to mimic the Scriptures in any such way. There is a church, I believe, though it's a tumble-down one. Nobody has preached in it for years. But Squire Moyle may do something now. He's a rich man."

"Is that the old gentleman who came to ask father about his soul?"

"Yes; he says no preaching ever did

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

him so much good as your father's. That's why he came and offered the living."

"But he can't go to heaven if he's rich?"

"I don't know, Taffy, wherever you pick up such wicked thoughts."

"Why, it's in the Bible."

Humility would not argue about it; but she told her husband that night what the child had said.

"My dear," he answered, "the boy must think of these things."

"But he ought not to be talking disrespectfully," contended she.

One Tuesday, toward the end of September, Taffy saw his father off by Job's van; and the Friday after, walked down with his mother to meet him on his return. Almost at once the household began to pack. The packing went on for a week, in the midst of which his father departed again, a wagon-load of books and furniture having been sent forward on the road that same morning. Then followed a day or two, during which Taffy and his mother took their meals at the window-seat, sitting on corded boxes; and an evening, when he went out to the cannon in the square, and around the little back garden, saying good-by to the fixtures and the few odds and ends which were to be left behind—the tool-shed (Crusoe's hut, Cave of Adullam, and treasury of the Forty Thieves), the stunted sycamore-tree, which he had climbed at different times as Zacchæus, Ali Baba, and Man Friday with the bear behind him; the clothes' prop, which, on the strength of its forked tail, had so often played Dragon to his St. George. When he returned to the empty house, he found his mother in the passage. She had been for a walk alone. The candle was lit, and he saw she had been crying. This told him where she had been; for, although he remembered nothing about it, he knew he had once possessed a small sister, who lived with them less than two months. He had, as a rule, very definite notions of death and the grave; but he never thought of her as dead and buried, partly because his mother would never allow him to go with her to the cemetery, and partly because of a picture in a certain book of his, called "Child's Play." It represented a little girl wading across a pool among water-lilies. She wore a white nightdress, kilted above her knees, and a dark cloak, which dragged behind in the water. She let it trail, while she held up a hand to cover one of her eyes. Above her were trees and an owl, and a star shining under the topmost branch; and on the opposite page this verse:

I have a little sister,
They call her Peep-peep,
She wades through the waters,
Deep, deep, deep;
She climbs up the mountains,
High, high, high;
This poor little creature
She has but one eye.

For years Taffy believed that this was his little sister, one-eyed, and always wandering; and that his mother went out in the dusk to persuade her to return; but she never would.

When he woke next morning his mother was in the room; and while he washed and dressed she folded his bed-clothes and carried them down to a wagon which stood by the door, with horses already harnessed. It drove away soon after. He found breakfast laid on the window-seat. A neighbor had lent the crockery, and Taffy was much taken with the pattern on the cups and saucers. He wanted to run round again and repeat his good-byes to the house, but there was no time. By and by the door opened, and two men, neighbors of theirs, entered with an invalid's litter; and, Humility directing, brought down old Mrs. Venning. She wore the corner of a Paisley shawl over her white cap, and carried a nosegay of flowers in place of her lace-pillow; but otherwise looked much as usual.

"Quite the traveller, you see!" she cried gayly to Taffy.

Then the woman who had lent the breakfast-ware came running to say that Job was getting impatient. Humility handed the door-key to her, and so the little procession passed out, and down across Mount Folly.

Job had drawn his van up close to the granite steps. They were the only passengers, it seemed. The invalid was hoisted in, and laid with her couch across the seats, so that her shoulders rested against one side of the van and her feet against the other. Humility climbed in after her; but Taffy, to his joy, was given a seat outside on the box.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"C'k!"—they were off.

As they crawled up the street a few townspeople paused on the pavement and waved farewells. At the top of the town they overtook three sailor-boys, with bundles, who climbed up and perched themselves a-top of the van, on the luggage.

On they went again. There were two horses—a roan and a gray. Taffy had never before looked down on the back of a horse, and Job's horses astonished him; they were so broad behind, and so narrow at the shoulders. He wanted to ask if the shape were at all common, but felt shy. He stole a glance at the silver ring in Job's left ear, and blushed when Job turned and caught him.

"Here, catch hold!" said Job, handing him the whip. "Only you mustn't use it too fierce."

"Thank you."

"I suppose you'll be a scholar, like your father? Can ee spell?"

"Yes."

"Cipher?"

"Yes."

"That's more than I can. I counts upon my fingers. When they be used up, I begins upon my buttons. I ha'n't got no buttons—visible that is—'pon my week-a-day clothes; so I keeps the long sums for Sundays, and adds 'em up and down my weskit during sermon. Don't tell any person."

"I won't."

"That's right. I don't want it known. Ever see a gipsy?"

"Oh, yes—often."

"Next time you see one you'll know why he wears so many buttons. You've a lot to learn."

The van zigzagged down one hill and up another, and halted at a turnpike. An old woman in a pink sun-bonnet bustled out and handed Job a pink ticket. A little way beyond they passed the angle of a mining district, with four or five engine-houses high up like castles on the hill-side, and rows of stamps clattering and working up and down like ogres' teeth. Next they came to a church town, with a green and a heap of linen spread to dry (for it was Tuesday), and a flock of geese that ran and hissed after the van, until Joby took the whip and, leaning out, looped the gander by the neck and pulled him along in the dust. The sailor-boys shouted with laughter and struck up a song about a fox and a goose, which lasted all the way up a long hill and brought them to a second turnpike, on the edge of the moors. Here lived an old woman in a blue sun-bonnet; and she handed Joby a yellow ticket.

"But why does she wear a blue bonnet and give yellow tickets?" Taffy asked as they drove on.

Joby considered for a minute. "Ah, you're one to take notice, I see. That's right, keep your eyes skinned when you travel."

Taffy had to think this out. The country was changing now. They had left stubble fields and hedges behind, and before them the granite road stretched like a white ribbon, with moors on either hand, dotted with peat-ricks and reedy pools and cropping ponies, and rimmed in the distance with clay-works glistening in the sunny weather.

"What sort of place is Nannizabuloe?"

"I don't go on there. I drop you at Indian Queen's."

"But what sort of place is it?"

"Well, I'll tell you what folks say of it:

> All sea and san's,
> Out of the world and into St. Ann's.

That's what they say, and if I'm wrong you may call me a liar."

"And Squire Moyle?" Taffy persevered. "What kind of man is he?"

Joby turned and eyed him severely. "Look here, sonny. I got my living to get."

This silenced Taffy for a long while, but he picked up his courage again by degrees. There was a small window at his back, and he twisted himself round, and nodded to his mother and grandmother inside the van. He could not hear what they answered, for the sailor-boys were singing at the top of their voices:

> I will sing you One, O!
> What is your One, O?
> Number One sits all alone, and ever more shall be-e so.

"They're home 'pon leave," said Joby. The song went on and reached Number Seven:

> I will sing you Seven, O!
> What is your Seven, O?
> Seven be seven stars in the ship a-sailing round in Heaven, O!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

One of the boys leaned from the roof and twitched Taffy by the hair. "Hullo, nipper! Did you ever see a ship of stars?" He grinned and pulled open his sailor's jumper and singlet; and there, on his naked breast, Taffy saw a ship tattooed, with three masts, and a half-circle of stars above it, and below it the initials W. P.

"D'ee think my mother'll know me again?" asked the boy, and the other two began to laugh.

"Yes, I think so," said Taffy, gravely; which made them laugh more than ever.

"But why is he painted like that?" he asked Joby, as they took up their song again.

"Ah, you'll larn over to St. Ann's, being one to notice things." The nearer he came to it, the more mysterious this new home of Taffy's seemed to grow. By and by Humility let down the window and handed out a pasty. Joby searched under his seat and found a pasty, twice the size of Taffy's, in a nose-bag. They ate as they went. Late in the afternoon they came to hedges again, and at length to an inn; and in front of it Taffy spied his father waiting with a farm-cart. While Joby baited his horses, the sailor-boys helped to lift out the invalid and transship the luggage; after which they climbed on the roof again, and were jogged away northward in the dusk, waving their caps and singing.

The most remarkable thing about the inn was its signboard. This bore on either side the picture of an Indian queen and two blackamoor children, all with striped parasols, walking together across a desert. The queen on one side wore a scarlet turban and a blue robe; but the queen on the other side wore a blue turban and a scarlet robe. Taffy dodged from side to side, comparing them, and had not made up his mind which he liked best when Humility called him indoors to tea.

They had ham and eggs with their tea, which they took in a great hurry; and then his grandmother was lifted into the cart and laid on a bed of clean straw beside the boxes, and he and his mother clambered up in front. So they started again, his father walking at the horse's head.

They took the road toward the sunset. As the dusk fell closer around, Mr. Raymond lit a horn lantern and carried it before them. The rays of it danced and wheeled upon the hedges and gorse bushes. Taffy began to feel sleepy, though it was long before his usual bedtime. The air seemed to weigh his eyelids down. Or was it a sound lulling him? He looked up suddenly. His mother's arm was about him. Stars flashed above, and a glimmer fell on her gentle face—a dew of light, as it were. Her dark eyes appeared darker than usual as she leaned and drew her shawl over his shoulder.

Ahead, the rays of the lantern kept up their dance, but they flared now and again upon stone hedges built in zigzag layers, and upon unknown feathery bushes, intensely green, and glistening every now and then like metal.

The cart jolted and the lantern swung to a soundless tune that filled the night. When Taffy listened it ceased; when he ceased listening, it began again.

The lantern stopped its dance and stood still over a ford of black water. The cart splashed into it, and became a ship, heaving and lurching over a soft, irregular floor that returned no sound. But suddenly the ship became a cart again, and stood still before a house with a narrow garden-path and a light streaming along it from an open door.

His father lifted him down; his mother took his hand. They seemed to wade together up that stream of light. Then came a staircase and room with a bed in it, which, oddly enough, turned out to be his own. He stared at the pink roses on the curtains. Yes; certainly it was his own bed. And satisfied of this, he nestled down in the pillows and slept, to the long cadence of the sea.

IV

THE RUNNING SANDS

HE awoke to find the sun shining in at his window. At first he wondered what had happened. The window seemed to be in the ceiling, and the ceiling sloped down to the walls, and all the furniture had gone astray into wrong positions. Then he

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

remembered, jumped out of bed, and drew the blind.

He saw a blue line of sea, so clearly drawn that the horizon might have been a string stretched from the corner eaves to the snow-white light-house standing on the farthest spit of land; blue sea and yellow sand curving round it, with a white edge of breakers; inshore, the sand rising to a cliff ridged with grassy hummocks; farther inshore, the hummocks united and rolling away up to inland downs, but broken here and there on their way with scars of sand; over all, white gulls wheeling. He could hear the nearest ones mewing as they sailed over the house.

Taffy had seen the sea once before, at Dawlish, on the journey to Tewkesbury; and again on the way home. But here it was bluer altogether, and the sands were yellower. Only he felt disappointed that no ship was in sight, nor any dwelling nearer than the light-house and the two or three white cottages behind it. He dressed in a hurry and said his prayers, repeating at the close, as he had been taught to do, the first and last verses of the Morning Hymn:

> Awake, my soul, and with the sun
> Thy daily stage of duty run;
> Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
> To pay thy morning sacrifice.
>
> Praise God, from whom all blessings flow
> Praise Him, all creatures here below;
> Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,
> Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

He ran downstairs. In this queer house the stairs led right down into the kitchen. The front door, too, opened into the kitchen, which was really a slate-paved hall, with a long table set between the doorway and the big open hearth. The floor was always strewn with sand; there was no trouble about this, for the wind blew plenty under the door.

Taffy found the table laid, and his mother busily slicing bread for his bread and milk. He begged for a hot cake from the hearth, and ran out of doors to eat it. Humility lifted the latch for him, for the cake was so hot that he had to pass it from hand to hand.

Outside, the wind came upon him with clap on the shoulder, quite as if it had been a comrade waiting.

Taffy ran down the path and out upon the sandy hummocks, setting his face to the wind and the roar of the sea, keeping his head low, and still shifting the cake from hand to hand. Presently he fumbled and dropped it; stooped to pick it up, but saw something which made him kneel and peer into the ground.

The whole of the sand was moving; not by fits and starts, but constantly; the tiny particles running over each other and drifting in and out of the rushes, like little creatures in a dream. While he looked, they piled an embankment against the edge of his cake. He picked it up, ran forward a few yards, and peered again. Yes, here too; here and yonder, and over every inch of that long shore.

He ate his cake and climbed to the beach, and ran along it, watching the sandhoppers that skipped from under his boots at every step, and were lost on the instant. The beach here was moist and firm. He pulled off his boots and stockings, and ran on, conning his footprints and the driblets of sand split ahead from his bare toes. By and by he came to the edge of the surf. The strand here was glassy wet, and each curving wave sent a shadow flying over it, and came after the shadow, thundering and hissing, and chased it up the shore, and fell back, leaving for a second or two an edge of delicate froth which reminded the boy of his mother's lace-work.

He began a sort of game with the waves, choosing one station after another, and challenging them to catch him there. If the edge of froth failed to reach his toes, he won. But once or twice the water caught him fairly, and ran rippling over his instep and about his ankles.

He was deep in this game when he heard a horn blown somewhere high on the towans behind him.

He turned. No one was in sight. The house lay behind the sand-banks, the first ridge hiding even its chimney-smoke. He gazed along the beach, where the perpetual haze of spray seemed to have removed the light-house to a vast distance. A sense of desolation came over him with a rush, and with something between a gasp and a sob, he turned his back to the sea and ran, his boots dangling from his shoulders by their knotted laces.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He pounded up the first slope and looked for the cottage. No sign of it! An insane fancy seized him. These silent moving sands were after *him*.

He was panting along in real distress when he heard the baying of dogs, and at the same instant from the top of a hummock caught sight of a figure outlined against the sky, and barely a quarter of a mile away; the figure of a girl on horseback—a small girl on a very tall horse.

Just as Taffy recognized her, she turned her horse, walked him down into the hollow beyond, and disappeared. Taffy ran toward the spot, gained the ridge where she had been standing, and looked down.

In a hollow about twenty feet deep and perhaps a hundred wide were gathered a dozen riders, with five or six couples of hounds, and two or three dirty terriers. Two of the men had dismounted. One of these, stripped to his shirt and breeches, was leaning on a long-handled spade and laughing. The other—a fellow in a shabby scarlet coat—held up what Taffy guessed to be a fox, though it seemed a very small one. It was bleeding. The hounds yapped and leapt at, and fell back a-top of each other, snarling, while the Whip grinned and kept them at bay. A knife lay between his wide-planted feet, and a visgy* close behind him on a heap of disturbed sand.

The boy came on them from the eastward, and his shadow fell across the hollow.

"Hullo!" said one of the riders, looking up. It was Squire Moyle himself. "Here's the new Passon's boy!"

All the riders looked up. The Whip looked too, and turned to the old Squire with a wider grin than before.

"Shall I christen en, maister?"

The Squire nodded. Before Taffy knew what it meant, the man was climbing toward him with a grin, clutching the rush bents with one hand, and holding out the blood-dabbled mask with the other. The child turned to run, but a hand clutched his ankle. He saw the man's open mouth and yellow teeth; and, choking with disgust and terror, slung his boots at them with all his small force. At the same instant he was jerked off his feet, the edge of the bank crumbled and broke, and the two went rolling down the sandy slope in a heap. He heard shouts of laughter, caught a glimpse of blue sky, felt the grip of fingers on his throat, and smelt the verminous odor of the dead cub, as the Whip thrust the bloody mess against his face and neck. Then the grip relaxed, and—it seemed to him, amid dead silence—Taffy sprang to his feet, spitting sand and fury.

"You—you devils!" He caught up the visgy and stood, daring all to come on. "You devils!" He tottered forward with the visgy lifted—it was all he could manage—at Squire Moyle. The old man let out an oath, and the curve of his whipthong took the boy across the eyes and blinded him for a moment, but did not stop him. The gray horse swerved, and half-wheeled, exposing his flank. In another moment there would have been mischief; but the Whip, as he stood wiping his mouth, saw the danger and ran in. He struck the visgy out of the child's grasp, set his foot on it, and with an open-handed cuff sent him floundering into a sand-heap.

"Nice boy, that!" said somebody, and the whole company laughed as they walked their horses slowly out of the hollow.

They passed before Taffy in a blur of tears; and the last rider to go was the small girl, Honoria, on her tall sorrel. She moved up the broad shelving path, but reined up, just within sight, turned her horse, and came slowly back to him.

"If I were you, I'd go home." She pointed in its direction.

Taffy brushed the back of his hand across his eyes. "Go away. I hate you—I hate you all!"

She eyed him while she smoothed the sorrel's mane with her riding-switch.

"They did it to me three years ago, when I was six. Grandfather called it 'entering' me."

Taffy kept his eyes sullenly on the ground. Finding that he would not answer, she turned her horse again and rode slowly after the others. Taffy heard the soft footfalls die away, and when he looked up she had vanished.

He picked up his boots and started in the direction to which she had pointed. Every now and then a sob shook him. By

* Mattock.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and by the chimneys of the house hove in sight among the ridges, and he ran toward it. But within a gunshot of the white garden-wall his breast swelled suddenly and he flung himself on the ground and let the big tears run. They made little pits in the moving sand; and more sand drifted up and covered them.

"Taffy! Taffy! Whatever has become of the child?"

His mother was standing by the gate in her print frock. He scrambled up and ran toward her. She cried out at the sight of him, but he hid his blood-smeared face against her skirts.

V

TAFFY RINGS THE CHURCH-BELL

THEY were in the church—Squire Moyle, Mr. Raymond, and Taffy close behind. The two men were discussing the holes in the roof and other dilapidations.

"One, two, three," the Squire counted. "I'll send a couple of men with tarpaulin and rick-ropes. That'll tide us over next Sunday, unless it blows hard."

They passed up three steps under the belfry arch. Here a big bell rested on the flooring. Its rim was cracked, but not badly. A long ladder reached up into the gloom.

"What's the beam like?" the Squire called up to someone aloft.

"Sound as a bell," answered a voice.

"I said so. We'll have en hoisted by Sunday. I'll send a wagon over to Wheel Gooniver for a tackle and winch. Damme, up there! Don't keep sheddin' such a muck o' dust on your betters!"

"I can't help no other, Squire!" said the voice overhead; "such a cauch o' pilm an' twigs an' birds' droppin's! If I sneeze I'm a lost man."

Taffy, staring up as well as he could for the falling rubbish, could just spy a white smock above the beam, and a glint of daylight on the toe-scutes of two dangling boots.

"I'll dam soon make you help it. *Is* the beam sound?"

"Ha'n't I told 'ee so?" said the voice, querulously.

"Then come down off the ladder, you son of a ——."

"Gently, Squire!" put in Mr. Raymond.

The Squire groaned. "There I go again—an' in the House of God itself! Oh! 'tis a case with me! I've a heart o' stone—a heart o' stone." He turned and brushed his rusty hat with his coat-cuff. Suddenly he faced round again. "Here, Bill Udy," he said to the old laborer who had just come down the ladder, "catch hold of my hat an' carry en fore to porch. I keep forgettin' I'm in church, an' then on he goes."

The building stood half a mile from the sea, surrounded by the rolling towans and rabbit burrows, and a few lichen-spotted tombstones, slanting inland. Early in the sixteenth century a London merchant had been shipwrecked on the coast below Nanizabuloe and cast ashore, the one saved out of thirty. He asked to be shown a church in which to give thanks for his preservation, and the people led him to a ruin bedded in the sands. It had lain since the days of Arundel's Rebellion. The Londoner vowed to build a new church there on the towans, where the songs of prayer and praise should mingle with the voice of the waves which God had baffled for him. The people warned him of the sand; but he would not listen to reason. He built his church—a squat perpendicular building of two aisles, the wider divided into nave and chancel merely by a granite step in the flooring; he saw it consecrated, and returned to his home and died. And the church steadily decayed. He had mixed his mortar with sea-sand. The stonework oozed brine, the plaster fell piece-meal; the blown sand penetrated like water; the foundations sank a foot on the south side, and the whole structure took a list to leeward. The living passed into the hands of the Dean and Chapter of Exeter, and from them, in 1730, to the Moyles. Mr. Raymond's predecessor was a kinsman of theirs by marriage, a pluralist, who lived and died at the other end of the Duchy. He had sent curates from time to time; the last of whom was dead, three years since, of solitude and drink. But he never came himself, Squire Moyle having threatened to set the dogs on him if ever he set

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

foot in Nannizabuloe; for there had been some dispute over a dowry. The result was that nobody went to church, though a parson from the next parish held an occasional service. The people were Wesleyan Methodists or Bryanites. Each sect had its own chapel in the fishing village of Ennis, on the western side of the parish; and the Bryanites a second one, at the cross-roads behind the downs, for the miners and warreners and scattered farm-folk.

Ding—ding—ding—ding—ding.

It was Sunday morning, and Taffy was sounding the bell, by a thin rope tied to its clapper.

The heavy bell-rope would be ready next week; but Humility must first contrive a woollen binding for it, to prevent its chafing the ringer's hands.

Out on the towans the rabbits heard the sound, and ran scampering. Others, farther away, paused in their feeding, and listened with cocked ears.

Ding—ding—ding.

Mr. Raymond stood in the belfry at the boy's elbow. He wore his surplice, and held his prayer-book, with a finger between the pages. Glancing down toward the nave, he saw Humility sitting in the big vicarage pew—no other soul in church.

He took the cord from Taffy, "Run to the door, and see if anyone is coming."

Taffy ran, and after a minute came back.

"There's Squire Moyle coming along the path, and the little girl with him, and some servants behind—five or six of them. Bill Udy's one."

"Nobody else?"

"I expect the people don't hear the bell," said Taffy. "They live too far away."

"God hears. Yes, and God sees the lamp is lit."

"What lamp?" Taffy looked up at his father's face, wondering.

"All towers carry a lamp of some kind. For what else are they built?"

It was exactly the tone in which he had spoken that afternoon at Tewkesbury about men being like towers. Both these sentences puzzled the boy; and yet Taffy never felt so near to understanding him as he had then, and did again now. He was shy of his father. He did not know that his father was just as shy of him. He began to ring with all his soul—*ding—ding-ding, ding-ding.*

The old Squire entered the church, paused, and blew his nose violently, and, taking Honoria by the hand, marched her up to the end of the south aisle. The door of the great pew was shut upon them, and they disappeared. Before Honoria vanished, Taffy caught a glimpse of a gray felt hat with pink ribbons.

The servants scattered, and found seats in the body of the church. He went on ringing, but no one else came. After a minute or two Mr. Raymond signed to him to stop and go to his mother, which he did, blushing at the noise of his shoes on the slate pavement. Mr. Raymond followed, walked slowly past, and entered the reading-desk.

"When the wicked man turneth away from his wickedness that he hath committed, and doeth that which is lawful and right, he shall save his soul alive. . . ."

Taffy looked toward the Squire's pew. The bald top of the Squire's head was just visible above the ledge. He looked up at his mother, but her eyes were fastened on her prayer-book. He felt—he could not help it—that they were all gathered to save this old man's soul, and that everybody knew it, and secretly thought it a hopeless case. The notion dogged him all through the service, and for many Sundays after. Always that bald head above the ledge, and his father and the congregation trying to call down salvation on it. He wondered what Honoria thought, boxed up with it, and able to see its face.

Mr. Raymond mounted an upper pulpit to preach his sermon. He chose his text from Saint Matthew, Chapter vii., verses 26 and 27:

"*And every one that heareth these sayings of mine and doeth them not, shall be likened unto a foolish man which built his house upon the sand;*

"*And the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell; and great was the fall of it.*"

Taffy never followed his father's sermons closely. He would listen to a sentence or two, now and again, and then let his wits wander.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"You think this church is built upon the sands. The rain has come, the winds have blown and beaten on it; the foundations have sunk, and it leans to leeward. . . . By the blessing of God we will shore it up, and upon a foundation of rock. Upon what rock, you ask? . . . Upon that Rock which is the everlasting foundation of the Church spiritual. . . . Hear what comfortable words our Lord spake to Peter. . . . Our foundation must be faith, which is God's continuing Presence on earth, and which we shall recognize hereafter as God Himself. . . . Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen. . . . In other words, it is the rock we search for. . . . Draw near it, and you will know yourself in God's very shadow—the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. . . . As with this building, so with you, O man, cowering from wrath, as these walls are cowering. . . ."

The benediction was pronounced, the pew-door opened, and the old man marched down the aisle, looking neither to right nor to left, with his jaw set like a closed gin. Honoria followed. She had not so much as a glance for Taffy; but in passing she gazed frankly at Humility, whom she had not seen before.

Humility was rather ostentatiously cheerful at dinner that day; a sure sign that at heart she was disappointed. She had looked for a bigger congregation. Mrs. Venning, who had been carried downstairs for the meal, saw this, and asked few questions. Both the women stole glances at Mr. Raymond when they thought he was not observing them. He at least pretended to observe nothing, but chatted away cheerfully.

"Taffy," he said, after dinner, "I want you to run up to Tredinnis with a note from me. Maybe I will follow later, but I must go to the village first."

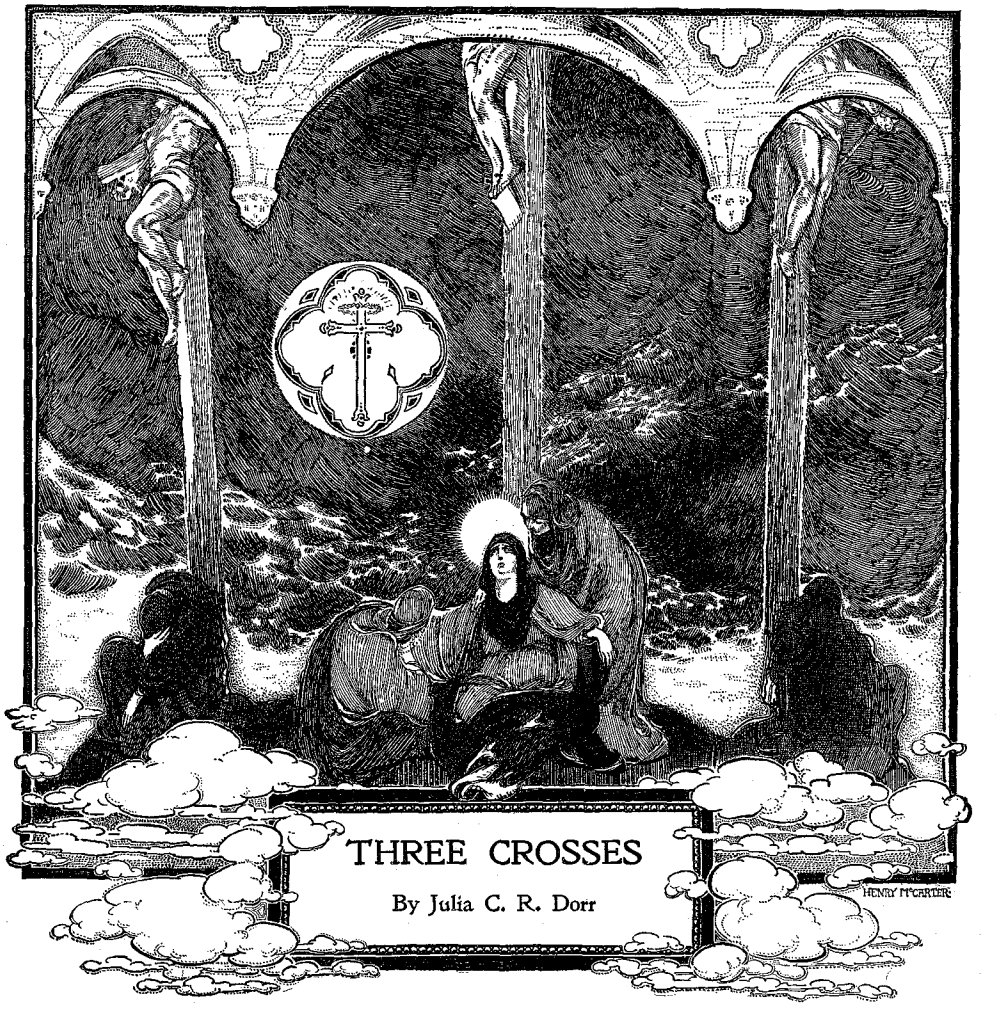
(To be continued.)

AT BREAK OF DAY

By M. L van Vorst

At break of day when shadows fly,
  And still the earth is white with dew,
And light, soft mists on hill-sides lie,
  And all the purple meadows through
The morning wind moves like a sigh
(No sullied thing draws ever nigh
  When thus the day from God is new),
Oh, then I wake all quietly,
And as from some sweet place most high
    On the chaste line of day and night—
  Whence holy thoughts will souls imbue
    Who wake, praise God, keep pure, walk right—
A boon comes: is't not blest that I
  Walk thus thro' fields of God with you
At break of day, when shadows fly?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



THREE CROSSES

By Julia C. R. Dorr

THERE were three crosses on the hill,
Three shadows downward thrown;
O, Mary Mother, heard you not
The other mothers' moan?

Your Son—He was the Holy One
Whom angels comforted;
They touched His lips with heavenly wine
In those dark hours of dread!

For Him all nature mourned; the sun
Veiled its resplendent face;
Darkness and tumult for His sake
Filled all the awful space.

And you—the sword that pierced your heart
Grave prophets had foretold;
You saw the crown above the cross
Clear shining as of old!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

O Mary Mother, sitting now
Enthroned beside your Son,
You knew even then the glorious end
For which the deed was done!

You saw the ages bending low
In homage at His feet;
You heard the songs of triumph,
And the music piercing sweet.

Three crosses on dark Calvary's hill—
Three awful shadows thrown;
Three mothers, faint with anguish sore,
Making to God their moan;

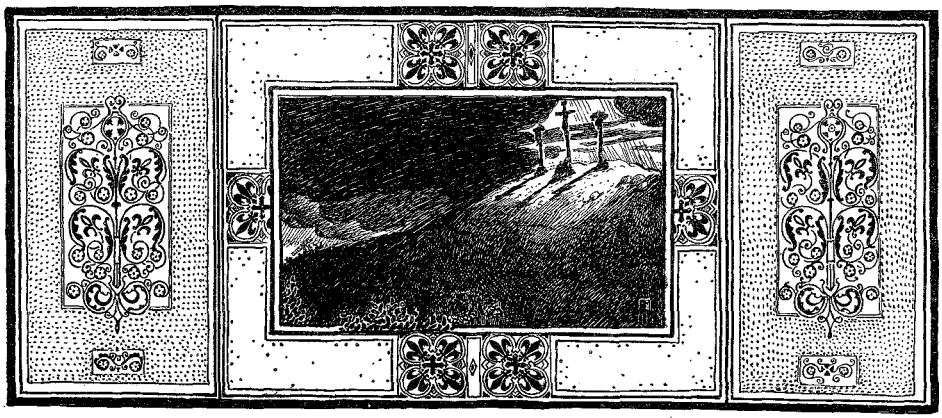
But they, those other mothers, who
Bent down to comfort them?
They cowered afar; they had not dared
To touch your garment's hem.

Even if in mockery, your Son
Was crowned and hailed as king;
While theirs—disgraced, dishonored they—
Past all imagining!

They loved like you. Their sons had lain
Like yours in sinless rest,
Cradled to slumber, soft and deep,
On each fond, faithful breast.

Yet now the terror and the shame,
The agony untold,
The deathless mother-love, unquenched
By horrors manifold!

Three crosses on the dreadful hill,
Three shadows downward thrown;
Mother of Sorrows, thou hast borne
Not one sharp pang alone!



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE ROUGH RIDERS

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Colonel of the First United States Volunteer Cavalry

THE CAVALRY AT SANTIAGO

ON June 30th we received orders to hold ourselves in readiness to march against Santiago, and all the men were greatly overjoyed, for the inaction was trying. The one narrow road, a mere muddy track along which the army was encamped, was choked with the marching columns. As always happened when we had to change camp, everything that the men could not carry, including, of course, the officers' baggage, was left behind.

About noon the Rough Riders struck camp and drew up in column beside the road in the rear of the First Cavalry. Then we sat down and waited for hours before the order came to march, while regiment after regiment passed by, varied by bands of tatterdemalion Cuban insurgents, and by mule-trains with ammunition. Every man carried three days' provisions. We had succeeded in borrowing mules sufficient to carry along the dynamite gun and the automatic Colts.

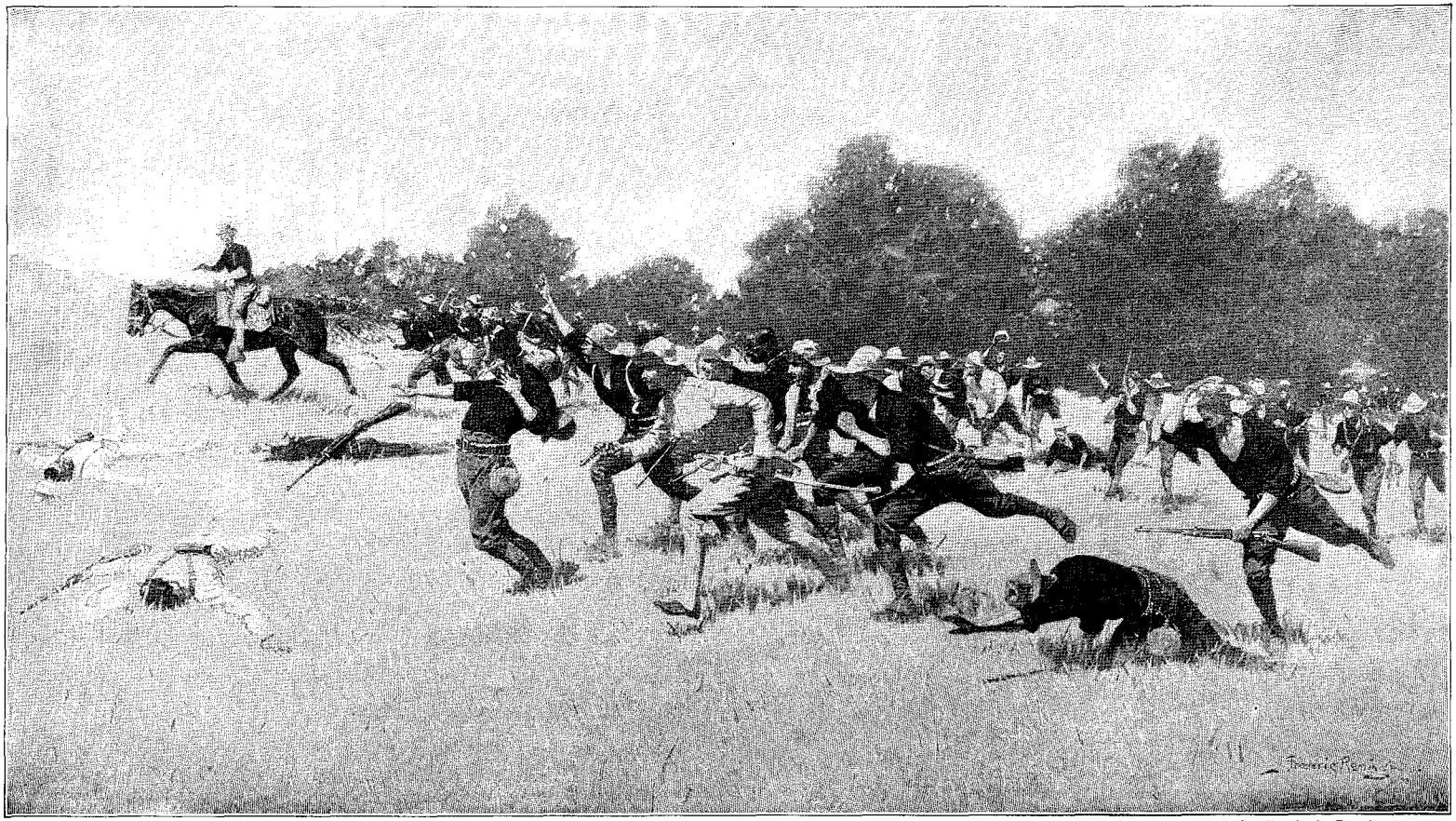
At last, toward mid-afternoon, the First and Tenth Cavalry, ahead of us, marched, and we followed. The First was under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Veile, the Tenth under Lieutenant-Colonel Baldwin. Every few minutes there would be a stoppage in front, and at the halt I would make the men sit or lie down beside the track, loosening their packs. The heat was intense as we passed through the still, close jungle, which formed a wall on either hand. Occasionally we came to gaps or open spaces, where some regiment was camped, and now and then one of these regiments, which apparently had been left out of its proper place, would file into the road, breaking up our line of march. As a result, we finally found ourselves following merely the tail of the regiment ahead of us, an infantry regiment being thrust into the interval. Once or twice we had to wade streams. Darkness came on, but we still continued to march. It was about eight o'clock when we turned to the left and climbed El Poso hill, on whose summit there was a ruined ranch and sugar factory, now, of course, deserted. Here I found General Wood, who was arranging for the camping of the brigade. Our own arrangements for the night were simple. I extended each troop across the road into the jungle, and then the men threw down their belongings where they stood and slept on their arms. Fortunately, there was no rain. Wood and I curled up under our rain-coats on the saddle-blankets, while his two aides, Captain A. L. Mills and Lieutenant W. N. Ship, slept near us. We were up before dawn and getting breakfast. Mills and Ship had nothing to eat, and they breakfasted with Wood and myself, as we had been able to get some handfuls of beans, and some coffee and sugar, as well as the ordinary bacon and hardtack.

We did not talk much, for though we were in ignorance as to precisely what the day would bring forth, we knew that we should see fighting. We had slept soundly enough, although, of course, both Wood and I during the night had made a round of the sentries, he of the brigade, and I of the regiment; and I suppose that, excepting among hardened veterans, there is always a certain feeling of uneasy excitement the night before the battle.

Mills and Ship were both tall, fine-looking men, of tried courage, and thoroughly trained in every detail of their profession; I remember being struck by the quiet, soldierly way they were going about their work early that morning. Before noon one was killed and the other dangerously wounded.

General Wheeler was sick, but with his usual indomitable pluck and entire indifference to his own personal comfort, he

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



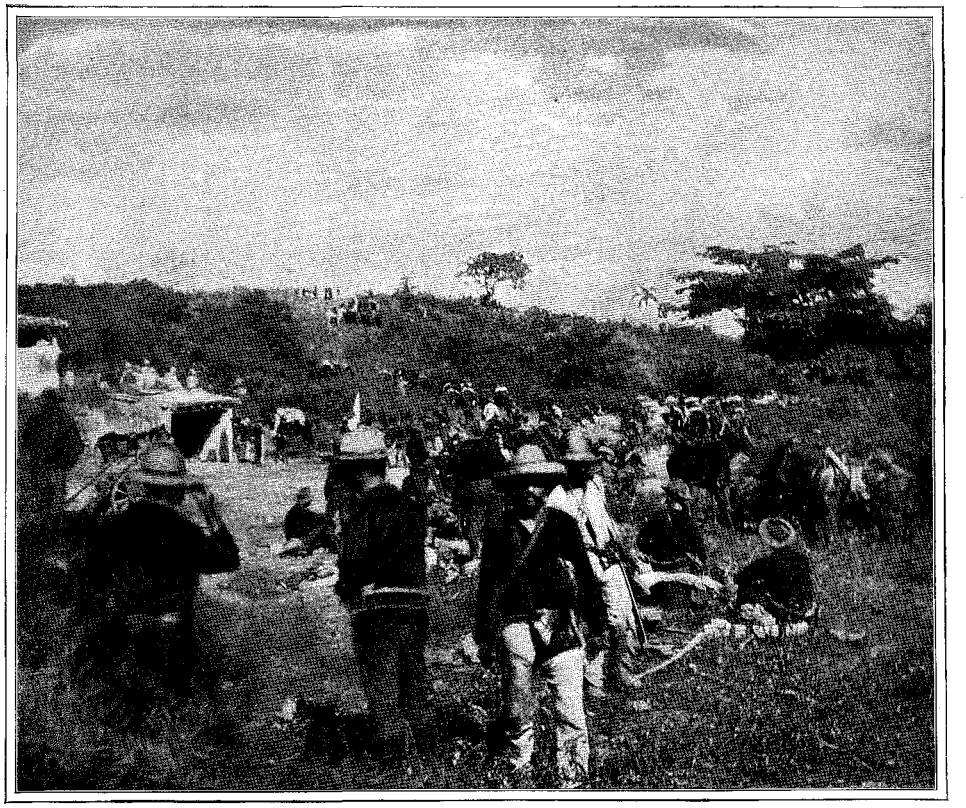
From the painting by Frederic Remington.

Charge of the Rough Riders at San Juan Hill.

Copyright, 1898, by Frederic Remington.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

kept to the front. He was unable to retain command of the cavalry division, which accordingly devolved upon General Samuel Sumner, who commanded it until mid-afternoon, when the bulk of the fighting was over. General Sumner's own brigade fell to Colonel Henry Carroll. General Sumner led the advance with the cavalry, and the battle was fought by him and by General Kent, who commanded the infantry division, and whose foremost brigade was led by General Hawkins.



Third Cavalry, Rough Riders, and Cubans at El Poso in Rear of Grimes's Battery.

Two shells burst a few minutes later, killing and wounding a number of soldiers and Cubans. Grimes's Battery is visible on the crest of the hill.

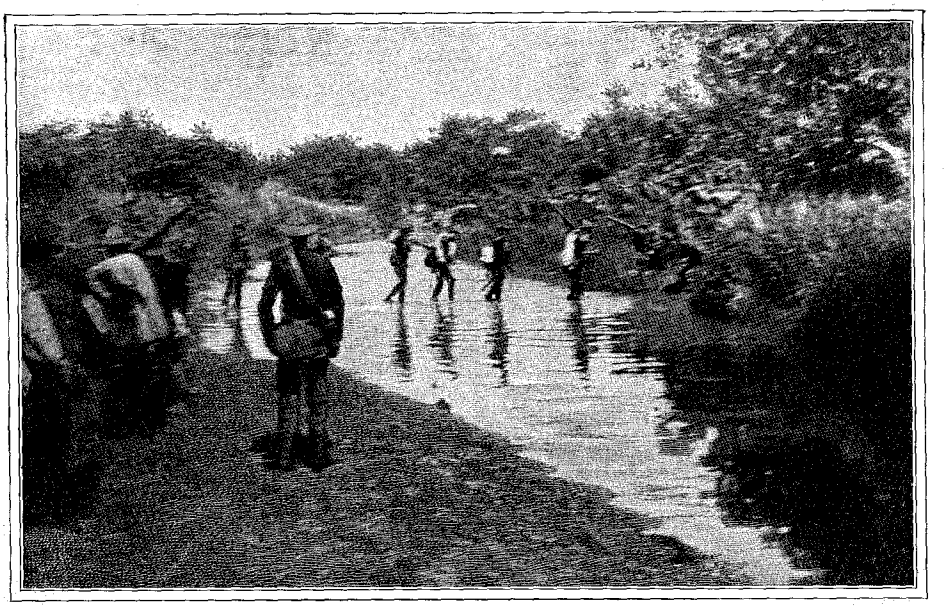
As the sun rose the men fell in, and at the same time a battery of field-guns was brought up on the hill-crest just beyond, between us and toward Santiago. It was a fine sight to see the great horses straining under the lash as they whirled the guns up the hill and into position.

Our brigade was drawn up on the hither side of a kind of half basin, a big band of Cubans being off to the left. As yet we had received no orders, except that we were told that the main fighting was to be done by Lawton's infantry division, which was to take El Caney, several miles to our right, while we were simply to make a diversion. This diversion was to be made mainly with the artillery, and the battery which had taken position immediately in front of us was to begin when Lawton began.

It was about six o'clock that the first report of the cannon from El Caney came booming to us across the miles of still jungle. It was a very lovely morning, the sky of cloudless blue, while the level, shimmering rays from the just-risen sun brought into fine relief the splendid palms which here and there towered above the lower growth. The lofty and beautiful mountains hemmed in the Santiago plain, making it an amphitheatre for the battle.

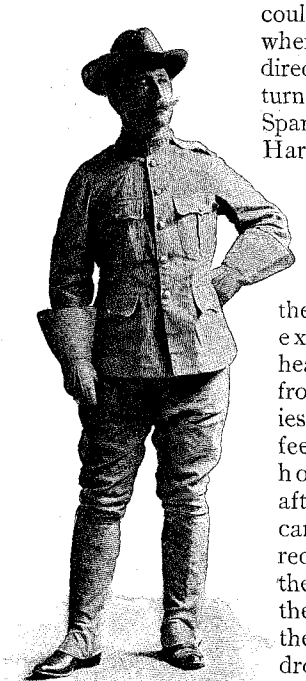
Immediately our guns opened, and at

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Rough Riders Fording the San Juan River while Moving to the Front.

the report great clouds of white smoke hung on the ridge crest. For a minute or two there was no response. Wood and I were sitting together, and Wood remarked to me that he wished our brigade could be moved somewhere else, for we were directly in line of any return fire aimed by the Spaniards at the battery. Hardly had he spoken when there was a peculiar whistling, singing sound in the air, and immediately afterward the noise of something exploding over our heads. It was shrapnel from the Spanish batteries. We sprung to our feet and leaped on our horses. Immediately afterward a second shot came which burst directly above us; and then a third. From the second shell one of the shrapnel bullets dropped on my wrist, hardly breaking the skin, but raising a bump about as big as a hickory-nut. The same shell wounded four of my regiment, one of them being Mason Mitchell, and two or three of the regulars were also hit, one losing his leg by a great fragment of shell. Another shell exploded right in the middle of the Cubans, killing and wounding a good many, while the remainder scattered like guinea-hens. Wood's led horse was also shot through the lungs. I at once hustled my regiment over the crest of the hill into the thick underbrush, where I had no little difficulty in getting them together again into column.



Mason Mitchell.

Meanwhile the firing continued for fifteen or twenty minutes, until it gradually died away. As the Spaniards used smokeless powder, their artillery had an enormous advantage over ours, and, moreover, we did not have the best type of modern guns, our fire being slow.

As soon as the firing ceased, Wood formed his brigade, with my regiment in front, and gave me orders to follow behind the First Brigade, which was just moving off the ground. In column of fours we marched down the trail toward the ford of the San Juan River. We passed two or three regiments of infantry, and were several times halted before we came to the ford. The First Brigade, which was under Colonel Carroll— Lieu-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tenant-Colonel Hamilton commanding the Ninth Regiment, Major Wessels the Third, and Captain Kerr the Sixth—had already crossed and was marching to the right, parallel to, but a little distance from, the river. The Spaniards in the trenches and block-houses on top of the hills in front were already firing at the brigade in desultory fashion. The extreme advance of the Ninth Cavalry was under Lieutenants McNamee and Hartwick. They were joined by General Hawkins, with his staff, who was looking over the ground and deciding on the route he should take his infantry brigade.

Our orders had been of the vaguest kind, being simply to march to the right and connect with Lawton—with whom, of course, there was no chance of our connecting. No reconnoissance had been made, and the exact position and strength of the Spaniards was not known. A captive balloon was up in the air at this moment, but it was worse than useless. A previous proper reconnoissance and proper look-out from the hills would have given us exact information. As it was, Generals Kent, Sumner, and Hawkins had to be their own reconnoissance, and they fought their troops so well that we won anyhow.

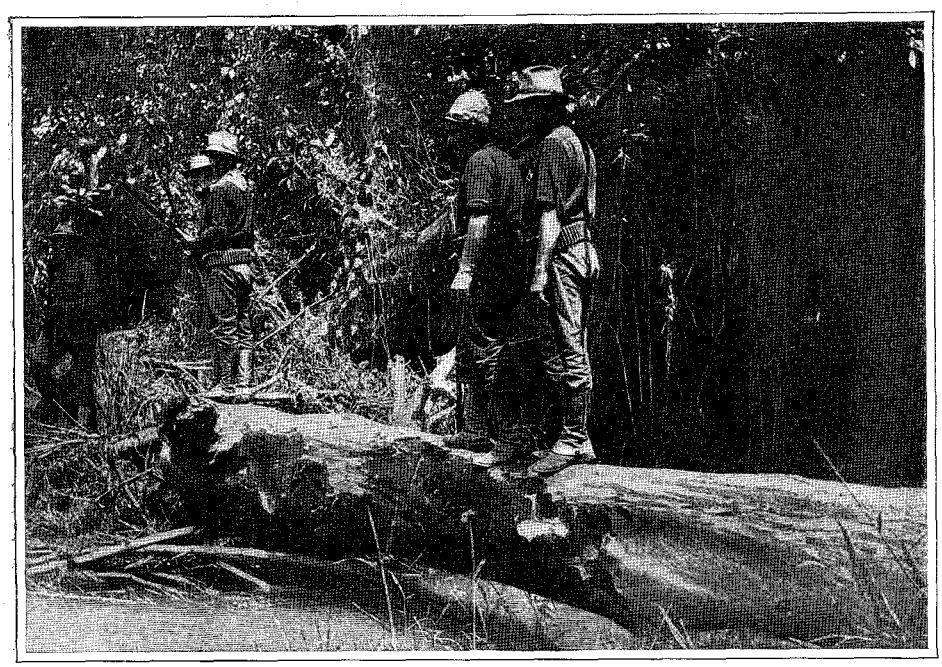
I was now ordered to cross the ford, march half a mile or so to the right, and then halt and await further orders; and I promptly hurried my men across, for the fire was getting hot, and the captive balloon, to the horror of everybody, was coming down to the ford. Of course, it was a special target for the enemy's fire.

The Rough Riders Moving to the Front Under Fire, a Mile from the Enemy's Works.

I got my men across before it reached the ford. There it partly collapsed and remained, causing severe loss of life, as it indicated the exact position where the Tenth and the First Cavalry, and the infantry, were crossing.

As I led my column slowly along, under the intense heat, through the high grass of the open jungle, the First Brigade was to our left, and the firing between it and the Spaniards on the hills grew steadily hotter and hotter. After awhile I came to a sunken lane, and as by this time the First Brigade had stopped and was engaged in a stand-up fight, I halted my men and sent back word for orders. As

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The Log in San Juan Jungle over which Most of the Sixth Infantry Crossed in their Advance on the Enemy.

we faced toward the Spanish hills my regiment was on the right with next to it and a little in advance the First Cavalry, and behind them the Tenth. In our front the Ninth held the right, the Sixth the centre, and the Third the left; but in the jungle the lines were already overlapping in places. Kent's infantry were coming up, farther to the left.

Captain Mills was with me. The sunken lane, which had a wire fence on either side, led straight up toward, and between, the two hills in our front, the hill on the left, which contained heavy block-houses, being farther away from us than the hill on our right, which we afterward grew to call Kettle Hill, and which was surmounted merely by some large ranch buildings or haciendas, with sunken bricklined walls and cellars. I got the men as well-sheltered as I could. Many of them lay close under the bank of the lane, others slipped into the San Juan River and crouched under its hither bank, while the rest lay down behind the patches of bushy jungle in the tall grass. The heat was intense, and many of the men were already showing signs of exhaustion. The sides of the hills in front were bare; but the country up to them was, for the most part, covered with such dense jungle that in charging through it no accuracy of formation could possibly be preserved.

General Sumner, who Commanded the Cavalry Division During the San Juan Fight.

The fight was now on in good earnest, and the Spaniards on the hills were engaged in heavy volley firing. The Mauser bullets drove in sheets through the trees and the tall jungle grass, making a peculiar whirring or rustling sound; some of the bullets seemed to pop in the air, so that we thought they were explosive; and, indeed, many of those which were coated with brass did explode, in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Lieutenant Carr, Wounded in San Juan Fight.

the sense that the brass coat was ripped off, making a thin plate of hard metal with a jagged edge, which inflicted a ghastly wound. These bullets were shot from a 45-calibre rifle carrying smokeless powder, which was much used by the guerillas and irregular Spanish troops. The Mauser bullets themselves made a small clean hole, with the result that the wound healed in a most astonishing manner. One or two of our men who were shot in the head had the skull blown open, but elsewhere the wounds from the minute steel-coated bullet, with its very high velocity, were certainly nothing like as serious as those made by the old large-calibre, low-power rifle. If a man was shot through the heart, spine, or brain he was, of course, killed instantly; but very few of the wounded died—even under the appalling conditions which prevailed, owing to the lack of attendance and supplies in the field-hospitals with the army.

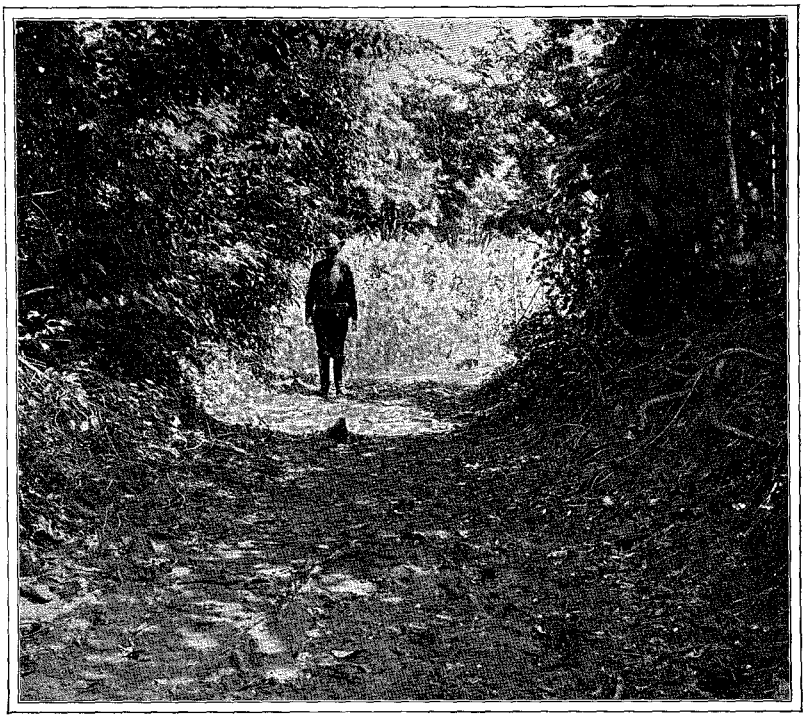
While we were lying in reserve we were suffering nearly as much as afterward when we charged. I think that the bulk of the Spanish fire was practically unaimed, or at least not aimed at any particular man, and only occasionally at a particular body of men; but they swept the whole field of battle up to the edge of the river, and man after man in our ranks fell dead or wounded, although I had the troopers scattered out far apart, taking advantage of every scrap of cover.

Devereux was dangerously shot while he lay with his men on the edge of the river. A young West Point cadet, Ernest Haskell, who had taken his holiday with us as an acting second lieutenant, was shot through the stomach. He had shown great coolness and gallantry, which he displayed to an even more marked degree after being wounded, shaking my hand and saying, "All right, Colonel, I'm going to get well. Don't bother about me, and don't let any man come away with me." When I shook hands with him, I thought he would surely die; yet he recovered.

The most serious loss that I and the regiment could have suffered befell just before we charged. Bucky O'Neill was strolling up and down in front of his men, smoking his cigarette, for he was inveterably addicted to the habit. He had a theory that an officer ought never to take cover—a theory which was, of course, wrong, though in a volunteer organization the officers should certainly expose themselves very fully, simply for the effect on the men; our regimental toast on the transport running, "The officers; may the war last until each is killed, wounded, or promoted." As O'Neill moved to and fro, his men begged him to lie down, and one of the sergeants said, "Captain, a bullet is sure to hit you." O'Neill took his cigarette out of his mouth, and blowing out a cloud of smoke, laughed and said, "Sergeant, the Spanish bullet isn't made that will kill me." A little later he discussed for a moment with one of the regular officers the direction from which the Spanish fire was coming. As he turned on his heel a bullet struck him in the mouth and came out at the back of

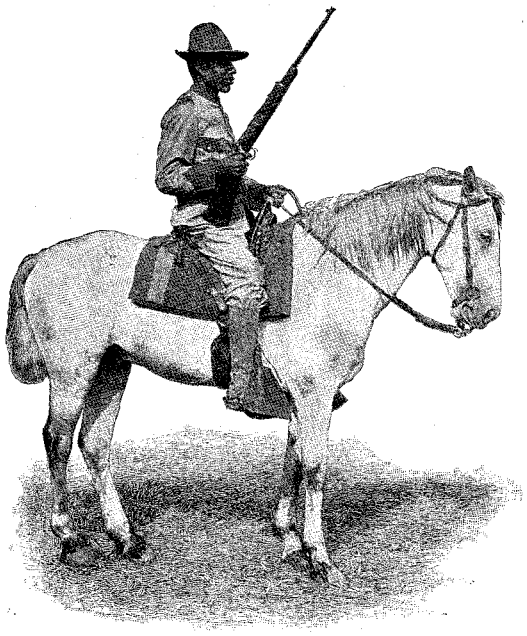
Captain Woodbury Kane, Promoted for Gallantry in the Fight of July 1st.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The Road in the Jungle where Many of the First Brigade were Killed.

his head; so that before he fell his wild and gallant soul had gone out into the darkness.



William Pollock, Pawnee Indian.

My orderly was a brave young Harvard boy, Sanders, from the quaint old Massachusetts town of Salem. The work of an orderly on foot, under the blazing sun, through the hot and matted jungle, was very severe, and finally the heat overcame him. He dropped; nor did he ever recover fully, and later he died from fever. In his place I summoned a trooper whose name I did not know. Shortly afterward, while sitting beside the bank, I directed him to go back and ask whatever general he came across if I could not advance, as my men were being much cut up. He stood up to salute and then pitched forward across my knees, a bullet having gone through his throat, cutting the carotid.

When O'Neill was shot, his troop, who were devoted to him, were for the moment at a loss whom to follow. One of their number, Henry Bardshar, a huge Arizona miner, immediately attached himself to me as my orderly, and from that moment he was closer to me, not only in the fight, but throughout the rest of the campaign, than any other man, not even excepting the color-sergeant, Wright.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Lieutenant J. McIlhenny, Promoted for Gallantry.

Captain Mills was with me; gallant Ship had already been killed. Mills was an invaluable aid, absolutely cool, absolutely unmoved or flurried in any way.

I sent messenger after messenger to try to find General Sumner or General Wood and get permission to advance, and was just about making up my mind that in the absence of orders I had better "march toward the guns," when Lieutenant-Colonel Dorst came riding up through the storm of bullets with the welcome command "to move forward and support the regulars in the assault on the hills in front." General Sumner had obtained authority to advance from Lieutenant Miley, who was representing General Shafter at the front, and was in the thick of the fire. The General at once ordered the first brigade to advance on the hills, and the second to support it. He himself was riding his horse along the lines, superintending the fight. Later I overheard a couple of my men talking together about him. What they said illustrates the value of a display of courage among the officers in hardening their soldiers; for their theme was how, as they were lying down under a fire which they could not return, and were in consequence feeling rather nervous, General Sumner suddenly appeared on horseback, sauntering by quite unmoved; and, said one of the men, "That made us feel all right. If the General could stand it, we could."

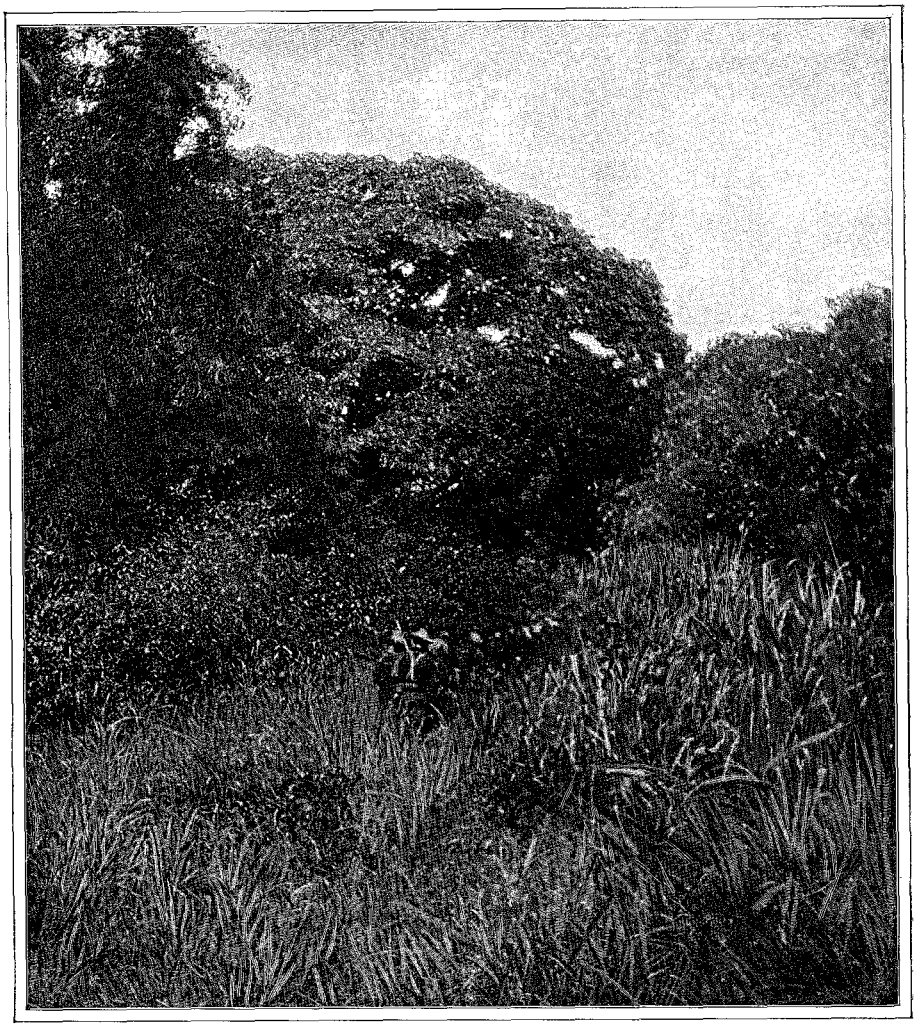
The instant I received the order I sprang on my horse and then my "crowded hour" began. The guerillas had been shooting at us from the edges of the jungle and from their perches in the leafy trees, and as they used smokeless powder, it was almost impossible to see them, though a few of my men had from time to time responded. We had also suffered from the hill on our right front, which was held chiefly by guerillas, although there were also some Spanish regulars with them, for we found their dead. I formed my men in column of troops, each troop extended in open skirmishing order, the right resting on the wire fences which bordered the sunken lane. Captain Jenkins led the first squadron, his eyes literally dancing with joyous excitement.

I started in the rear of the regiment, the position in which the colonel should theoretically stay. Captain Mills and Captain McCormick were both with me as aides; but I speedily had to send them off on special duty in getting the different bodies of men forward. I had intended to go into action on foot as at Las Guasimas, but the heat was so oppressive that I found I should be quite unable to run up and down the line and superintend matters unless I was mounted; and, moreover, when on horseback, I could see the men better and they could see me better.

A curious incident happened as I was getting the men started forward. Always when men have been lying down under cover for some time, and are required to advance, there is a little hesitation, each looking to see whether the others are going forward. As I rode down the line, calling to the troopers to go forward, and rasping brief directions to the captains and lieutenants, I came upon a man lying behind a little bush, and I ordered him to jump up. I do not think he understood that we were making a forward move, and he looked up at me for a moment with hesitation, and I again bade him rise, jeering him and saying: "Are you afraid to stand up when I am on horseback?" As I spoke, he suddenly fell forward on his face, a bullet having struck him and gone through him lengthwise. I suppose the bullet had been aimed at me; at any rate, I, who was on horseback in the open, was unhurt, and

Lieutenant S. Coleman, Promoted for Gallantry.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Advancing Through the San Juan Jungle.

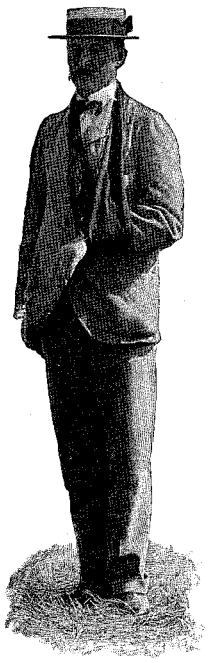
the man lying flat on the ground in the cover beside me was killed. There were several pairs of brothers with us; of the two Nortons one was killed; of the two McCurdys one was wounded.

I soon found that I could get that line behind which I personally was faster forward than the one immediately in front of it, with the result that the two rearmost lines of the regiment began to crowd together; so I rode through them both, the better to move on the one in front. This happened with every line in succession, until I found myself at the head of the regiment.

Both lieutenants of B Troop from Arizona had been exerting themselves greatly, and both were overcome by the heat; but Sergeants Campbell and Davidson took it forward in splendid shape. Some of the men from this troop and from the other Arizona troop (Bucky O'Neill's) joined me as a kind of fighting tail.

The Ninth Regiment was immediately in front of me, and the First on my left, and these went up Kettle Hill with my regiment. The Third, Sixth, and Tenth went partly up Kettle Hill, and partly between that and the block-house hill, which the infantry were assailing. General Sumner in person gave the Tenth the order to charge the hills; and it went forward at a rapid gait. The three regiments went forward more or less intermingled, ad-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Lieutenant Horace K. Devereux, Wounded at San Juan Hill.

vancing steadily and keeping up a heavy fire. Up Kettle Hill Sergeant George Berry, of the Tenth, bore not only his own regimental colors but those of the Third, the color-sergeant of the Third having been shot down; he kept shouting, "Dress on the colors, boys, dress on the colors!" as he followed Captain Ayres, who was running in advance of his men, shouting and waving his hat. The Tenth Cavalry lost a greater proportion of its officers than any other regiment in the battle—eleven out of twenty-two.

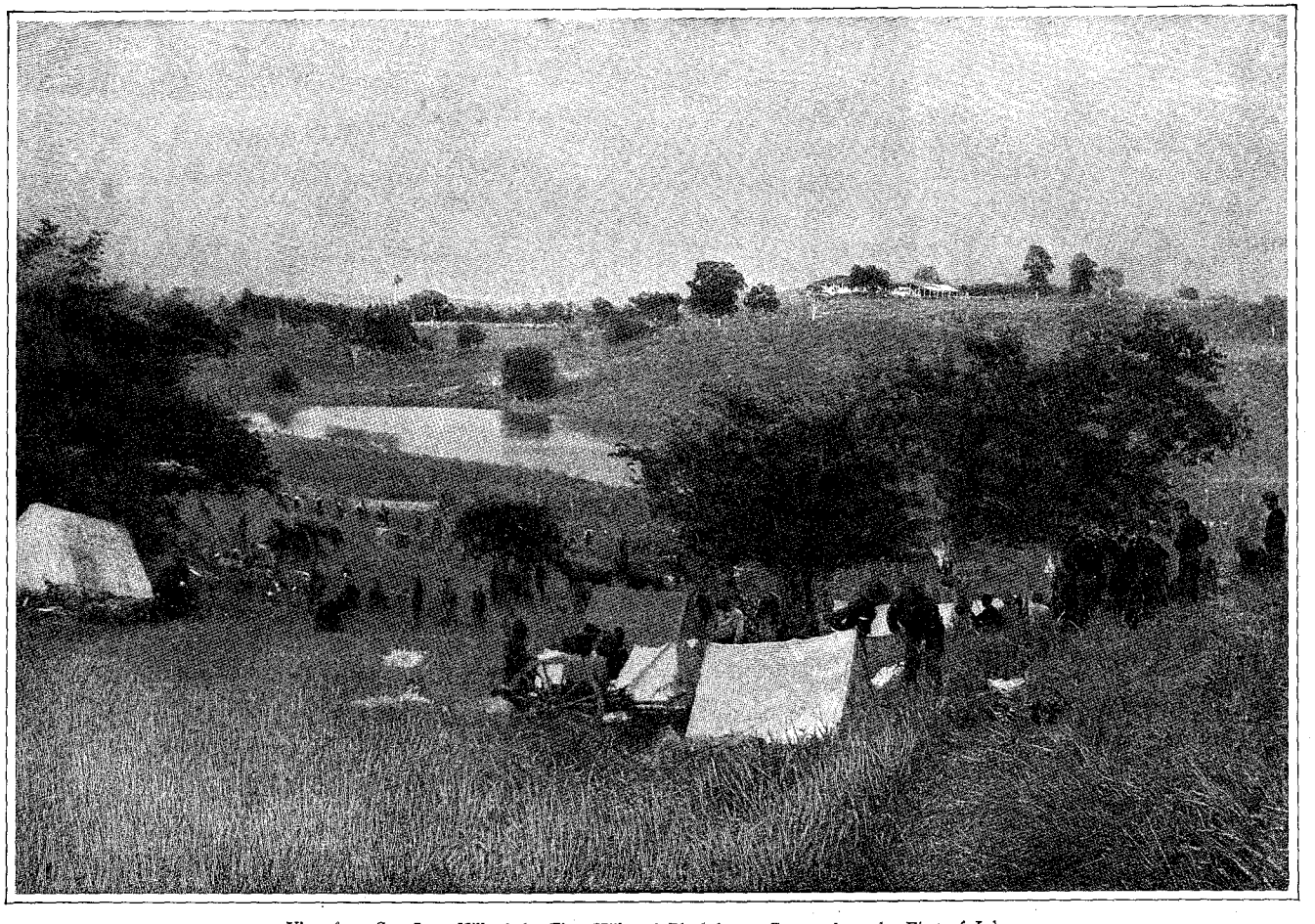
By the time I had come to the head of the regiment we ran into the left wing of the Ninth Regulars, and some of the First Regulars, who were lying down; that is, the troopers were lying down, while the officers were walking to and fro. The officers of the white and colored regiments alike took the greatest pride in seeing that the men more than did their duty; and the mortality among them was great.

I spoke to the captain in command of the rear platoons, saying that I had been ordered to support the regulars in the attack upon the hills, and that in my judgment we could not take these hills by firing at them, and that we must rush them. He answered that his orders were to keep his men lying where they were, and that he could not charge without orders. I asked where the Colonel was, and as he was not in sight, said, "Then I am the ranking officer here and I give the order to charge"—for I did not want to keep the men longer in the open suffering under a fire which they could not effectively return. Naturally the Captain hesitated to obey this order when no word had been received from his own Colonel. So I said, "Then let my men through, sir," and rode on through the lines, followed by the grinning Rough Riders, whose attention had been completely taken off the Spanish bullets, partly by my dialogue with the regulars, and partly by the language I had been using to themselves as I got the lines forward, for I had been joking with some and swearing at others, as the exigencies of the case seemed to demand. When we started to go through, however, it proved too much for the regulars, and they jumped up and came along, their officers and troops mingling with mine, all being delighted at the chance. When I got to where the head of the left wing of the Ninth was lying, through the courtesy of Lieutenant Hartwick, two of whose colored troopers threw down the fence, I was enabled to get back into the lane, at the same time waving my hat, and giving the order to charge the hill on our right front. Out of my sight, over on the right, Captains McBlain and Taylor, of the Ninth, made up their minds independently to charge at just about this time; and at almost the same moment Colonels Carroll and Hamilton, who were off, I believe, to my left, where we could see neither them nor their men, gave the order to advance. But of all this I knew nothing at the time. The whole line, tired of waiting, and eager to close with the enemy, was straining to go forward; and it seems that different parts slipped the leash at almost the same moment. The First Cavalry came up the hill just behind, and partly mixed with my regiment and the Ninth.

By this time we were all in the spirit of the thing and greatly excited by the charge, the men cheering and running forward between shots, while the delighted faces of the foremost officers, like Captain C. J. Stevens, of the Ninth, as they ran at the head of their troops, will always stay in my mind. As soon as I was in the line I galloped forward a few yards until I saw that the men were well started, and then galloped back to help Goodrich, who was in command of his troop, get his men across the road so as to attack the hill from that side. Captain Mills had already thrown three of the other troops of

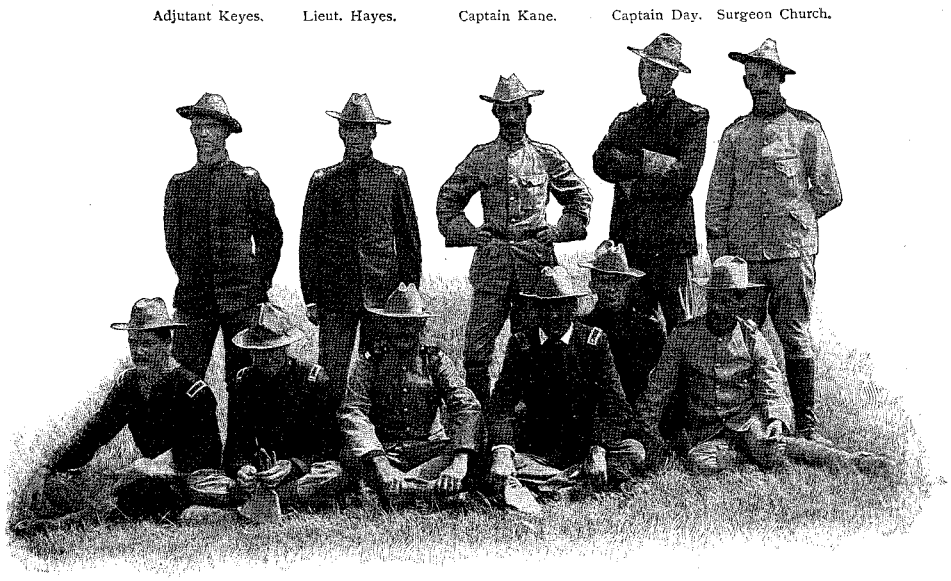
Lieutenant W. E. Dame, Promoted for Gallantry.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



View from San Juan Hill of the First Hill and Block-house Captured on the First of July.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Men Recommended for Promotion for Gallantry in Action.

the regiment across this road for the same purpose. Wheeling around, I then again galloped toward the hill, passing the shouting, cheering, firing men, and went up the lane, splashing through a small stream; when I got abreast of the ranch buildings on the top of Kettle Hill, I turned and went up the slope. Being on horseback I was, of course, able to get ahead of the men on foot, excepting my orderly, Henry Bardshar, who had run ahead very fast in order to get better shots at the Spaniards, who were now running out of the ranch buildings. Sergeant Campbell and a number of the Arizona men, and Dudley Dean, among others, were very close behind. Stevens, with his platoon of the Ninth, was abreast of us; so were McNamee and Hartwick. Some forty yards from the top I ran into a wire fence and jumped off Little Texas, turning him loose. He had been scraped by a couple of bullets, one of which nicked my elbow, and I never expected to see him again. As I ran up to the hill, Bardshar stopped to shoot, and two Spaniards fell as he emptied his magazine. These were the only Spaniards I actually saw fall to aimed shots by any one of my men, with the exception of two guerillas in trees.

Almost immediately afterward the hill was covered by the troops, both Rough Riders and the colored troopers of the Ninth, and some men of the First. There was the usual confusion, and afterward there was much discussion as to exactly who had been on the hill first. The first guidons planted there were those of the three New Mexican troops, G, E, and F, of my regiment, under their captains, Llewellen, Luna, and Muller, but on the extreme right of the hill, at the opposite end from where we struck it, captains Taylor and McBlain and their men of the Ninth were first up. Each of the five captains was firm in the belief that his troop was first up. As for the individual men, each of whom honestly thought he was first on the summit, their name was legion. One Spaniard was captured in the buildings, another was shot as he tried to hide himself, and a few others were killed as they ran.

Among the many deeds of conspicuous gallantry here performed, two, both to the credit of the First Cavalry, may be mentioned as examples of the others, not as exceptions. Sergeant Charles Karsten, while close beside Captain Tutherly, the squadron commander, was hit by a shrapnel bullet. He continued on the line, firing, until his arm grew numb; and he then refused to go to the rear, and devoted him-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

self to taking care of the wounded, utterly unmoved by the heavy fire. Trooper Hugo Brittain, when wounded, brought the regimental standard forward, waving it to and fro, to cheer the men.

No sooner were we on the crest than the Spaniards from the line of hills in our front, where they were strongly intrenched, opened a very heavy fire upon us with their rifles. They also opened upon us with one or two pieces of artillery, using time fuses which burned very accurately, the shells exploding right over our heads.

On the top of the hill was a huge iron kettle, or something of the kind, probably used for sugar refining. Several of our men took shelter behind this. We had a splendid view of the charge on the San Juan block-house to our left, where the infantry of Kent, led by Hawkins, were climbing the hill. Obviously the proper thing to do was to help them, and I got the men together and started them volley-firing against the Spaniards in the San Juan block-house and in the trenches around it. We could only see their heads; of course this was all we ever could see when we were firing at them in their trenches. Stevens was directing not only his own colored troopers, but a number of Rough Riders; for in a mêlée good soldiers are always prompt to recognize a good officer, and are eager to follow him.

We kept up a brisk fire for some five or ten minutes; meanwhile we were much cut up ourselves. Gallant Colonel Hamilton, than whom there was never a braver man, was killed, and equally gallant Colonel Carroll wounded. When near the summit Captain Mills had been shot through the head, the bullet destroying the sight of one eye permanently and of the other temporarily. He would not go back or let any man assist him, sitting down where he was and waiting until one of the men brought him word that the hill was stormed. Colonel Veile planted the standard of the First Cavalry on the hill, and General Sumner rode up. He was fighting his division in great form, and was always himself in the thick of the fire. As the men were much excited by the firing, they seemed to pay very little heed to their own losses.

Suddenly, above the cracking of the carbines, rose a peculiar drumming sound, and some of the men cried, "The Spanish machine-guns!" Listening, I made out that it came from the flat ground to the left, and jumped to my feet, smiting my hand on my thigh, and shouting aloud with exultation, "It's the gatlings, men, our gatlings!" Lieutenant Parker was bringing his four gatlings into action, and shoving them nearer and nearer the front. Now and then the drumming ceased for a moment; then it would resound again, always closer to San Juan hill, which Parker, like ourselves, was hammering to assist the infantry attack. Our men cheered lustily. We saw much of Parker after that, and there was never a more welcome sound than his gatlings as they opened. It was the only sound which I ever heard my men cheer in battle.

The infantry got nearer and nearer the crest of the hill. At last we could see the Spaniards running from the rifle-pits as the Americans came on in their final rush. Then I stopped my men for fear they should injure their comrades, and called to them to charge the next line of trenches, on the hills in our front, from which we had been undergoing a good deal of punishment. Thinking that the men would all come, I jumped over the wire fence in front of us and started at the double; but, as a matter of fact, the troopers were so excited, what with shooting and being shot, and shouting and cheering, that they did not hear, or did not heed me; and after running about a hundred yards I found I had only five men along with me. Bullets were ripping the grass all around us, and one of the men, Clay Green, was mortally wounded; another, Winslow Clark, a Harvard man, was shot first in the leg and then through the body. He made not the slightest murmur, only asking me to put his water canteen where he could get at it, which I did; he ultimately recovered. There was no use going on with the remaining three men, and I bade them stay where they were while I went back and brought up the rest of the brigade. This was a decidedly cool request, for there was really no possible point in letting them stay there while I went back; but at the moment it seemed perfectly natural to me, and apparently so to them, for they cheerfully nodded, and sat down in the grass, firing back at the line of trenches from which the Spaniards

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

were shooting at them. Meanwhile, I ran back, jumped over the wire fence, and went over the crest of the hill, filled with anger against the troopers, and especially those of my own regiment, for not having accompanied me. They, of course, were quite innocent of wrong-doing; and even while I taunted them bitterly for not having followed me, it was all I could do not to smile at the look of injury and surprise that came over their faces, while they cried out, "We didn't hear you, we didn't see you go, Colonel; lead on now, we'll sure follow you." I wanted the other regiments to come too, so I ran down to where General Sumner was and asked him if I might make the charge; and he told me to go and that he would see that the men followed. By this time everybody had his attention attracted, and when I leaped over the fence again, with Major Jenkins beside me, the men of the various regiments which were already on the hill came with a rush, and we started across the wide valley which lay between us and the Spanish intrenchments. Captain Dimmick, now in command of the Ninth, was bringing it forward; Captain McBlain had a number of Rough Riders mixed in with his troop, and led them all together; Captain Taylor had been severely wounded. The long-legged men like Greenway, Goodrich, sharp-shooter Proffit, and others, outstripped the rest of us, as we had a considerable distance to go. Long before we got near them the Spaniards ran, save a few here and there, who either surrendered or were shot down. When we reached the trenches we found them filled with dead bodies in the light blue and white uniform of the Spanish regular army. There were very few wounded. Most of the fallen had little holes in their heads from which their brains were oozing; for they were covered from the neck down by the trenches.

It was at this place that Major Wessels, of the Third Cavalry, was shot in the back of the head. It was a severe wound, but after having it bound up he again came to the front in command of his regiment. Among the men who were foremost was Lieutenant Milton F. Davis, of the First Cavalry. He had been joined by three men of the Seventy-first New York, who ran up, and, saluting, said, "Lieutenant, we want to go with you, our officers won't lead us." One of the brave fellows was soon afterward shot in the face. Lieutenant Davis's first sergeant, Clarence Gould, killed a Spanish soldier with his revolver, just as the Spaniard was aiming at one of my Rough Riders. At about the same time I also shot one. I was with Henry Bardshar, running up at the double, and two Spaniards leaped from the trenches and fired at us, not ten yards away. As they turned to run I closed in and fired twice, missing the first and killing the second. My revolver was from the sunken battle-ship Maine, and had been given me by my brother-in-law, Captain W. S. Cowles, of the Navy. At the time I did not know of Gould's exploit, and supposed my feat to be unique; and although Gould had killed his Spaniard in the trenches, not very far from me, I never learned of it until weeks after. It is astonishing what a limited area of vision and experience one has in the hurly-burly of a battle.

There was very great confusion at this time, the different regiments being completely intermingled—white regulars, colored regulars, and Rough Riders. General Sumner had kept a considerable force in reserve on Kettle Hill, under Major Jackson, of the Third Cavalry. We were still under a heavy fire and I got together a mixed lot of men and pushed on from the trenches and ranch-houses which we had just taken, driving the Spaniards through a line of palm-trees, and over the crests of a chain of hills. When we reached these crests we found ourselves overlooking Santiago. Some of the men, including Jenkins, Greenway, and Goodrich, pushed on almost by themselves far ahead. Lieutenant Hugh Berkely, of the First, with a sergeant and two troopers, reached the extreme front. He was, at the time, ahead of everyone; the sergeant was killed and one trooper wounded; but the lieutenant and the remaining trooper stuck to their post for the rest of the afternoon until our line was gradually extended to include them.

While I was re-forming the troops on the chain of hills, one of General Sumner's aides, Captain Robert Howze—as dashing and gallant an officer as there was in the whole gallant cavalry division,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

by the way—came up with orders to me to halt where I was, not advancing farther, but to hold the hill at all hazards. Howze had his horse, and I had some difficulty in making him take proper shelter; he stayed with us for quite a time, unable to make up his mind to leave the extreme front, and meanwhile jumping at the chance to render any service, of risk or otherwise, which the moment developed.

I now had under me all the fragments of the six cavalry regiments which were at the extreme front, being the highest officer left there, and I was in immediate command of them for the remainder of the afternoon and that night. The Ninth was over to the right, and the Thirteenth Infantry afterward came up beside it. The rest of Kent's infantry was to our left. Of the Tenth, Lieutenants Anderson, Muller, and Fleming reported to me; Anderson was slightly wounded, but he paid no heed to this. All three, like every other officer, had troopers of various regiments under them; such mixing was inevitable in making repeated charges through thick jungle; it was essentially a troop commanders', indeed, almost a squad leaders', fight. The Spaniards who had been holding the trenches and the line of hills, had fallen back upon their supports and we were under a very heavy fire both from rifles and great guns. At the point where we were, the grass-covered hill-crest was gently rounded, giving poor cover, and I made my men lie down on the hither slope.

On the extreme left Captain Beck, of the Tenth, with his own troop, and small bodies of the men of other regiments, was exercising a practically independent command, driving back the Spaniards whenever they showed any symptoms of advancing. He had received his orders to hold the line at all hazards from Lieutenant Andrews, one of General Sumner's aides, just as I had received mine from Captain Howze. Finally, he was relieved by some infantry, and then rejoined the rest of the Tenth, which was engaged heavily until dark, Major Wint being among the severely wounded. Lieutenant W. N. Smith was killed. Captain Bigelow had been wounded three times.

Our artillery made one or two efforts to come into action on the firing-line of the infantry, but the black powder rendered each attempt fruitless. The Spanish guns used smokeless powder, so that it was difficult to place them. In this respect they were on a par with their own infantry and with our regular infantry and dismounted cavalry; but our only two volunteer infantry regiments, the Second Massachusetts and the Seventy-first New York, and our artillery, all had black powder. This rendered the two volunteer regiments, which were armed with the antiquated Springfield, almost useless in the battle, and did practically the same thing for the artillery wherever it was formed within rifle range. When one of the guns was discharged a thick cloud of smoke shot out and hung over the place, making an ideal target, and in half a minute every Spanish gun and rifle within range was directed at the particular spot thus indicated; the consequence was that after a more or less lengthy stand the gun was silenced or driven off. We got no appreciable help from our guns on July 1st. Our men were quick to realize the defects of our artillery, but they were entirely philosophic about it, not showing the least concern at its failure. On the contrary, whenever they heard our artillery open they would grin as they looked at one another and remark, "There go the guns again; wonder how soon they'll be shut up," and shut up they were sure to be. The light battery of Hotchkiss one-pounders, under Lieutenant J. B. Hughes, of the Tenth Cavalry, was handled with conspicuous gallantry.

On the hill-slope immediately around me I had a mixed force composed of members of most of the cavalry regiments, and a few infantrymen. There were about fifty of my Rough Riders with Lieutenants Goodrich and Carr. Among the rest were perhaps a score of colored infantrymen, but, as it happened, at this particular point without any of their officers. No troops could have behaved better than the colored soldiers had behaved so far; but they are, of course, peculiarly dependent upon their white officers. Occasionally they produce non-commissioned officers who can take the initiative and accept responsibility precisely like the best class of whites; but this cannot be expected

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

normally, nor is it fair to expect it. With the colored troops there should always be some of their own officers; whereas, with the white regulars, as with my own Rough Riders, experience showed that the non-commissioned officers could usually carry on the fight by themselves if they were once started, no matter whether their officers were killed or not.

At this particular time it was trying for the men, as they were lying flat on their faces, very rarely responding to the bullets, shells, and shrapnel which swept over the hill-top, and which occasionally killed or wounded one of their number. Major Albert G. Forse, of the First Cavalry, a noted Indian fighter, was killed about this time. One of my best men, Sergeant Greenly, of Arizona, who was lying beside me, suddenly said, "Beg pardon, Colonel; but I've been hit in the leg." I asked, "Badly?" He said, "Yes, Colonel; quite badly." After one of his comrades had helped him fix up his leg with a first-aid-to-the-injured bandage, he limped off to the rear.

None of the white regulars or Rough Riders showed the slightest sign of weakening; but under the strain the colored infantrymen (who had none of their officers) began to get a little uneasy and to drift to the rear, either helping wounded men, or saying that they wished to find their own regiments. This I could not allow, as it was depleting my line, so I jumped up, and walking a few yards to the rear, drew my revolver, halted the retreating soldiers, and called out to them that I appreciated the gallantry with which they had fought and would be sorry to hurt them, but that I should shoot the first man who, on any pretence whatever, went to the rear. My own men had all sat up and were watching my movements with the utmost interest; so was Captain Howze. I ended my statement to the colored soldiers by saying: "Now, I shall be very sorry to hurt you, and you don't know whether or not I will keep my word, but my men can tell you that I always do;" whereupon my cow-punchers, hunters, and miners solemnly nodded their heads and commented in chorus, exactly as if in a comic opera, "He always does; he always does!"

This was the end of the trouble, for the "smoked Yankees"—as the Spaniards called the colored soldiers—flashed their white teeth at one another, as they broke into broad grins, and I had no more trouble with them, they seeming to accept me as one of their own officers. The colored cavalrymen had already so accepted me; in return, the Rough Riders, although for the most part Southwesterners, who have a strong color prejudice, grew to accept them with hearty goodwill as comrades, and were entirely willing, in their own phrase, "to drink out of the same canteen." Where all the regular officers did so well, it is hard to draw any distinction; but in the cavalry division a peculiar meed of praise should be given to the officers of the Ninth and Tenth for their work, and under their leadership the colored troops did as well as any soldiers could possibly do.

In the course of the afternoon the Spaniards in our front made the only offensive movement which I saw them make during the entire campaign; for what were ordinarily called "attacks" upon our lines consisted merely of heavy firing from their trenches and from their skirmishers. In this case they did actually begin to make a forward movement, their cavalry coming up as well as the marines and reserve infantry,* while their skirmishers, who were always bold, redoubled their activity. It could not be called a charge, and not only was it not pushed home, but it was stopped almost as soon as it began, our men immediately running forward to the crest of the hill with shouts of delight at seeing their enemies at last come into the open. A few seconds' firing stopped their advance and drove them into the cover of the trenches.

They kept up a very heavy fire for some time longer, and our men again lay down, only replying occasionally. Suddenly we heard on our right the peculiar drumming sound which had been so welcome in the morning, when the infantry were assailing the San Juan block-house. The gatlings were up again! I started over to inquire, and found that Lieutenant Parker, not content with using his guns in support of the attacking forces, had thrust them for-

* Lieutenant Tejeiro, p. 154, speaks of this attempt to retake San Juan and its failure.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ward to the extreme front of the fighting line, where he was handling them with great effect. From this time on, throughout the fighting, Parker's gatlings were on the right of my regiment, and his men and mine fraternized in every way. He kept his pieces at the extreme front, using them on every occasion until the last Spanish shot was fired. Indeed, the dash and efficiency with which the gatlings were handled by Parker was one of the most striking features of the campaign; he showed that a first-rate officer could use machine-guns, on wheels, in battle and skirmish, in attacking and defending trenches, alongside of the best troops, and to their great advantage.

As night came on the firing gradually died away. Before this happened, however, Captains Morton and Boughton, of the Third Cavalry, came over to tell me that a rumor had reached them to the effect that there had been some talk of retiring and that they wished to protest in the strongest manner. I had been watching them both, as they handled their troops with the cool confidence of the veteran regular officers and had been congratulating myself that they were off toward the right flank, for as long as they were there, I knew I was perfectly safe in that direction. I had heard no rumor about retiring, and I cordially agreed with them that it would be far worse than a blunder to abandon our position.

To attack the Spaniards by rushing across open ground, or through wire entanglements and low, almost impassable jungle, without the help of artillery, and to force unbroken infantry, fighting behind earthworks and armed with the best repeating weapons, supported by cannon, was one thing; to repel such an attack ourselves, or to fight our foes on anything like even terms in the open, was quite another thing. No possible number of Spaniards coming at us from in front could have driven us from our position, and there was not a man on the crest who did not eagerly and devoutly hope that our opponents would make the attempt, for it would surely have been followed, not merely by a repulse, but by our immediately taking the city. There was not an officer or a man on the firing-line, so far as I saw them, who did not feel this way.

As night fell, some of my men went back to the buildings in our rear and foraged through them, for we had now been fourteen hours charging and fighting without food. They came across what was evidently the Spanish officers' mess, where their dinner was still cooking, and they brought it to the front in high glee. It was evident that the Spanish officers were living well, however the Spanish rank and file were faring. There were three big iron pots, one filled with beef-stew, one with boiled rice, and one with boiled peas; there was a big demijohn of rum (all along the trenches which the Spaniards held were empty wine and liquor bottles); there were a number of loaves of rice-bread; and there were even some small cans of preserves and a few salt fish. Of course, among so many men, the food, which was equally divided, did not give very much to each, but it freshened us all.

Soon after dark, General Wheeler, who in the afternoon had resumed command of the cavalry division, came to the front. A very few words with General Wheeler reassured us about retiring. He had been through too much heavy fighting in the Civil War to regard the present fight as very serious, and he told us not to be under any apprehension, for he had sent word that there was no need whatever of retiring, and was sure we would stay where we were until the chance came to advance. He was second in command; and to him more than to any other one man was due the prompt abandonment of the proposal to fall back—a proposal which if adopted would have meant shame and disaster.

Shortly afterward General Wheeler sent us orders to intrench. The men of the different regiments were now getting in place again and sifting themselves out. All of our troops who had been kept at Kettle Hill came forward and rejoined us after nightfall. During the afternoon Greenway, apparently not having enough to do in the fighting, had taken advantage of a lull to explore the buildings himself, and had found a number of Spanish intrenching tools, picks, and shovels, and these we used in digging trenches along our line. The men were very tired indeed, but they went cheerfully to work, all the officers doing their part.

Crockett, the ex-Revenue officer from

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Georgia, was a slight man, not physically very strong. He came to me and told me he didn't think he would be much use in digging, but that he had found a lot of Spanish coffee and would spend his time making coffee for the men, if I approved. I did approve, very heartily, and Crockett officiated as cook for the next three or four hours until the trench was dug, his coffee being much appreciated by all of us.

So many acts of gallantry were performed during the day that it is quite impossible to notice them all, and it seems unjust to single out any; yet I shall mention a few, which it must always be remembered are to stand, not as exceptions, but as instances of what very many men did. It happened that I saw these myself. There were innumerable others, which either were not seen at all, or were seen only by officers who happened not to mention them; and, of course, I know chiefly those that happened in my own regiment.

Captain Llewellen was a large, heavy man, who had a grown-up son in the ranks. On the march he had frequently carried the load of some man who weakened, and he was not feeling well on the morning of the fight. Nevertheless, he kept at the head of his troop all day. In the charging and rushing, he not only became very much exhausted, but finally fell, wrenching himself terribly, and though he remained with us all night, he was so sick by morning that we had to take him behind the hill into an improvised hospital. Lieutenant Day, after handling his troop with equal gallantry and efficiency, was shot, on the summit of Kettle Hill. He was hit in the arm and was forced to go to the rear, but he would not return to the States, and rejoined us at the front long before his wound was healed. Lieutenant Leahy was also wounded, not far from him. Thirteen of the men were wounded and yet kept on fighting until the end of the day, and in some cases never went to the rear at all, even to have their wounds dressed. They were Corporals Waller and Fortescue and Trooper McKinley of Troop E; Corporal Rhoades of Troop D; Troopers Albertson, Winter, McGregor, and Clark of Troop F; Troopers Bugbee, Jackson, and Waller of Troop A; Trumpeter McDonald of Troop L; Sergeant Hughes of Troop B; and Trooper Gerien of Troop G. One of the Wallers was a cow-puncher from New Mexico, the other the champion Yale high-jumper. The first was shot through the left arm so as to paralyze the fingers, but he continued in battle, pointing his rifle over the wounded arm as though it had been a rest. The other Waller, and Bugbee, were hit in the head, the bullets merely inflicting scalp wounds. Neither of them paid any heed to the wounds except that after nightfall each had his head done up in a bandage. Fortescue I was at times using as an extra orderly. I noticed he limped, but supposed that his foot was skinned. It proved, however, that he had been struck in the foot, though not very seriously, by a bullet, and I never knew what was the matter until the next day I saw him making wry faces as he drew off his bloody boot, which was stuck fast to the foot. Trooper Rowland again distinguished himself by his fearlessness.

For gallantry on the field of action Sergeants Dame, Ferguson, Tiffany, Greenwald, and, later on, McIlhenny, were promoted to second lieutenancies, as Sergeant Hayes had already been. Lieutenant Carr, who commanded his troop, and behaved with great gallantry throughout the day, was shot and severely wounded at nightfall. Among the men whom I noticed as leading in the charges and always being nearest the enemy, were the Pawnee, Pollock, Simpson, of Texas, and Dudley Dean. Jenkins was made major, Woodbury Kane, Day, and Frantz, captains, and Greenway and Goodrich first lieutenants, for gallantry in action, and for the efficiency with which the first had handled his squadron, and the other five their troops—for each of them, owing to some accident to his superior, found himself in command of his troop.

Dr. Church had worked quite as hard as any man at the front in caring for the wounded; as had Chaplain Brown. Lieutenant Keyes, who acted as adjutant, did so well that he was given the position permanently. Lieutenant Coleman similarly won the position of quartermaster.

We finished digging the trench soon after midnight, and then the worn-out men laid down in rows on their rifles and dropped heavily to sleep. About one in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ten of them had blankets taken from the Spaniards. Henry Bardshar, my orderly, had procured one for me. He, Goodrich, and I slept together. If the men without blankets had not been so tired that they fell asleep anyhow, they would have been very cold, for, of course we were all drenched with sweat, and above the waist had on nothing but our flannel shirts, while the night was cool, with a heavy dew. Before anyone had time to wake from the cold, however, we were all awakened by the Spaniards, whose skirmishers suddenly opened fire on us. Of course, we could not tell whether or not this was the forerunner of a heavy attack, for our Cossack posts were responding briskly. It was about three o'clock in the morning, at which time men's courage is said to be at the lowest ebb; but the cavalry division was certainly free from any weakness in that direction. At the alarm everybody jumped to his feet and the stiff, shivering, haggard men, their eyes only half-opened, all clutched their rifles and ran forward to the trench on the crest of the hill.

The sputtering shots died away and we went to sleep again. But in another hour dawn broke and the Spaniards opened fire in good earnest. There was a little tree only a few feet away, under which I made my head-quarters, and while I was lying there, with Goodrich and Keyes, a shrapnel burst among us, not hurting us in the least, but with the sweep of its bullets killing or wounding five men in our rear, one of whom was a singularly gallant young Harvard fellow, Stanley Hollister. An equally gallant young fellow from Yale, Theodore Miller, had already been mortally wounded. Hollister also died.

The Second Brigade lost more heavily than the First; but neither its brigade commander nor any of its regimental commanders were touched, while the commander of the First Brigade and two of its three regimental commanders had been killed or wounded.

In this fight our regiment had numbered 490 men, as, in addition to the killed and wounded of the first fight, some had had to go to the hospital for sickness and some had been left behind with the baggage, or were detailed on other duty. Eighty-nine were killed and wounded; the heaviest loss suffered by any regiment in the cavalry division. The Spaniards made a stiff fight, standing firm until we charged home. They fought much more stubbornly than at Las Guasimas. We ought to have expected this, for they have always done well in holding intrenchments. On this day they showed themselves to be brave foes, worthy of honor for their gallantry.

In the attack on the San Juan hills our forces numbered about 6,600.* There were about 4,500 Spaniards against us. †

* According to the official reports, 5,104 officers and men of Kent's infantry, and 2,649 of the cavalry had been landed. My regiment is put down as 542 strong, instead of the real figure, 490, the difference being due to men who were in hospital and on guard at the sea-shore, etc. In other words, the total represents the total landed; the details, etc., are included. General Wheeler, in his report of July 7th, puts these details as about fifteen per cent. of the whole of the force which was on the transports, about eighty-five per cent. got forward and was in the fight.

† The total Spanish force in Santiago under General Linares was 6,000; 4,000 regulars, 1,000 volunteers, and 1,000 marines and sailors from the ships. (Diary of the British Consul, Frederick W. Ramsden, entry of July 1st.) Four thousand more troops entered next day. Of the 6,000 troops, 600 or thereabouts were at El Caney, and 900 in the forts at the mouth of the harbor. Lieutenant Tejeiro states that there were 520 men at El Caney, 970 in the forts at the mouth of the harbor, and 3,000 in the lines, not counting the cavalry and civil guard which were in reserve. He certainly very much understates the Spanish force; thus he nowhere accounts for the engineers mentioned on p. 135; and his figures would make the total number of Spanish artillerymen but 32. He excludes the cavalry, the civil guard, and the marines which had been stationed at the Plaza del Toros; yet he later mentions that these marines were brought up, and their commander, Bustamente, severely wounded; he states that the cavalry advanced to cover the retreat of the infantry, and I myself saw the cavalry come forward, for the most part dismounted, when the Spaniards attempted a forward movement late in the afternoon, and we shot many of their horses; while later I saw and conversed with officers and men of the civil guard who had been wounded at the same time—this in connection with returning them their wives and children, after the latter had fled from the city. Although the engineers are excluded, Lieutenant Tejeiro mentions that their colonel, as well as the colonel of the artillery, was wounded. Four thousand five hundred is surely an understatement of the forces which resisted the attack of the forces under Wheeler. Lieutenant Tejeiro is very careless in his figures. Thus in one place he states that the position of San Juan was held by two companies comprising 250 soldiers. Later he says it was held by three companies, whose strength he puts at 300—thus making them average 100 instead of 125 men apiece. He then mentions another echelon of two companies, so situated as to cross their fire with the others. Doubtless the block-house and trenches at Fort San Juan proper were only held by three or four hundred men; they were taken by the Sixth and Sixteenth Infantry under Hawkins's immediate command; and they formed but one point in the line of hills, trenches, ranch-houses and block-houses which the Spaniards held, and from which we drove them. When the city capitulated later, over 8,000 unwounded troops and over 16,000 rifles and carbines were surrendered; by that time the marines and sailors had of course gone, and many of the volunteers had disbanded.

In dealing with the Spanish losses, Lieutenant Tejeiro contradicts himself. He puts their total loss on this day at 593, including 94 killed, 121 missing, and 2 prisoners—217 in all. Yet he states that of the 520 men at Caney but 80 got back, the remaining 440 being killed, captured, or missing. When we captured the city we found in the hospitals over 2,000 seriously wounded and sick Spaniards; on making inquiries, I found that over a third were wounded. From these facts I feel that it is safe to put down the total Spanish loss in the battle as at least 1,200, of whom over a thousand were killed and wounded.

Lieutenant Tejeiro, while rightly claiming credit for the courage shown by the Spaniards, also praises the courage and resolution of the Americans, saying that they fought,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Our total loss in killed and wounded was 1,071. Of the cavalry division there were, all told, some 2,300 officers and men, of whom 375 were killed and wounded. In the division over a fourth of the officers were killed or wounded, their loss being relatively half as great again as that of the enlisted men—which was as it should be.

I think we suffered more heavily than the Spaniards did in killed and wounded (though we also captured some scores of prisoners). It would have been very extraordinary if the reverse was the case, for we did the charging; and to carry earthworks on foot with dismounted cavalry, when these earthworks are held by unbroken infantry armed with the best modern rifles, is a serious task.

"*con un arrojo y una decision verdaderamente admirables.*" He dwells repeatedly upon the determination with which our troops kept charging though themselves unprotected by cover. As for the Spanish troops, all who fought them that day will most freely admit the courage they showed. At El Caney, where they were nearly hemmed in, they made a most desperate defence; at San Juan the way to retreat was open, and so, though they were seven times as numerous, they fought with less desperation, but still very gallantly.

THE CITY EDITOR'S CONSCIENCE

By Jesse Lynch Williams

THE telegraph editor with the bald head was hanging his umbrella on the gas-jet over his desk, so that no one would walk away with it by mistake or otherwise. The copy-readers were taking off their coats and cuffs and sitting down to their day's work. Nearly all the reporters had arrived; and one of them had already been sent down to the weather bureau to find out what sort of a day it would be, while another was on his way uptown on the elevated railroad to the home of a prominent citizen who had died during the night, just too late for the morning papers. Others were seated along the rows of tables waiting for assignments, and finishing the perusal of the morning papers, which was part of their business. Murdock, arriving late, came into the room quietly, taking off his coat, but the City Editor, on the way from the telephone-closet, dashed down upon him:

"If you can't get down here before 8.30, you'd better not come at all. This is no morning paper. Don't take off your coat. Run up to the Tombs Police Court and see if you can't get something good for the first edition."

That was what the City Editor said all in one breath, faster than you can read half of it, then hurried up to The Desk and hammered the bell six times in rapid succession with the open palm of his hand, each stroke coming down quicker and harder than the one before it, until the last was but a dead, ringless "thump." And when Tommy or Johnny came running to The Desk, the City Editor snarled in his quick, tense voice:

"Here, if you boys can't answer this bell quicker, you'll all be fired. Run upstairs with this copy."

Johnny took it meekly but quickly, and ran (until out of the editor's sight) up to the composing-room, put the copy on the foreman's desk, then walked over to the inky-armed galley-boy and confided, "Maguire's chewing the rag again." That was the way the day began, a little after eight o'clock.

It usually began in some such way. But this one was not to end as usual.

Maguire had no business to be so sarcastic with Murdock for being a few minutes late, especially as Murdock was usually one of the first men down in the morning, and Maguire knew it. So a few minutes later when he turned to Brown, one of the other reporters, he said, in a very gentle tone, as if asking a great favor of him:

"Say, Brown, take that story off the 'phone for me, will you please?—'bout a bull that's broken loose on the way to a slaughter-house uptown—been terrorizing people in Fifty-ninth Street, near the river—make half a column of it—vivid and exciting; you know how we want it."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"If you can't get down here before 8.30, you'd better not come at all."—Page 440.

Brown hurried into the telephone-closet saying, "Yes, sir."

That was very pleasant for Brown, but did not sooth Murdock, who, by this time, was several blocks away, hurrying up Centre Street. However, he did not need much sympathy, because he was lucky enough to get a beautiful story of an Italian-quarter stabbing, which turned out to be a murder, and so proved to be worth three-quarters of a column, and that is a very good amount of space to get into the first edition of an afternoon paper that is out on the street at 10.30 A.M.

But Maguire, the City Editor, flared up and then had remorse again half a dozen times before the first edition came out. The telephone-boy had shouted up to the desk, "Wintringer's on the 'phone, Mr. Maguire."

Wintringer was the police-headquarter's man. He had a lot of small fire and accident stories of the early morning and that part of the night not covered by the morning papers.

The weather was damp, and the connection was bad. "Aw! for Heaven's sake, Wintringer," screamed Maguire, "why don't you open your mouth when you talk?" Then a moment later, "Don't yell so loud. I'm not deaf." And finally in a wail, "Oh, *I* can't make that out. Write your stories and send 'em down by a messenger!" Then he rang off, dashed out of the telephone-closet, tearing up the notes he had tried to take, hurried up, scowling, to the desk, where he began ringing his bell again and calling to one of the boys for a certain set of proofs, and sent two men out on assignments while waiting for the proofs to come.

A little later Henderson, the copy-read-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

er, who was handling Murdock's murder story, wrote a head-line for it with twelve letters when, in that style of head, there were but eleven spaces, as everyone in the office should know, as Maguire reminded him, and also told him what he thought of him for such a blunder.

Then the new reporter, who had been sent down to Cortlandt Street Ferry a half hour before to find out about the collision of a yacht with a ferry-boat in the fog, ran up to the desk with an air of great importance and began to inform Maguire that "several women fainted, children screamed, a big crowd gathered," etc., as usual.

The City Editor, who had heard details of that sort all his newspaper life, and who wanted the news, interrupted with a question, snapped out like the crack of a whip:

"Whose steam-yacht was it?"

"The steam-yacht belongs to — the name of the owner of the steam-yacht—why, let's see, er——"

"Aw! Run back and find out." Then turning to another man, and forgetting all about the yacht, the City Editor said, smiling eagerly, "Well, would she talk?" This was to the reporter who had gone uptown to try to get an interview with the woman who had been a widow for four hours, and whose husband had been important enough to require a column and a half "obit." The obituary itself was already in type, having been written months before the prominent citizen became ill.

The reporter answered Mr. Maguire's question, mournfully. "Nope, wouldn't talk. Still prostrated."

"Too bad," said the City Editor, scowling, for it would have been good stuff. "Wait a minute," he added, "take a run down to Wall Street. She has a brother down there some place. If he isn't in his office, find out where some of the other relatives are. We've got to have something about the funeral arrangements, at least. Make your best time, please." The "please" was added, perhaps, because he now remembered what he had said to the new young reporter, who was hurrying wildly down to the ferry, wondering how in the world he was expected to find out the name of the owner of a yacht which was now three miles down the bay.

Then it came Brown's turn to catch it. Brown was the one who had been asked so politely to take the bull story off the 'phone. When you take a story off the telephone you are not paid at space rates but by time, that is, so much—or rather so little—for an hour or a fraction of it. Of course Brown could not take more than half an hour if he wanted to, because the story was to go in the first edition with a spread head, but he did not want to. In fact he was anxious to finish it quickly, so that he might be sent out on some other story before all the good ones were assigned. So he hurried through the work, stepped up to the desk, and tossed the story down on a pile of other copy.

Maguire snatched it up, ran his experienced eye over it, and then rushed down the aisle after Brown. His voice went up an octave or two: "You haven't more than three sticks here! I told you distinctly to write a half column of vivid description—how the bull broke away, ran down the street, terrorized everybody—and look at this thing—write it all over again—just as if you had seen it yourself."

"But I thought——"

"Oh, you thought!" snapped back the City Editor, as he wheeled toward the desk again.

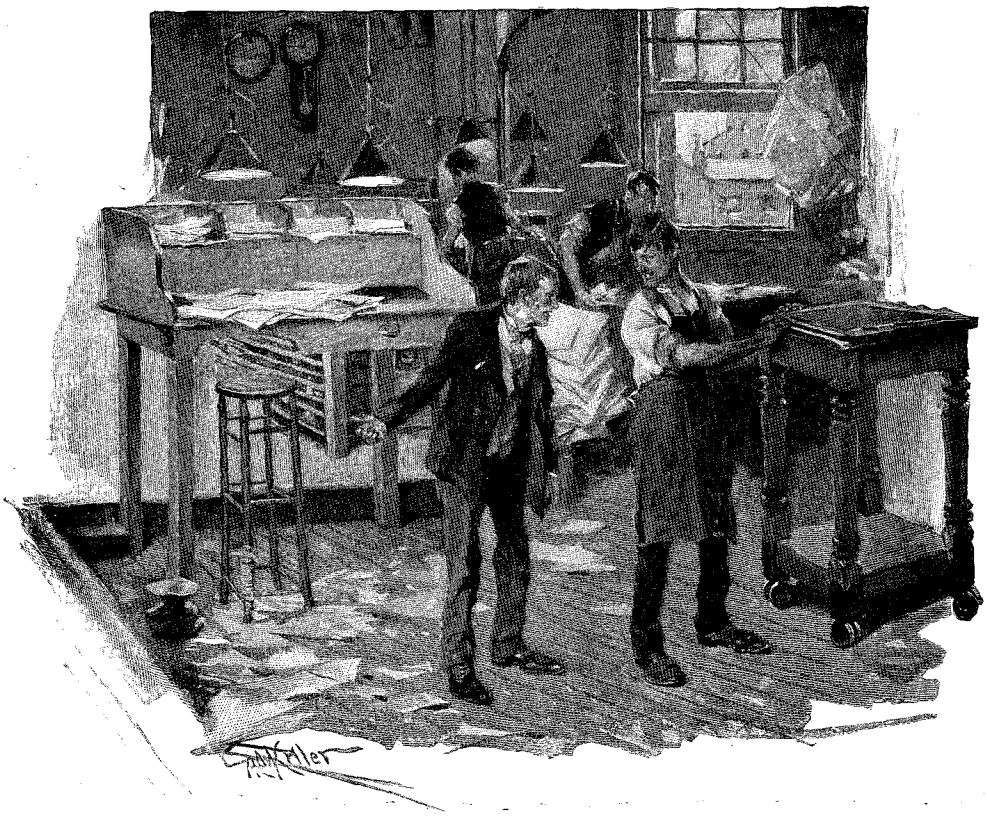
"Yes, sir," said Brown, meekly, and began rewriting the story.

A little later Maguire came down and said, gently: "Say, old man, suppose you wind that thing up right there, will you? I guess that covers it. I've a big story waiting for you."

And when Brown brought his copy up to the desk, Maguire bowed and said "Thanks," before beginning instructions as to the big story.

Now all this was early in the day, before the first edition went to press. The busy, nervous minutes rushed by, the electric fans buzzed, the reporters hurried in and out, the copy-readers' blue pencils riggled, the type-setting machines clicked, the various editions were run off, the papers were hustled off in wagons and cried on the street, and the strain on Maguire's nerves and temper kept increasing. It was not until the last story was set up, the last head written, the last batch of proofs sent back O. K'd., and the forms were locked up, the plates cast, and the big presses put in motion, with the great rolls

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"Maguire's chewing the rag again."—Page 440.

of paper revolving, and the printed, folded sheets of the welcome last edition came fluttering down upon the "delivery" at the rate of six hundred a minute, that the City Editor had time to take a calm, full breath. Then he stopped looking annoyed, and cooled off from a City Editor to a human being. He leaned back in his chair, put his feet on the desk, and smoked luxuriously.

He always leaned back in this way with his feet on the desk, when the last edition went to press. Since waking and reaching out of his bedroom-door for the morning paper (which he propped up on the bureau and read in eager snatches while hurriedly dressing), this was his first moment of freedom from strain and anxiety; and the sense of relaxation and relief was delicious. For his day's work was over, and there it was, all before him, a finished result in black and white. Even if he wanted to change it he could not, so there was nothing for him to worry over.

But he often did worry, and it was very seldom by reason of finding that some other afternoon paper had beaten him on important news, because such things seldom happened with Maguire. It was simply because he was a good deal of a brute in the way he treated his men and knew it. Some city editors are brutes and don't know it. They don't worry.

This afternoon the first thing he saw was that head-line of Murdock's murder story, and then he remembered what he had said to old, patient Henderson, his most faithful copy-reader, who never made any excuses, and had lots of feelings. That started Maguire to thinking.

He remembered how it was in his younger days; he could not stand being treated in that arrogant fashion by city editors, and once he had lost his place on a certain paper because he could not stand it. He could recall the scene very vividly, and how he had enjoyed telling the bullying city editor just what he unre-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

servedly thought of him. The tale is still handed down in that office. And now he was very much the same sort of bully himself. He had not expected to turn out that way. It seemed too bad.

He wondered what his men unreservedly thought of him. To be sure he was always very liberal about letting them have days off, and when they had been ill told them, in a blushing, self-conscious manner, that he was glad to see them back. Also he was obliging about lending money in the office, and those who were slow pay he never dunned—which in newspaper men is a rare trait. And whenever any of the men died, which is not a rare occurrence in a newspaper office, he was the one to get up the subscription list for the flowers, or, as it more often happened, for the widow's rent. But he had an idea that the men considered all these acts as merely conscience-salve. Indeed, he sometimes thought so, himself, and felt quite ashamed about it—after the paper went to press.

But after the paper went to press he had little or nothing to do with the other men in the office. The editors of the other departments all had their intimate friends, and none of them was jovial and familiar with him. They did not say, "Hurry up and put on your coat, I'll wait for you down-stairs," to him; they treated him with a great deal of polite respect, and said "Good-morning, Maguire," and "Good-night, Maguire," and but little else. Maguire did not know how to make advances himself. He did not know how to do anything except get out a rattling good newspaper, and he lived all alone, now that his wife was dead, and the paper was all he had to care about. Perhaps that was the reason he cared for it so much.

He looked around at the men. But as he looked around two of the reporters at a nearby table suddenly stopped talking. One of them looked up at the ceiling; the other began to read something. Maguire felt the color come into his face, and he asked himself something that he had asked himself several times of late; but this he decided was absurd.

He looked at the clock. It was later than he had thought, and yet the room was quite full of men. Usually it was nearly empty by this time. One of the copy-readers was passing by. "What are they all waiting around so late for?" Maguire asked, in his quick manner.

The copy-reader turned round and looked. "Why, so they are. Well, I suppose they're waiting around till it stops raining."

The City Editor knew of other places along Park Row more congenial to newspaper men to wait in till the rain stopped, but he said nothing. He turned his back to the room and spread out the paper and read for two minutes. Then he said to himself, "Well, I may as well go home." He arose, pulled down his desk-top, reached up for his coat, turned around and found himself face to face with the whole staff, who stood in a semicircle.

For a moment no one said anything. Then there was some whispering in the line and Henderson, the old copy-reader, stepped forward toward the City Editor. He looked very grave. So did the rest.

For a newspaper man, Henderson was very deliberate. He cleared his throat.

Instantly Maguire cleared his throat, too, and said: "Well, what's this?" He was even more amazed than he looked.

"Mr. Maguire," Henderson began, looking him straight in the face, "it becomes my duty to tell you that a committee has been appointed to see to your case."

Again Maguire snapped out, "What's this?" and his face was livid. He halfway arose from his chair, then sat down again as if he wanted to show them he was cool.

"A committee," Henderson went on, carefully, "and as chairman, I am now addressing you on behalf of it, and in the presence of those who appointed it." He looked around at the others as if asking, "Isn't that right?" He took another step forward. He was playing with his watch-chain with one hand, and held the other behind his back. Henderson seemed to feel assured that he was right. "You may not be aware of it, but you have been watched for the past few weeks—systematically watched. I regret to say that the committee cannot report that they altogether approve of your conduct."

Maguire sprang out of his chair. "See here! That'll do. I've had enough of this. If you have anything to say to me personally you can call at my home or

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He always leaned back in this way . . . when the last edition went to press.—Page 443.

meet me on the street; but here, in this office, I want you to understand——"

Henderson waved his hand. Those behind him began to whisper something to him. "One moment please, Mr. Maguire," he said. "It's in your official capacity that we are addressing you, sir. There are several things that we have to find fault with you about. One of these, as I was about to say, is the altogether unreasonable, the—what shall I say—yes, unreasonable way in which you guard the desk, stay by the desk, all the time, as though you thought somebody was going to hurt it." Henderson was talking more rapidly now. "You are the first to come in the morning and you stay here all day, and you're the last to leave at night. You don't even go out to lunch. Why don't you go out to lunch?" Henderson began to grin. "The staff wants to know why in thunder you don't go out to lunch?" He now brought his right hand out from behind his back, "And they want me to ask you to wear this thing" (there was a watch in Henderson's hand with a chain dangling from it). "They have come to the conclusion that it's because you don't keep

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

And found himself face to face with the whole staff . . . "And they want me to ask you——"—Page 444.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

track of the time. They say you are about the squarest City Editor in Park Row, even though you do flare up occasionally and get red in the face. And you see" (he was sticking the watch up under Maguire's face) "we were afraid that unless you went out to lunch your health would go to pieces and you'd lose your job, and then we'd get a City Editor that we couldn't work so easily for days off and—and, well, I had a lot more to say only I'm rattled now—Here, Maguire, take it; and after this, see that you don't forget your lunch when the time comes. Pardon me, boys, for falling down on that speech."

But the others were not looking at Henderson.

Maguire's face had worn several sorts of expressions, and now it had none. He had reached out and grasped the chain in the middle. Now he stood there with the perspiration pouring down his face and looking like a little boy who had been caught doing something bad.

He knew the whole staff was looking at him and some of the editors, who had lingered to see the fun. The office-boys were there too. But he only opened the back of the watch and exposed the shining golden inside case, as if he wanted to see the karat mark. Then, realizing what a foolish thing he was doing, he abruptly laid it down on his desk on some copy-paper. He knew he had to say something. "Well, boys," he began, looking up and then down again, "I don't believe I have anything to say." He stood still a moment looking helpless. Somebody coughed. He suddenly realized that he must seem very ungrateful, and he opened his mouth and said:

"Gentlemen." Everyone was silent. "This is a very pretty watch." Inwardly he was calling himself a fool for that remark. They knew that. He knew they did. He mopped his brow. "I thank you, boys. I thank you all. I'm much obliged." He looked as if he hated watches.

Some of those in the line made a move as if to wind matters up, but Maguire had just begun:

"I tell you, boys," he said with his head on one side, "I don't deserve it at all. When I think of the way I treat you fellows sometimes — you know what I mean."

"That's all right," one of the men said, aloud.

"I just want to say to you though," Maguire went on, "that one gets it as bad as the next in *this* office." He grinned a little.

"That's so," several of the staff said, and again there was the movement to conclude, but the City Editor evidently thought it would be anticlimaxical to stop there, and he always hated a story to fizzle out at the end. Besides, he had more to say. "But I tell you, boys (his voice was low and solemn now), if it offends you sometimes it's nothing to the way it hurts me. Every time I jump on one of you fellows it rebounds on me with redoubled force. Why, sometimes, I tell you what it is, I can't get to sleep at night thinking about things I've said during the day."

Everyone of the staff that could had turned red, and a number that thought they could not.

Newspaper men can't stand much of this sort of thing, but none of them had sense enough to stop him. They just stood there looking silly and feeling foolish, and they might have allowed him to go on until he had made them wish they had not given him a watch, if an impudent office-boy had not broken in at that point. "Tree cheers for Mr. Maguire," cried the shrill voice. "Hurrah!"

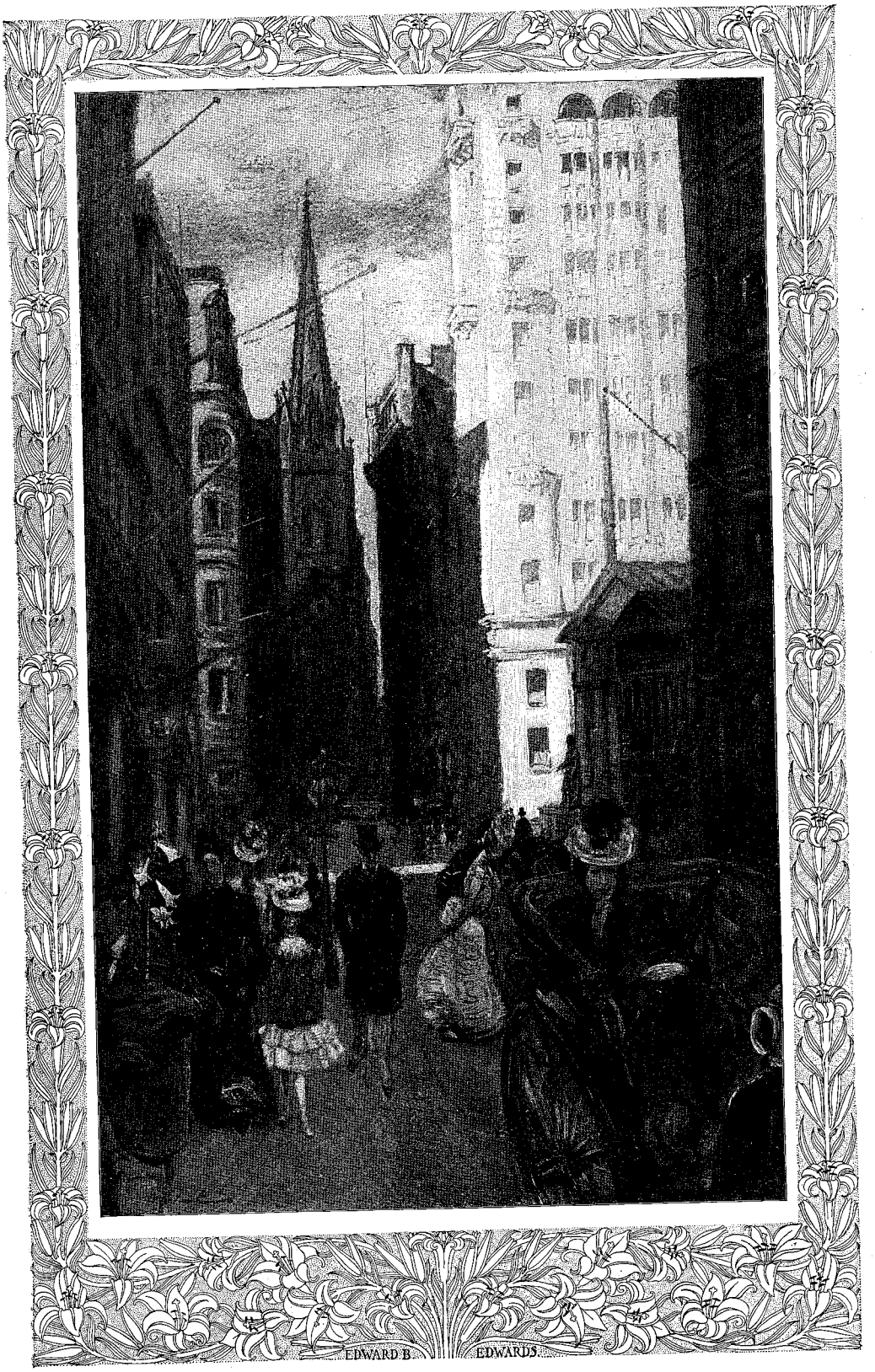
No one joined in, but all began to laugh, and Maguire laughed too, and that broke the strain.

Henderson set an example for the rest by going up and offering his hand to Maguire.

The City Editor shook it, and then saying, "Tell the boys for me, will you, Henderson, please," he picked up his overcoat and anticlimaxically skipped out of the room and down the stairs without daring to look at one of them.

The next day things went on in the same way as ever, apparently.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



EDWARD B. EDWARDS.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EASTER IN THE TOWN

THE city's waste still hems me round,
Immitigable, drear,
Still, day and night, its sullen roar
Falls on my listening ear.

And yet I see in every square,
The grass, undaunted, shine,
And how, on many a dusty front,
Burgeons the starveling vine.

What is the message of the sun?
Small space he hath of air
Between these grim and frowning piles
His meaning to declare!

And yet a thrill from man to man
Runs through the surging streets,
And with a sudden sense of joy
His neighbor each one greets.

It is the flood-tide of the year;
And to those happy men
Who dwell afar from cities now
The miracle is plain.

Once more the small flowers gem the grass,
The ungyved brooks run free,
Once more from every tree-top rings
The blue-bird's ecstacy.

It is the flood-tide of the year;
The world is lifted up,
As lifts, within a minster old,
The kneeling priest his cup.

Again the moment! through the earth
There runs the quickening thrill,
Makes life of death, and love of hate,
And wine of water, still.

Lord! lift me, fill me, with the rest,
And let this heart of mine
Feel in its pulses' constant throb
Thy sacrificial wine.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SOME POLITICAL REMINISCENCES

By George F. Hoar

Senator from Massachusetts

AFTER the election of Sumner in 1851, there was nothing to be accomplished by the coalition in aid of the doctrine of the Free-Soil Party upon the living and burning national question of slavery. There was no Senator to be elected for two years, and no Congressman until the autumn of 1852. Both parties, however, were unwilling to throw away their political power. The Democrats had had no control in the State for more than a generation. The Free-soilers had gained by the coalition beyond their greatest hopes when they elected Sumner and Rantoul to the Senate. They looked about for some common ground on which they could plausibly maintain a union on State issues. They found it in the fancied necessity for a revision of the Constitution. Accordingly, the question was submitted to the people, by a resolve of the Legislature of 1851, whether a convention should he held for that purpose. This was voted down by the people at the fall election, although the united Democrats and Free-soilers again elected a majority of the State Legislature and, through that, the Governor and Council and State officers. The people of Massachusetts were well satisfied with their constitution, which seemed to most of them to need little amendment except in the matter of electing Representatives. The old system of town representation had grown cumbrous and unequal by the concentration of population in cities and large towns caused by the growth of manufacture. There was a special unwillingness to tamper with our judicial system. The courts of Massachusetts had been the special pride of her people, and a majority of them approved appointing the Judges by the Governor, and a tenure of office for life. In the Legislature of 1852, of which I was a member, the proposition was renewed. The coalition majority in the House consisted of only five or six; and there were a good many Free-soilers, of whom I was one, who were unwilling to have a convention called unless it was clearly understood that there should be no change in the tenure of the Judges. Assurances to that effect were given by the leaders on both sides. A joint committee of the two Houses, consisting of some very eminent Democrats and Free-soilers, who reported the resolve to provide for submitting to the people once more the question of calling a convention, made in their report an emphatic statement that there was no purpose of disturbing the judicial tenure. Without that assurance, the resolve could not have passed the Legislature. The next time the people voted, by a not very large majority, in favor of a constitutional convention. The scheme, however, had a singular fate. In the fall of that year the Whigs elected a majority of the Legislature. This was due, undoubtedly, to the enactment by the Legislature of the law known as the Maine Liquor Law, which was extremely unpopular in many quarters. The resolve for calling the convention provided that its members should be elected by the people by a secret ballot. This method of voting was very much disliked by the Whigs. When the Legislature of 1853 met, the Whig majority undertook to repeal so much of the law for electing delegates to the convention which had been approved by a popular vote as provided for the secret ballot. This was resisted by the minority in a long and bitter contest, which excited the people from one end of the Commonwealth to the other. That was undoubtedly the angriest contest that ever took place in the Legislature of Massachusetts during its whole history. The Whigs, after a long struggle, carried their point, but the proceeding was exceedingly unpopular. The result was that, when the election of delegates came, the coalition carried the convention by a very large majority. The famous General Butler was one of the leaders in this contest. He was a member of the Legislature of that year, which, I think, was the first po-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

litical office he ever held. On one occasion, when Mr. Speaker Bliss, a worthy and respectable elderly gentleman, made a ruling which displeased him, he called out, in a loud tone, "I should like to knife that old cuss." This utterance was quoted all over the country and in newspapers in foreign countries, and everywhere most justly rebuked as disgraceful to republican government.

It turned out, however, that the great majority was unfortunate for the victors. They were rendered bold by their triumph. So when the convention assembled in 1853, they disregarded the pledges which had enabled them to get the assent of the people to calling the convention, and provided that the tenure of the office of the Judges of the Supreme Court should be for ten years only, and the Judges of Probate should be elected by the people of the several counties once in three years. It is said, and, as I have good reason to know, very truly, that this action of the convention was taken in consequence of a quarrel which General Butler and Mr. Josiah G. Abbott, two eminent leaders of the Democrats in the convention, had got into in court in East Cambridge with the late Judge Merrick. They had neither of them agreed to the proposition to change the judicial tenure. They were absent from the convention for several days in the trial of an important cause, and returned angry with the Judge and determined to do something to curb the independent power of the Judges. The proposition was adopted.

The result, however, was that the people voted down the whole constitution. Several of the most eminent leaders of the Free-soilers and Democrats separated themselves from their party and joined the Whigs in defeating it. Among them were Marcus Morton, formerly Governor and Judge of the Supreme Court; John G. Palfrey, who had been the Free-soil candidate for Governor; Charles Francis Adams, afterward member of Congress and Minister to England, and Samuel Hoar. The rebellion was started by a very able and telling pamphlet written by John G. Palfrey. To this pamphlet Mr. E. R. Hoar, then a Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, contributed the constitutional argument.

I was myself, at this time, an enthusiastic Free-soiler. I was, as I have said, Chairman of the Republican County Committee; and it is not presumptuous to say, that if I had been willing, I should have been elected to Congress from the Worcester district in the autumn of 1852 to succeed Judge Allen. But I joined the rebels against the dominant feeling of my party.

The defeat was aided, however, undoubtedly by the effect of a very just and righteous proposal which was submitted to a separate vote of the people, but which had its effect on the feeling in regard to the whole scheme, to prohibit the use of any money raised by taxation for sectarian schools. To this the Catholic clergy were opposed, and the Catholic vote, not however then very important in Massachusetts, was cast against the whole scheme.

It is, however, a great pity that the labors of this constitutional convention were wasted. It was a very able body of men. With the exception of the convention that framed the constitution in the beginning, and the convention which revised it in 1820, after the separation from Maine, I doubt whether so able a body of men ever assembled in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, or, with very few exceptions indeed, in the entire country. The debates, which are preserved in three thick and almost forgotten volumes, are full of instructive and admirable essays on the theory of constitutional government. Among the members were Rufus Choate, Charles Sumner, Henry Wilson, George N. Briggs, Marcus Morton, Marcus Morton, Jr., Henry L. Dawes, Charles Allen, George S. Hillard, Richard H. Dana, George S. Boutwell, Otis P. Lord, Peleg Sprague, Simon Greenleaf, and Sidney Bartlett.

There were a good many interesting incidents not, I believe, recorded in the report of the debates which are worth preserving.

One was a spirited reply made by George S. Hillard to Benjamin F. Butler, who had bitterly attacked Chief Justice Shaw, then an object of profound reverence to nearly the whole people of the Commonwealth. Butler spoke of his harsh and rough manner of dealing with counsel. To which Hillard replied, pointing at Butler, "While we have jackals and hyenas at the bar, we want the old lion

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

upon the bench, with one blow of his huge paw to bring their scalps over their eyes."

Hillard was an accomplished and eloquent man, of whom Mr. Webster said in the Senate of the United States, "the best hopes are to be entertained." But he lacked vigor and courage to assert his own opinions against the social influences of Boston, which were brought to bear with great severity on the anti-slavery leaders.

Hillard was not so fortunate in another encounter. He undertook to attack Richard Dana, and to reproach him for voting for a scheme of representation which somewhat diminished the enormous political power of Boston. She elected all her representatives on one ballot, and had a power altogether disproportionate to that of the country. He said, speaking of Dana, "He should remember that the bread he and I both eat comes from the business men of Boston. He ought not, like an ungrateful child, to strike at the hand that feeds him." Dana replied with great indignation, ending with the sentence, "The hand that feeds me—the hand that feeds me, sir? No hand feeds me that has a right to control my opinions!"

A *bon mot* of Henry Wilson is perhaps also worth putting on record. Somebody, who was speaking of the importance of the Massachusetts town meeting, said that it was not merely a place for town government alone but that it was a place where the people of the town met from scattered and sometimes secluded dwelling-places to cultivate each other's acquaintance, to talk over the news of the day and all matters of public interest; and that it was a sort of farmers' exchange, where they could compare notes on the state of agriculture, and even sometimes swap oxen. Governor Briggs, who had been beaten as a candidate for re-election by the coalition, replied to this speech and said, referring to the coalition, "that the gentlemen on the other side seemed to have carried their trading and swapping of oxen into politics, and into the high offices of the state." To which Henry Wilson answered, referring to Briggs's own loss of his office, "that so long as the people were satisfied with the trade, it did not become the oxen to complain."

Undoubtedly the ablest member of the convention was Charles Allen. He spoke seldom and briefly, but always with great authority and power. Late in the proceedings of the convention a rule was established limiting the speakers to thirty minutes each. Hillard, who was one of the delegates from Boston, made a very carefully prepared speech on some pending question. Allen closed the debate, making no reference whatever to Hillard's elaborate and most eloquent argument, until he was about to sit down, when he said, "Mr. President, I believe my time is up?" The President answered, "The gentleman from Worcester has two minutes more." "Two minutes!" exclaimed Allen. "Time enough to answer the gentleman from Boston." And he proceeded in that brief period to deal a few strokes with his keen scimitar, which effectually demolished Hillard's elaborate structure.

There is nothing in the political excitements of recent years which approaches in intensity that of the period from 1848 until the breaking out of the War. The people of Massachusetts felt the most profound interest in the great conflict between slavery and freedom for the possession of the vast territory between the Mississippi and the Pacific. But almost every man in Massachusetts felt the Fugitive Slave Law as a personal dishonor. I think no great public calamity, not the death of Webster, not the death of Sumner, not the loss of great battles during the War, brought such a sense of gloom over the whole State as the surrender of Anthony Burns and of Sims. Worcester, where I dwelt, was the centre and stronghold of the anti-slavery feeling in Massachusetts. This odious statute was, perhaps, the greatest single cause of the union of the people of the North in opposition to the further encroachments of slavery. Yet but two slaves were taken back into slavery from Massachusetts by reason of its provisions. I will not undertake to tell the story of those years which will form an important chapter in the history of the country. But I had a special knowledge of two occurrences which are alluded to by Colonel Higginson in his charming essay entitled, "Cheerful Yesterdays," but in regard to which that most delightful writer and ad-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mirable gentleman has fallen into some slight errors of recollection.

The first person seized under the Fugitive Slave Law was a slave named Shadrach. He was brought to trial before George T. Curtis, United States Commissioner. One of the great complaints against the Fugitive Slave Law was that it did not give the man claimed as a slave, where his liberty and that of his posterity were at stake, the right to a jury trial which the Constitution secured in all cases of property involving more than twenty dollars, or in all cases where he was charged with the slightest crime or offence. Further, the Commissioner was to receive twice the fee if the man were surrendered into slavery as if he were discharged. Horace Mann, in one of his speeches, commented on this feature of the law with terrible severity. He also pointed out that the Commissioner was not a judicial officer with an independent tenure, but only the creature of the courts and removable at any time. He also dwelt upon what he conceived to be the unfair dealing of the Commissioners who had presided at the trial of the three slaves who had been tried in Massachusetts, and added: "Pilate, fellow-citizens, was at least a Judge, though he acted like a Commissioner."

Elizur Wright, a well-known Abolitionist, editor of the *Chronotype*, was indicted in the United States Court for aiding in the rescue of Shadrach. While the hearing before Curtis on the proceedings for the rendition of Shadrach was going on, a large number of men, chiefly negroes, made their way into the court-room by one door, swept through, taking the fugitive along with them, and out at the other, leaving the indignant Commissioner to telegraph to Mr. Webster in Washington that he thought it was a case of levying war. I went into the court-room during the trial of Mr. Wright, and saw seated in the front row of the jury, wearing a face of intense gravity, my old friend Francis Bigelow, always spoken of in Concord as "Mr. Bigelow, the blacksmith." He was a Free-soiler and his wife a Garrison Abolitionist. His house was a station on the underground railroad where fugitive slaves were formerly harbored on their way to Canada. Shadrach had been put into a buggy and driven out as far as Concord, and kept over night by Bigelow at his house, and sent on his way toward the North Star the next morning. Richard Dana, who was counsel for Elizur Wright, asked Judge Hoar what sort of a man Bigelow was. To which the judge replied: "He is a thoroughly honest man, and will decide the case according to the law and the evidence, as he believes them to be. But I think it will take a good deal of evidence to convince him that one man owns another."

It is not, perhaps, pertinent to my personal recollections, but it may be worth while to tell your readers that Theodore Parker, Wendell Phillips, and some others were indicted afterward for participation in an attempted rescue of Anthony Burns, another fugitive slave. The indictment was quashed by Judge Curtis, who had probably got pretty sick of the whole thing. But Parker, while in jail awaiting trial, prepared a defence, which is printed, and which is one of the most marvellous examples of scathing and burning denunciation to be found in all literature. I commend it to young men as worth their study.

Some time after the Shadrach case, Asa O. Butman, a United States Deputy Marshal, who had been quite active and odious in the arrest and extradition of Burns, came to Worcester one Saturday afternoon, and stopped at the American Temperance House. This was on October 30, 1854. It was believed that he was in search of information about some fugitive negroes who were supposed to be in Worcester, and I suppose that to be the fact, although it was claimed that his errand was to summon witnesses against persons concerned in the riot which took place when Burns was captured. The fact of his presence became known in the course of the day on Sunday, and a pretty angry crowd began to gather in the streets in the neighborhood of the American House. Butman learned his danger, and took refuge in the City Marshal's office at the City Hall, where the police force of the city were gathered for his protection. No attack was made during the night, but it was not deemed prudent to have Butman leave his shelter. I had been to Concord to spend Sunday with my kindred there. I got back to Worcester at nine o'clock

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Monday morning, and was told at the station of the condition of things. I went immediately to the City Hall, made my way through the crowd to the building, and was admitted to the police office by the City Marshal, who was my client, and apt to depend on me for legal advice. I found Butman in a state of great terror. It was evident that the crowd was too large for any police force which the little city had in its service. Unless it should be pacified, something was likely to happen which we should all have much regretted. I accordingly went out and addressed the crowd from the steps of the City Hall. They listened to me respectfully enough. I was pretty well known through the city as an earnest Free-soiler, and as sharing the public feeling of indignation against the delivering up of fugitives. I reminded the crowd that my father and sister had been expelled from Charleston, S. C., where he had gone at the risk of his life to defend Massachusetts colored sailors who were imprisoned there, and appealed to them not to give the people of South Carolina the right to excuse their own conduct by citing the example of Massachusetts. There were shouts from the crowd, "Will he promise to leave Worcester, and never to come back?" Butman, who was inside, terribly frightened, said he would promise never to come to Worcester again as long as he lived. I did not, however, repeat Butman's promise to the crowd. I thought he ought to go without conditions. The time approached for the train to pass through Worcester for Boston. It went from a little wooden station near the site of the present Union Depot, about half a mile from the City Hall. It was determined, on consultation, to take advantage of an apparently pacific mood of the crowd, and to start Butman at once for the station in time to catch the train. I took one arm, and I am quite sure Colonel Higginson took the other; a few policemen went ahead and a few behind; and we started from the back door of the City Hall. The mob soon found what we were after, and thronged around us. It has been estimated that a crowd of two thousand people at least surrounded Butman and his convoy. I suppose he had no friend or defender among the number. Most of them wanted to frighten him; some of them to injure him, though not to kill him. There were a few angry negroes who, I suppose, were excited and maddened by their not unnatural or unjustifiable resentment against the fellow who had been the ready and notorious tool of the slave-catchers. He was kicked several times by persons who succeeded, in the swaying and surging of the crowd, in getting through his guard, and once knocked onto his knees by a heavy blow in the back of the neck which came from a powerful negro, who had a stone in his hand which increased the force of the blow. I believe he was hit also by some missiles. He reached the depot almost lifeless with terror. The train was standing there, and started just after we arrived. It was impossible to get him into it. It was then endeavored to put him into a buggy which was standing outside of the depot; but the owner, a young business man of Worcester, seized the bridle of his horse and stoutly refused to allow the horse to start. Butman was then thrust into a hack, into which, as Mr. Higginson says, he got with one or two other persons; and the hack was driven rapidly through the crowd with no damage but the breaking of the windows. Mr. Higginson thought he left Butman at Westboro'; but my recollection, which is very distinct, and with which I think he now agrees, is that Lovell Baker, the City Marshal, followed with his own horse and buggy, and took Butman from the hack after he got a short distance out of Worcester. Butman implored him not to leave him at the way-station, fearing that the crowd would come down in an accommodation train, which went also about that time, and waylay him there; so Baker drove him the whole distance to Boston, forty miles. When Butman got to the city, he was afraid that the news of the Worcester riot might have reached Boston, and have excited the people there; and, by his urgent solicitation, Baker took Butman by unfrequented streets across the city to a place where he thought he could be concealed until the excitement abated. Baker, who died a short time ago in Worcester, aged over ninety, told me the whole story immediately on his return.

The proceeding was undoubtedly not to be justified; but it was a satisfaction

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to know that no slave-hunter came to Worcester after the occurrence. Five or six people—including, if I am not mistaken, Mr. Higginson himself, certainly including Joseph A. Howland, a well-known Abolitionist and non-resistant, and also including Martin Stowell, who was afterward indicted for killing Batchelder, a Marshal who took part in the rendition of Burns—were complained of before the police court, and bound over to await the action of the grand jury. The grand jury returned no indictment, except against one colored man. Mr. District Attorney Aldrich was quite disgusted at this, and promptly *nol prosed* that indictment. And so ended the famous Butman riot.

The Whigs were in a minority in Massachusetts after the year 1848. But the constitution required a majority of all the votes to elect a Governor; and, in case of no choice, the Governor, Lieutenant-Governor, the Executive Council, and the Senators from counties where there had been no election were chosen on joint ballot by the members elected to the two Houses. The Whigs were able to carry the Legislature, and in that way chose their Governor and Lieutenant-Governor, elected Councillors, and filled vacancies in the Senate. But the Free-soil and Democratic leaders were not content to leave the power in the hands of the Whig minority. In 1849 a few Representatives and Senators were chosen to the Legislature by a union of the Free-soil and Democratic Parties. In the autumn of 1850 this arrangement was extended through the State. The Whigs were in the minority in the Legislature, and the coalition proceeded to elect a Democratic Governor and Lieutenant-Governor and an Executive Council. In consideration of giving these offices to the Democrats, it was agreed that Mr. Sumner should be chosen Senator. A few of the Democrats, who desired to keep their party relations with the South, refused to agree to this arrangement. Mr. Winthrop was the Whig candidate. The Senate, on its part, promptly elected Mr. Sumner, but there was a long contest in the House of Representatives, extending through three months. Twenty-six ballots were cast, of which no candidate had a majority until the last. Mr. Sumner several times came within two or three votes of an election. At last it was apparent that some member had cast more than one vote; and an order was offered by Sidney Bartlett, an eminent Whig member from Boston, requiring the members to bring in their votes in sealed envelopes. This resulted in the choice of Sumner.

Another contribution to Mr. Sumner's election ought not to be forgotten. The town of Fall River was represented by Whigs; but it was a community where there was a strong anti-slavery feeling. A town-meeting was called by the friends of Mr. Sumner, and a motion made to instruct their representatives, according to the right of the people declared in the constitution of Massachusetts, to vote for Sumner. An earnest and eloquent speech in favor of the resolution was made by Robert T. Davis, a young Quaker, since a distinguished member of Congress. The resolution was carried, which Mr. Borden, one of the representatives from Fall River, obeyed. The result was Sumner's election by a single vote.

I was not a member of the Legislature of 1851. In 1852 the coalition again carried the State; but there was no choice for Representatives from the city of Worcester. It turned out that, while there were some very able Whig lawyers and leaders elected, including Otis P. Lord, Ensign H. Kellogg, Henry L. Dawes, F. O. Prince, and also some other eminent leaders, notably J. Thomas Stevenson, a very eloquent and able debater, the coalition had elected few persons known at all through the State, and had not chosen lawyers enough to give shape to the legislation. Accordingly, some of the coalition leaders urged the people of Worcester, where there was no choice on the first Monday of November, to include some capable lawyer among their delegation. According to the constitutional provision then in force, if there were a failure to elect the first week in November, a new election for Representatives was had on the fourth Monday of that month. Accordingly, there was a Free-soil caucus called the Friday before that Monday, at which I was present. I had no idea that my name would be thought of, and was struck with surprise when the voting was declared and it turned out that I had been nominated. I rose and stated to the conven-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion that I desired to devote myself to my profession, and that I could not accept such an office without asking my father's leave. I was then twenty-five years old. I said that, if they chose to allow me to consider the matter until the next night, I would go down to Concord in the meantime and see my father. The convention kindly adjourned until Saturday evening, that I might go to Concord. My father told me that he hoped I should not think of making politics my career in life, but that he thought it would be very well for me to hold a seat in the Legislature for one year. It would enable me to get acquainted with people from different parts of the Commonwealth, and I should be better fitted for administering laws by seeing how they were made. So I returned and accepted the nomination, and was elected.

The Massachusetts House of Representatives then consisted of about four hundred and twenty members. It was, I think, as admirable a body of men for the training of a public speaker as I ever knew. The members were honest. The large majority was made up of sensible, strong-headed country farmers, rather slow in making up their minds, but making them up always upon considerations of what was best for the Commonwealth. There was a time, when the opinion of the House seemed to be precipitating or crystallizing, not too early in the debate and not too late, when a vigorous and effective speech had great influence. I was made Chairman of the Committee of Probate and Chancery, the second law committee in the house; and I suppose it is not presumptuous to say that I did as much of the hard work of the body and had as much influence in leading its action and shaping its legislation as anybody. A Practice Act had been passed the year before, reported by Judge Curtis and Chief Justice Chapman, which had not satisfied the profession or the people. A new one was demanded, which I prepared, and which was passed. I used to spend my evenings in consultation with Judge Gray, then a young lawyer of about my age; and the Practice Act of 1852, which the legislature accepted without much change, was the result of our work. It has been the foundation of the civil pleading and practice in Massachusetts ever since.

I entered the House of Representatives of the United States at the spring session which began March 4, 1869, at the beginning of Grant's administration. I can almost say with truth that my nomination and election were against my own will. My life has been a singular instance of the failure of early plans and expectations, and being drifted by the current of life into strange regions. I expected, when I was admitted to the bar, to spend my life in my office as what was called "chamber counsel" and in making instruments, but never to take much part in the conduct of trials, or to conduct them at all, except with the help of senior counsel. I supposed I had an incurable incapacity for speaking in public. After I got along a little farther, and had some early professional successes, it was my whole desire and ambition some day to become a judge. It always seemed to me that the most delightful human occupation would be to go about the State, with four or five able lawyers, hearing and deciding questions of law. *Sed dis aliter visum.* In the spring of 1868 I was broken down by overwork. My brain was so affected that I sometimes could not remember for two minutes an important conversation. I would meet a client in the street. He would say something to me about an important case, and when I had got ten rods off I would say to myself, "What was it that that man was talking with me about?" I engaged passage for a summer journey in Europe. Just before I went some friends expressed a desire to nominate me for Congress, to which I gave a half-assent, supposing that to go to Washington for a term would enable me to get rid of the burden of professional care and to recruit my jaded faculties. But as soon as I got out of sight of land and the load of responsibility was off my mind, my health and vigor instantly came back. I returned from Europe ready to begin work again, and utterly sick of the whole idea of political life; but the matter had gone too far. I could not honorably retreat without leaving in the lurch the men who had engaged in an active campaign in my behalf. So I was nominated over five or six competitors, after a severe struggle, and was elected. Within a week after I took my seat in Washington, I received a message from

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Governor asking me to accept the place on the bench of the Supreme Court made vacant by my brother's appointment as Attorney-General. There never was a greater temptation; but I could not properly abandon the place I had accepted, and leave the Republicans of the district to a repetition of the angry contest of the previous autumn. So, very reluctantly, I declined.

Another opportunity came to me when Judge Gray was appointed Chief Justice of Massachusetts. But I had just engaged with great zeal in the campaign for the nomination of Mr. Washburn over General Butler; and it did not seem to me desirable, on public grounds, that the appointment of a Judge of the Supreme Court should even seem to be due to the political service I had rendered Mr. Washburn. I sent a message to Governor Washburn to that effect, and turned my back forever on judicial life.

When I entered the House, March 4, 1869, there was a very interesting and important group of men, the most brilliant and conspicuous of whom was, undoubtedly, Mr. James G. Blaine. The public, friends and foes, judged of him by a few striking and picturesque qualities. There has probably never been a man in our history upon whom so few people looked with indifference. He was born to be loved or hated. Nobody occupied a middle ground as to him. In addition to the striking qualities which caught the public eye, he was a man of profound knowledge of our political history, of a sure literary taste, and of great capacity as an orator. He studied and worked out for himself very abstruse questions, on which he formed his own opinions, and usually with great sagacity. How far he was affected in his position by the desire for public favor I will not undertake to say. I think the constitution of his mind was such that matters were apt to strike him much in the same way as they were apt to strike the majority of the people of the North, especially of the Northwest, where he was always exceedingly popular. He maintained very friendly personal relations with some of the more intelligent Southerners, especially with Lamar. One incident in his relations with Butler was intensely amusing. They were never on very friendly terms, though each of them found it wise not to break with the other. When Blaine was a candidate for Speaker, to which office he was chosen in the spring session of 1869, his principal competitor was Henry L. Dawes. Dawes's chances were considered excellent until Butler, who had great influence with the Southern Republican members of the House, declared himself for Blaine. Butler was exceedingly anxious to be Chairman of the Committee of Appropriations. This would have been an offence in the nostrils of a large portion of the Republican Party. Mr. Dawes, learning Butler's proposed defection, was beforehand with him by rising in the caucus and himself nominating Mr. Blaine. This secured Blaine's unanimous nomination. Butler, however, still pressed eagerly his own claim for the Chairmanship of the Appropriations. Blaine was altogether too shrewd to yield to that. The committees were not appointed until the following December. Butler suspected somehow that there was doubt about his getting the coveted prize. He accordingly went to the door of the Speaker's room, which was then opposite the door of the House of Representatives, by the side of the Speaker's chair. He found Blaine's messenger keeping the door, who told him Mr. Blaine was engaged and could not see anybody. "Very well," said General Butler, "I will wait." Accordingly he took a chair and seated himself at the door, so that he might intercept Blaine as he came out. Blaine, learning that Butler was there, went out the window, round by the portico, and entered the House by another entrance. Somebody came along and, seeing Butler seated in the corridor, said, "What are you about here, General?" "Waiting for Blaine," was the reply. "Blaine is in the chair in the House," was the answer. "It isn't possible," said Butler. "Yes, he is just announcing the committees." Butler rushed into the House in time to hear Mr. Dawes's name read by the clerk as Chairman of Appropriations. He was very angry, and bided his time. They had an altercation over the bill to protect the rights of the freedmen in the South, the story of which I tell in speaking of Grant. But as the end of the Congress approached, Butler endeavored to get up an alliance

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

between the Democrats and what were called "Revenue Reformers." There was a large number of Northwestern Republicans who were disposed to break away from the party because of its policy of high protection. This included representatives of a good many States that afterward were most loyal supporters of the tariff policy. Butler showed me one day a call he had prepared, saying, "How do you think something like this would answer?" It was a call for a caucus of all persons who desired a reform in the tariff to meet to nominate a candidate for Speaker. I was never in Butler's confidence, and I suppose he showed me the paper with the expectation that I should tell Blaine. Blaine circumvented the movement by giving assurances to the friends of revenue reform that he would make up a Committee of Ways and Means with a majority of persons of their way of thinking. This ended Butler's movement. Blaine kept his word. Mr. Dawes, a high protectionist, was made chairman, and Mr. Kelly, also a high protectionist, was second on the Committee of Ways and Means; but a majority were revenue reformers. The committee reported a bill which would have been exceedingly injurious to the protected industries of New England. That bill was passed and reported to the House from the Committee of the Whole; but the member of the committee who had it in charge, by a strange oversight, forgot to demand the previous question. Mr. Dawes, quick as lightning, took from his desk a bill which he had previously prepared, but which had been voted down by his committee, added to it a clause putting tea and coffee on the free list, and, I believe, containing also one or two other items which were specially popular in some parts of the country, and moved that as an amendment to the committee's bill, and himself demanded the previous question. The cry of a free breakfast-table was then specially popular. There were enough members who did not dare to vote against putting tea and coffee on the free list to turn the scale. Dawes's amendment was adopted, the bill passed, the New England industries saved, and the tariff reformers beaten. The persons who saw only the quiet and modest bearing with which Mr. Dawes conducted himself in the Senate do not know with how much vigor, quickness of wit, readiness and skill in debate, he conducted himself amid the stormy sessions of the House of Representatives during Grant's first administration. There has never been, within my experience, a greater power than his on the floor of the House. He had mighty antagonists. There were not only very able Democrats, like Randall and Kerr and Holman, but there were mighty leaders among the Republicans. There was little party discipline. Each of them seemed bent on having his own way and taking care of himself, and ready to trip up or overthrow any of his rivals without mercy or remorse. Among them were Butler and Farnsworth and Garfield and Logan and Schenck and Kelly and Banks and Bingham and Sargent and Blaine and Poland.

I was not in the habit of going often to the White House when Grant was President. When I did, he received me always with great kindness. He always seemed to be very fond of my brother; and I suppose that led him to receive me in a more intimate and cordial fashion than he would otherwise have done. I was first introduced to him in the cloak-room of the House of Representatives the Saturday evening before his inauguration. He came, I think, to see Mr. Boutwell, then a member of the House, afterward his Secretary of the Treasury. He came to Worcester in the summer of that year, and I went with him in a special car to Groton in the afternoon. He was not very talkative, though interested in all he saw. He expressed special delight in the appearance of the boys of the Worcester Military School, who turned out to escort him. One of his sons, a well-grown lad, was upon the train. The general had not seen him for some time, and he sat with his arm around him, as one might with a little girl.

My first important interview with him showed his characteristic traits in rather an amusing manner. Early in the summer the term of office of the postmaster at North Brookfield, Mass., expired. The postmaster was a clergyman named Beecher, brother of the famous Henry Ward Beecher. He was appointed by Andrew Johnson on his brother's recommendation, very much to the dissatisfac-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion of the people of the town. He had boasted that his appointment cost nothing but a postage stamp. He was an honest and worthy man, but eccentric. He considered himself safe in his office on account of his brother's influence, and was quite disposed to give himself airs and to disregard the wishes and convenience of the patrons of the office. One thing that was charged against him was that he would go to his office Sunday noon, take down his religious paper, and sit in the office reading it. When some farmer who had come several miles to church would ask him for his paper, which would be close to Beecher's head, in the box, the postmaster would reply, with great sternness, that he could deliver no mail on Sunday. I carefully ascertained the wishes of the inhabitants of the town. I found that Beecher had no supporters for a reappointment, but that the town generally desired the appointment of Deacon Poland, a substantial and highly esteemed business man. I recommended Mr. Poland's appointment. But Mr. Henry Ward Beecher went to Washington, dined with the President, requested the reappointment of his brother, and, it was understood, secured from President Grant an assurance that it should be done; so nothing was done in the vacation about my recommendation. Judge Poland, of Vermont, a very eminent and influential member of Congress, cousin of the candidate, called upon President Grant during the summer, but could get no encouragement from him at all. The President intimated to him that he expected to reappoint Beecher. When I reached Washington in December, at the beginning of the session, I called on Postmaster-General Creswell, and asked him about the North Brookfield post-office. Mr. Creswell said that he had recommended the appointment of Mr. Poland, and had done everything that he could, but that the President seemed obdurate. He wished I would go and see him myself. Accordingly, I went to the White House. I found Grant alone, seated at the head of the table in the room where the Cabinet used to meet. I sat down by his side, and said, "Mr. President, I have come to see you about a small matter, but it seems to be one that has been reserved for your personal determination. There is a town in my district, the town of North Brookfield, the people of which are exceedingly intelligent and very earnest Republicans. I have recommended for appointment a Mr. Poland, an old and highly esteemed citizen there, whom the people favor with almost entire unanimity." As I said this, I noticed the hard and determined look with which persons intimate with Grant were so familiar come over his face. I went on. "The present postmaster is exceedingly obnoxious, but he is a brother of Henry Ward Beecher. He was appointed by President Johnson, on Mr. Beecher's recommendation, against the wishes of the people; and it is now understood that Mr. Beecher urges his reappointment." I then told the President about the Sunday newspapers story, and about the feeling that existed, and added, "The people of North Brookfield think they understand what is for their interest, and they think it very hard that a man should be kept in an office which is created for their service, against their wish, merely to please a man in New York." General Grant looked quite angry for a moment. Then his face relaxed into that beautiful smile which he was wont to show when he saw what was just and determined to do it, and said, "Mr. Hoar, I will send in Mr. Poland's name to-morrow." This he did.

It used to be thought that Grant was a man without much literary capacity. Since the publication of his "Memoirs," this notion has been discarded. I can testify to his great readiness as a writer. I saw him write two messages to Congress, both of a good deal of importance, without pause or correction, and as rapidly as his pen could fly over the paper. The first was the message which he sent in on the adoption of the Fifteenth Amendment to the Constitution. I was much interested in a bill in aid of national education. I called on the President when the last State needed had ratified the Fifteenth Amendment, and suggested to him that it might be well to send a special message to Congress congratulating them on the result, and urging the policy of promoting education for the new citizens. I told him of General Washington's interest in a national university, and what he had said about the importance of education in his

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

writings. I said I supposed he had them in his library. He said he believed he had, but he wished I would get the books and bring them to him. I accordingly got the books, carried them up to the White House, showed him the passages, and Grant sat down and wrote in a few minutes, and quite rapidly, the message which was sent to Congress the next day. The other occasion was when he sent in the message at the time of the controversy between the House and the Senate in regard to the policy to be pursued in dealing with the outrages in the South. The Senate had passed a bill giving a discretion to the President to take some firm measures to suppress these disorders, and to protect the colored people and Republicans of the South, and if in his judgment he thought it necessary, to suspend the writ of *habeas corpus*. This measure, which had a considerable majority in the Senate, was voted down in the House under the influence of Speaker Blaine, Mr. Dawes, General Farnsworth, and other prominent Republicans. During the controversy Mr. Blaine left the chair and engaged in the debate, being provoked by some thrust of Butler's. There was a lively passage at arms, in which Blaine said he was obliged to leave the chair, as his predecessor Mr. Colfax had been compelled to, "to chastise the insolence of the gentleman from Massachusetts." Butler replied by some charge against Blaine, to which Blaine, as he was walking back to take the gavel again, shouted out, "It's a calumny." My sympathies in the matter, so far as the measure of legislation was concerned, were with Butler, though I had, as is well known, little sympathy with him in general.

The House undertook to adjourn the session, but the Senate refused to do so without action on the bill for the protection of human rights at the South. While things were in this condition, I was summoned one morning into the President's room at the capitol, where I found President Grant, his Cabinet, several of the leading Senators, including Mr. Conkling, I think Mr. Edmunds, Mr. Howe of Wisconsin, and I believe General Wilson, Judge Shellabarger of Ohio, and one or two other members of the House. All the persons who were there were favorable to the proposed legislation, I believe. President Grant said that he had been asked to send in a message urging Congress to pass a law giving him larger powers for the suppression of violence at the South; but he had sent for us to explain the reasons why he was unwilling to do it. He thought that the country would look with great disapprobation upon a request to enlarge the powers of the President, and especially to suspend the writ of *habeas corpus* in time of peace, and that he felt especially unwilling to subject himself to that criticism as he had not come to the office from civil life, but had been a soldier, and it might be supposed he favored military methods of government. Several of the gentlemen present expressed rather guardedly their dissent from this view, but Grant seemed to remain firm. I kept silent, as became a person young in public life, until Mr. Howe and Judge Shellabarger whispered together, and then came to me and said, "Mr. Hoar, you may, perhaps, be able to have some influence on him. Won't you say something?" I then made a little speech to the president, in which I said that there was no question of the existence of these disorders and crimes; that they would be likely to be increased, and not diminished, especially as the elections in the Southern States approached. He could not allow them to continue. He would be compelled, in my judgment, to interpose and to go to the verge of his authority, or to leave to their fate these people whom we were bound by every consideration of honor to protect. I asked him if he did not think it would be better, instead of exercising a doubtful authority of his own, acquired without legislative sanction, to obtain the necessary authority from Congress in advance. I thought it much less likely to be imputed to him that he was acting in the manner of a soldier and not of a statesman if he were careful to ask in advance the direction of the law-making power, and the people understood he was unwilling, even if he had the authority, to act without the sanction of Congress. This view produced an instant change of mind. Grant took a pen, wrote a brief message with great rapidity, read it aloud to the persons who were assembled, and sent it in that very day without the change of a word. It is a clear and excellent statement. The result was that the Republican

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

opposition to the measure in the House was withdrawn, the two Houses came to an agreement, and adjourned without day soon afterward.

One of the most important acts of President Grant's administration was his veto of the Inflation Bill, which provided for a considerable increase of the large volume of legal tender paper money, which at that time was not redeemed by the Government. This veto is regarded by most persons as the turning of the corner by the American people, and setting the face of the Government toward specie payment and honest money. It was during the hard times which followed the crisis of 1873. It is said that President Grant had made up his mind to sign the bill, and sat down to write out his reasons, but that he found them so unsatisfactory that he changed his mind and sent in his veto message. I had not been disposed to believe this until I was told, a little while ago, by Secretary Boutwell that he had the statement that that was the fact from the lips of Grant himself. If that be true, the President must have changed his mind twice. When the bill was pending in the House of Representatives, my wife's father, a very simple-hearted and excellent merchant of Worcester, who spent seventy years of life in business on the same spot, visited us in Washington. I took him up to see Grant. The General was alone and, contrary to his usual custom, in a very talkative mood. He seemed to like Mr. Miller, who had a huge respect for him, and evidently saw that we were not there for any office-seeking or other personal end. He talked with great freedom about himself and his visit to Worcester. He expressed his wonder that the town had grown and prospered so without any advantage of river or harbor, or the neighborhood of rich mines or rich wheatfields. He then asked me how the bill for an increased issue of greenbacks was coming on in the House. I told him it seemed likely to pass. He then went on to express very earnestly his objection to the measure and to the whole policy, and his dislike of irredeemable paper. He said that it was an immense injury to all classes of the people, but that it bore heavily upon poor and ignorant men. He said that speculators and bankers and brokers could foresee the changes which came about from the fluctuations of paper money and protect themselves against them, but the workingmen and poor men had no such advantages—that they were the greatest sufferers. He added a suggestion I never heard before, that there was in many parts of the country great loss from the counterfeiting of paper money—a loss which fell almost wholly on poor and ignorant men. I never in my life heard Grant talk so freely on any occasion. I never in my life, but once, saw him apparently so deeply moved. I said, "Mr. President, you know the story of old Judge Grier and the Pennsylvania jury." "No," said he. "Well," said I, "there was once a jury in Pennsylvania, when Grier was holding court, who brought in a very unjust verdict. The judge said, 'Mr. Clerk, record that verdict and enter under it, "Set aside." I will have you to know, gentlemen of the jury, that it takes thirteen men in this court to steal a man's farm.' It takes three powers, Mr. President, under our government to pass a law." Grant laughed, and said, "Well, if you send it up to me, make it just as bad as you can." There can be no possible question that he then desired and meant to veto the bill. His desire that it should be as bad as possible was that it might be more easy to defend his action.

I had another exceedingly interesting conversation with the President on my return from New Orleans. In the winter of 1875 I went to New Orleans, as chairman of a Committee of the House of Representatives, to investigate and ascertain which of the rival State governments had the true title. Louisiana was in a terrible condition. Sheridan was in command of the United States troops there, and it was only their presence that prevented an armed and bloody revolution. The old rebel element, as it was, had committed crimes against the freedmen and the white Republicans which make one of the foulest and bloodiest chapters in all history. Sheridan had much offended the white people there by his vigorous enforcement of the laws, and especially by a letter in which he had spoken of them as banditti. I stopped during my stay at the St. Charles Hotel, where Sheridan also was a guest. When he came into the crowded breakfast-room every morning,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

there were loud hisses and groans from nearly the whole assembled company. The morning papers teemed with abusive articles. The guests would take those papers, underscore some specially savage attack, and tell the waiter to take it to General Sheridan as he sat at table at his breakfast. The General would glance at it with an unruffled face, and bow and smile toward the sender of the article. The whole thing made little impression on him. No violence toward him personally was ventured upon. The night before I started on my return to Washington, General Sheridan called to take leave. I was much amused by the simplicity and *naïveté* with which he discussed the situation. He said, among other things, "What you want to do, Mr. Hoar, when you get back to Washington, is to suspend the what-do-you-call-it." He meant, of course, the *habeas corpus*. He knew there was some very uncomfortable thing which stood in his way of promptly suppressing the crimes in Louisiana, where, he said, more men had been murdered for their political opinions than were slain in the Mexican War. When I got back to Washington, the President sent for me and Mr. Frye of Maine, a member of the committee, to come to the President's room in the Capitol to report to him the result of our observations. During the conversation, Grant expressed what he had often expressed on other occasions, his great admiration for Sheridan. He said: "I believe General Sheridan has no superior as a general, either living or dead, and perhaps not an equal. People think he is only capable of leading an army in a battle, or to do a particular thing that he is told to do. But I mean, all the qualities of a commander which enable him to direct over as large a territory as any two nations can cover in war. He has judgment, prudence, foresight, and power to deal with the dispositions needed in a great war. I entertained this opinion of him before he became generally known in the late war." I was so impressed with this generous tribute of one great soldier to another that, as soon as the interview was over, I wrote it down and asked Mr. Frye to join with me in certifying to its correctness. It is now before me, and has the following certificate: "The foregoing is a correct statement of what General Grant said to me and Mr. Frye in a conversation this morning in the President's room. February 15, 1875. George F. Hoar." "I heard the above conversation, and certify to the correctness of the above statement of it. William P. Frye."

I heard President Grant express a like opinion of Sheridan under circumstances perhaps even more impressive. I was a guest at a brilliant dinner-party given by Mr. Robeson, Secretary of the Navy, where Grant, General Sherman, General Sheridan, Commodore Alden, Admiral Porter, Chief Justice Chase, Attorney-General E. R. Hoar, Lyman Trumbull, Mr. Blaine, and some other men of great distinction were present. There were about twenty guests. Mr. James Russell Lowell was of the company. I believe no one of that brilliant circle is now living. Commodore Alden remarked, half in jest, to a gentleman who sat near him, that there was nothing he disliked more than a subordinate who always obeyed orders. "What is that you are saying, Commodore?" said President Grant, across the table. The Commodore repeated what he had said. "There is a good deal of truth in what you say," said General Grant. "One of the virtues of General Sheridan was that he knew when to act without orders. Just before the surrender of Lee, General Sheridan captured some despatches from which he learned that Lee had ordered his supplies to a certain place. I was on the other side of the river, where he could get no communication from me until the next morning. General Sheridan pushed on at once without orders, got to the place fifteen minutes before the rebels, and captured the supplies. After the surrender was concluded, the first thing General Lee asked me for was rations for his men. I issued to them the same provisions which Sheridan had captured. Now if Sheridan, as most men would have done, had waited for orders from me, Lee would have got off." I listened with wonder to the generous modesty which, before that brilliant company, could remove one of the brightest laurels from his own brow and place it on the brow of Sheridan.

I had another memorable conversation with Grant, not so pleasant. It revealed a capacity of intense passion which I do not know that he ever manifested on any other

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

occasion. He had sent into the Senate the nomination of William A. Simmons for the important office of Collector of Boston. This was due to the influence of General Butler. Mr. Sumner, whose controversy with the President is well known, was then the senior Senator from Massachusetts. The nomination had been made, of course, without consulting him, with whom Grant was not on friendly terms, and without consulting any of the other members of the House of Representatives. There was a very earnest opposition to this nomination. I went up to the White House to endeavor to induce President Grant to withdraw it, but he had gone out. I repeated my visit once or twice, but failed to find the President. The third or fourth time that I went up, as I was coming away I saw President Grant on the other side of Pennsylvania Avenue, walking alone on the sidewalk adjoining Lafayette Square. I supposed it was not in accordance with etiquette to join the President when he was walking alone in the street; but I overtook him, and said, "Mr. President, I have been to the White House several times, and been unable to find you in. The business of the House is very urgent just now, and it is difficult for me to get away again. Perhaps, therefore, you will kindly allow me to say what I have to say here." The President very courteously assented, and I walked along with him, turned the corner, and walked along the sidewalk adjoining the east side of Lafayette Square, until we came to the corner opposite the house then occupied by Sumner, which is now part of the Arlington Hotel. I told the President that I thought the Republicans in Massachusetts would be much dissatisfied with the nomination of Simmons, and hoped it might be withdrawn. The President replied that he thought it would be an injustice to the young man to do so, and that the opposition to him seemed to be chiefly because he was a friend of General Butler. I combated the argument as well as I could. The whole conversation was exceedingly quiet and friendly on both sides until we turned the corner by Mr. Sumner's house, when the President, with great emphasis, and shaking his closed fist toward Sumner's house, said, "I shall not withdraw the nomination. That man who lives up there has abused me in a way which I never suffered from any other man living." I did not, of course, press the President further; but I told him I regretted very much the misunderstanding between him and Mr. Sumner, and took my leave. It was evident that in some way the President connected this nomination with the controversy between himself and Sumner.

I have always lamented, in common with all the friends and lovers of both these great men, that they should have so misunderstood each other; yet it was not unnatural. They were both honest, fearless, patriotic, and brave. Yet never were two honest, fearless, patriotic, and brave men so unlike each other. The training, the mental characteristics, the field of service, the capacities, the virtues, the foibles of each tended to make him underestimate and misunderstand the other. The man of war, and the man of peace; the man whose duty it was to win battles and conduct campaigns, and the man who trusted to the prevalence of ideas in a remote future; the man who wielded executive power, and the man who in a fierce contest with executive power had sought to extend the privileges, power, and authority of the Senate; the man who adhered tenaciously to his friends through good and evil report, and the man whose friendships were such that evil report of personal dishonor never dared assail them; the man of little taste for letters, and the man of vast and varied learning; the man of blunt, plain ways, and the man of courtly manners; the man of few words and the man who ever deemed himself sitting in an elevated pulpit with a mighty sounding-board, with a whole widespread people for a congregation — how could they understand each other? Grant cared little for speech-making. It sometimes seemed as if Sumner thought the Rebellion itself was put down by speeches in the Senate, and that the war was an unfortunate and most annoying, though trifling disturbance, as if a fire-engine had passed by. Sumner did injustice to Grant; Grant did injustice to Sumner. The judgment of each was warped and clouded, until each looked with a blood-shotten eye at the conduct of the other. But I believe they know and honor each other now.

The last time I saw Grant, except per-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

haps at a dinner-party, was on the morning of the vote in the Senate on the bill authorizing the restoration of Fitz John Porter. I had studied the case of Porter as well as I could. I took the documents one morning at nine o'clock, and studied them incessantly, without sleep, for twenty-four hours. He had been sentenced to be cashiered by a military court-martial. The sentence had been approved by President Lincoln, and carried into effect. Many years afterward a court of inquiry had been authorized, of which General Terry and General Schofield were members, who had found that he was entitled to acquittal and recommended a remission of the sentence and his restoration to his old rank. The case occasioned intense excitement. The Republicans, almost without an exception, were bitterly opposed to the measure. They were under the lead of General Logan, then a Senator, who threw himself into the opposition to Porter with all the zeal of his fiery nature. I studied the case as thoroughly as I could, and became satisfied that the judgment of the court-martial upon all the charges but one was upon a different case than that which actually existed. The revelations of the Confederate archives, now in the War Office at Washington, showed that, whether Porter were guilty or no, he had been found guilty on a total misconception of the existing facts, and that the case, whether for or against him, never had been before the tribunal which convicted him. One thing, however, was clearly proved. He had been ordered by his superior officer to march the separate division of which he was in command at nine o'clock in the evening. The night was dark, and the roads muddy and encumbered. Porter so far disregarded this order as to postpone his march until daybreak the next morning, on the ground that it would be difficult to comply with it, and that it would be better that his troops should arrive fresh after a march by day than utterly broken down by the fatigue and toil of the night march. The question was whether this was an exercise of discretion in obeying the order permissible to the General having a detached command. After I had thoroughly studied the case, I waited upon Grant, then visiting in Washington, and went over the whole matter carefully again with him. He described to me the situation of the troops, pointed out the errors into which the court-martial had fallen in consequence of imperfect information, and then declared most emphatically his judgment that an officer situated as was Porter had a right under military law and usage to exercise his discretion; and that Porter, in the present case, had rightly exercised his. I wish there could be a record of that conversation. It showed a capacity in General Grant for powerful and graphic narration which might have given him a high place among writers of military history.

I thought that, after Porter's terrible punishment and disgrace of so many years, it was not fair that he should suffer longer when he had been acquitted by a tribunal of which Terry and Schofield were members, and when his conviction was by a court who had not the facts before them, and when the single alleged failure to comply with the orders of his superior was one which a soldier like Grant held justifiable. I voted accordingly; but I had to encounter a storm of indignation from many men whose good will I deeply prized, which was rather hard to bear. Among the numerous angry letters that came to me was one from an old school-mate, son of a very dear friend of my father, who said he was ashamed to have been born in the same town with me. But

> The air hath bubbles, as the water has,
> And these are of them.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

On the Bench-ice of Thirty-mile River.

A WINTER JOURNEY TO THE KLONDYKE

WITH A GLIMPSE OF THE MINES

By Frederick Palmer

ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

"Dude."

ORIGINALLY, I had intended to accompany our Government expedition for the relief of the miners of the Klondyke which was in part mobilized at Dyea when I arrived there late in February. As it never went any farther, for the good reason that Dawson had been saved from famine by the migration of a portion of its population, I was left to my own resources. Wholesome fatigue and clean camps on the snow were better than the hospitality of a mushroom town built of rough boards and tar-paper; a little adventure was better than watching for two months the thousands of pilgrims of fortune in the desperate and monotonous labor of putting their outfits over the passes: and I determined, rather than wait with them for the opening of navigation, to undertake, with dogs and sleds of my own, the untried journey of six hundred miles over the ice-fields of the Lewes lakes and the ice-packs of the Yukon River, which the Government expedition had contemplated.

Whoever was to go with me must be companionable, industrious, and loyal. I must work as hard as he; for we could not carry food for a stomach which nourished idle hands. In pitching a tent in a storm, when limbs ached from the strain of the day's tramp, an unruly temper might lead to the crisis of blows or separation.

Precisely the right kind of a comrade, equipped with experience, I had hoped would be forthcoming from among the men who had violated the traditions of the early communities of gold-seekers in re-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Packers Resting in the Niches Cut in the Snow at the Side of the Trail.

gard to winter travel. Some members of this hardy little army were arriving almost daily in Dyea from Dawson. But their dogs were worn out, and they themselves were inclined to laugh at my suggestion, more particularly at my money. Having pointed out the greater difficulties of ingress than of egress, they asked, with a touch of sarcasm, if I thought that they had made the journey out for the purpose of immediately retracing their steps.

Meanwhile, adventurous spirits but lately arrived from Pacific Coast ports came to offer their services with all the self-confidence characteristic of a floating population. The references of some were belied by their demeanor, and the demeanor of others by their references. All were further belied by their dogs—Newfoundlands, setters, and what not—which had received a few days' training for market purposes in Seattle. In consequence, I was almost despairing, when there appeared a powerfully built, blond-haired, blue-eyed fellow, who impressed his personality upon me at once.

"I hear you're lookin' for a dog-puncher," he said, awkwardly. "My name's Jack Beltz. I've been a cowboy and done a good many other things in the West, and now I'm up against it with the crowd in Alaska. I think I could do what you want"—and then with sudden fervor—"but come around and look at the dogs! If the dogs are no good, you don't want me, that's sure."

"Any further references?"

"Well," after a moment's thought, "there's Bangs, up at the Miner's Rest. He knowed me when I was on a ranch in Nebrasky. Dunno what he'll say. You can ask him, though. Anyhow, I'd be obliged if you'd see the dogs 'fore you make a decision."

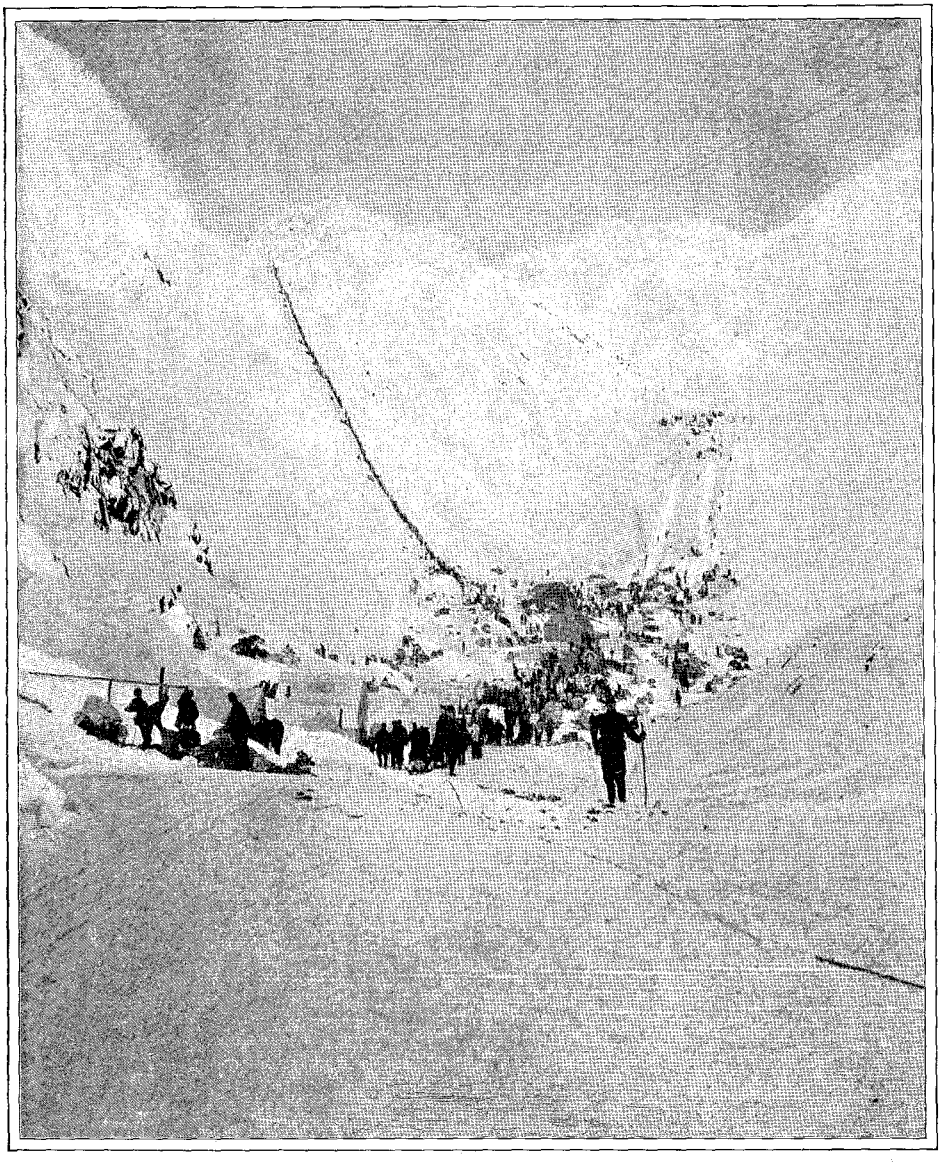
He waited outside the Miner's Rest while I spoke with Bangs.

"Jack Beltz!" exclaimed Bangs. "Well, Jack Beltz's a fool when it comes to hosses and dawgs. He thinks they can talk. But Jack Beltz'll stick to a thing that's hard—he don't like things that ain't—till he comes out of it or goes down with it, and all the mules in the army couldn't make him mad."

Then I followed Jack to a wood-pile in the outskirts of the town, where five fat and sleek huskies awoke at his approach, and at his command lined up like so many soldiers, wagging their bushy tails over their backs and watching his every move-

A Near View of the Line of Packers.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Chilcoot Pass.

From photograph taken by Lieutenant-Colonel David L. Brainard. The dark spots to the left of the line of packers on the trail are groups of men resting, as shown in the picture on the top of page 466.

ment with their sharp eyes. From their mothers, who were native Indian dogs, they had inherited their affection for man —however poor the specimen—and from their fathers, who were full-blooded wolves of the forest, their strength and endurance.

In an hour after I had met him I had engaged Jack Beltz on the strength of the fat on his dogs' ribs, of his blue eyes, and of Bangs's candid recommendation. Placing my theoretical knowledge of the needs of an Arctic climate against his experience as a frontiersman, we quickly made out a list of the supplies which were to be packed on our sleds, minimizing everything in weight and bulk as far as we dared, but being very careful to consider that while we might go hungry the dogs must not. In all, we took eleven hundred pounds, four hundred of food and bedding for ourselves

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The City of Caches at the Summit of the Pass.

and seven hundred of food for the dogs. Jack was to prepare this outfit with all speed, and meet me on the summit of Chilcoot Pass two days later. For we had no time to spare if, as the old-timers said, the river became impassable for sleds by the last week in April. The ocean winds, already thawing the snow on the seaward side of the divide, lent evidence to their opinion.

Chance made the choice of a third member of the party, whose assistance was necessary, as happy as the choice of its second. This big fellow, over six feet in height, was Frederick Gamble, known to his friends as Fritz, who had given up a career as an artist, and had already spent one unprofitable season with a pick and a pack in the Cassiar district. He had a taste for all the fine dishes of Upper Bohemianism, but no pilgrim who ever followed the rainbow's end accepted a diet of bacon and beans with better philosophy.

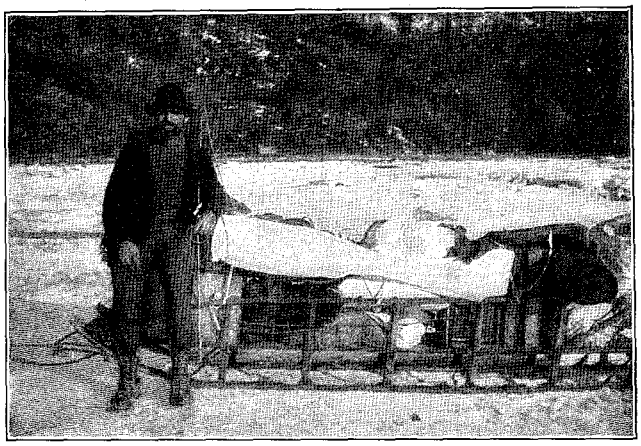
It is not my purpose here to describe Chilcoot Pass—least of all, the trail and ascent leading up to it; but I will say that, if you wish to see it, you have only to imagine a broad incline at an angle of nearly forty-five degrees, seven hundred feet in height, running between two snowy peaks at its summit, with men in the foreground bending under the weight of heavy packs, and gradually growing smaller as they ascend until, finally, they seem like ants dangerously near toppling over with their loads, though, to your relief and amazement, crawling off the white blanket into the sky.

On the little plateau at the summit were piled hundreds of pilgrims' outfits, separated one from another by narrow paths, making the whole seem like a city in miniature. Buried under the seventy feet of snow which had fallen during the winter were two other such cities which their owners hoped to recover in the summer. Beyond, floated a large British flag over the little block-house where the British Northwest Mounted Police had established themselves to collect customs and to see that no one not having a special permit

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

entered Canadian territory with less than a year's supply of food.

Jack labored for two hours in bringing up the dogs with the empty sleds, while our goods came on the backs of the ants who charged three cents a pound for the service. Aside from the five huskies hitched to a large basket-sled, we had two St. Bernards, "Patsy" and "Tim," who were born in the country, and duly chris-



Jack with Our Sled Packed Ready for the Start from Dyea.

Carrying Timbers for Boat Building up the Pass.

tened and acclimatized there. With "Patsy" and "Tim," and my hand on the "gee-pole" by which the sled is guided, I went under fire for the first time in descending on the inland side of the pass. Man and sled were put *hors de combat* again and again, while the dogs, who managed to keep erect, looked back on me with professional disgust. I wanted to blame my misfortunes to my moccasons, but Jack wore moccasons as well, and maintained his footing easily. Fortunately for the novice, there are three small lakes—at the time they were three fields of snow—in the nine miles from the summit to Linderman, and he could take advantage of the respite when he was trotting across these to think out, in the hard-and-fast civilized manner, how to avoid his frequent loss of equilibrium. The night we spent at Linderman in Jack's own camp.

Thus, in a day, we had passed over the only portion of our journey on land, and

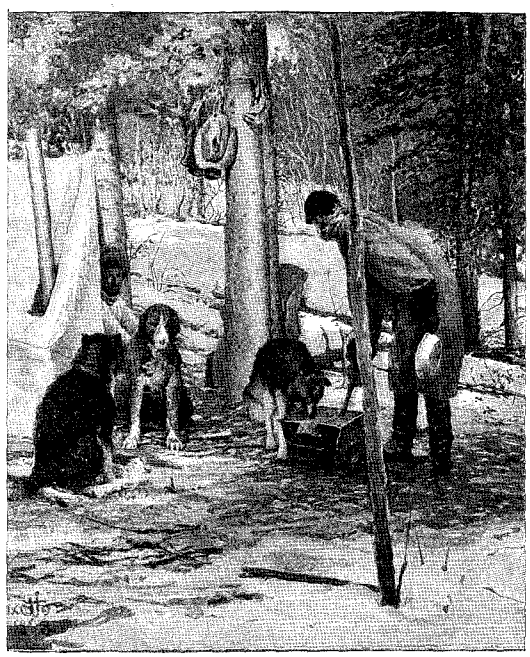
On their Way Out from Dawson.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Propelling Sleds by Sails just Above White Horse Cañon.

we were henceforth, as Jack put it gayly, to proceed downhill with the current of the river at the rate of eight inches to the mile, which is fast enough as currents go, but rather poor coasting. The course of the Yukon through the heart of Alaska is in a semicircle, with one end at the coast and the other end as near to the coast as the headwaters of a stream might be, unless it could flow on the level. Once he has reached the lakes, the prospector may float for 2,600 miles to Behring Sea, and but for this one of the two friendly deeds of Nature in Alaska—the other is abundant firewood—it is questionable if the gold in the Klondyke would have been discovered in our generation. De Soto's exploring party would have had a similar advantage if the Mississippi had risen within thirty-two miles of Cape Hatteras, and they would have needed it if the valley of the Mississippi were like the valley of the Yukon.

In harnessing our dogs at dawn, as we looked out across Lake Linderman, the only color in sight in the vast expanse of white were the needle-like fir-trees, cropping through the snow on the mountain-sides, and the outlines of a few pilgrims in advance of the main body, already astir, dragging their sleds on to Lake Bennett, where, with whip-saws, hammers, nails,

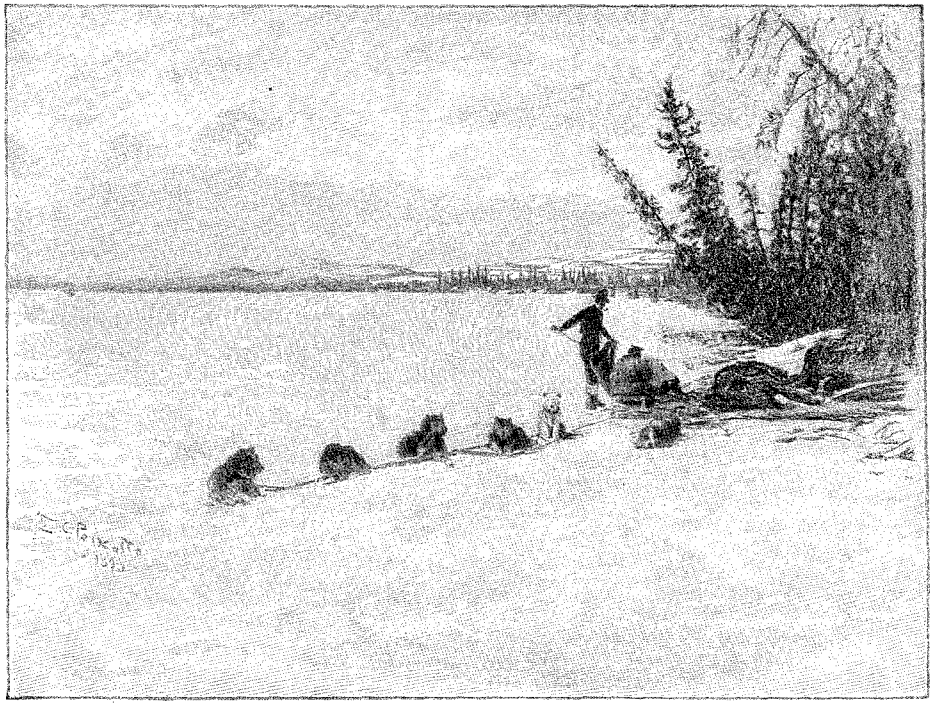


In Camp.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

oakum, and pitch, was to be built out of the forests the unique and variegated flotilla which was to line the river-banks in front of Dawson in May and June. Jack snapped the long lash of his whip, shook the "gee-pole" to free the runners, cried "Mush!"—a peculiarly Saxon contraction of the "*Marchons!*" brought into the country along with many other words by the French Canadians—and seven gallant, four-footed comrades and three figures in parkees looking like hooded night-shirts skin. When Jack halted the dogs for our first and our worst camp, whose only consolation was a water-hole that had been made by some pilgrim, they set up a howl of knowing delight.

With the snow up to my waist, I cut firewood out of the abundance of dead timber, and then cut green spruce-boughs, which, when laid tufts upward on the snow that was packed down as a floor for our 7 × 7 tent, made a soft bed. Then I went for a pail of water and brought in my



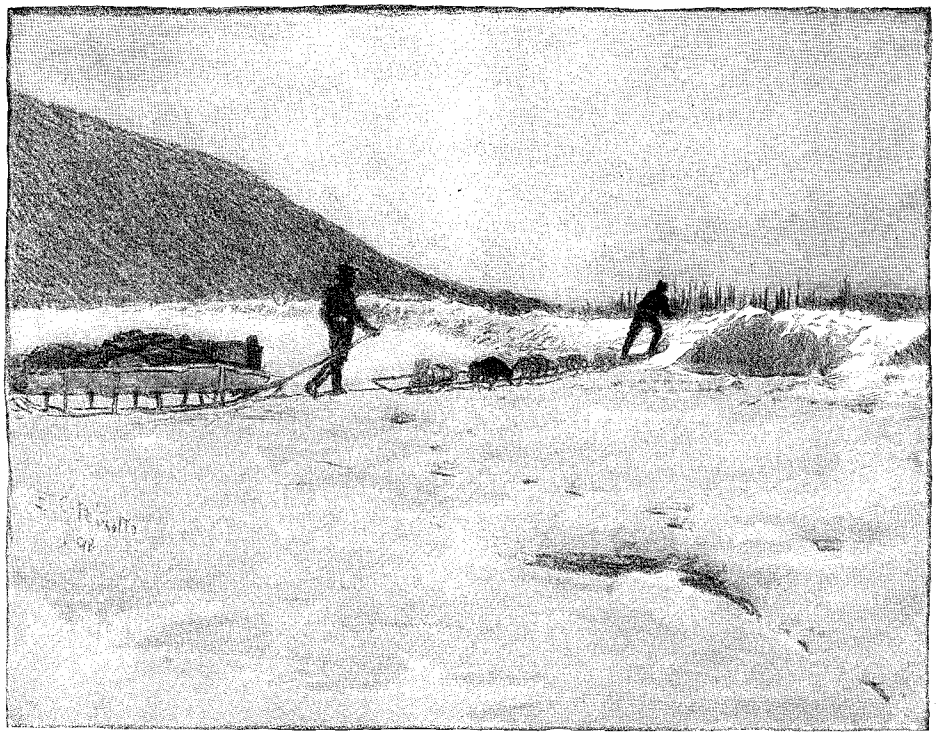
Lashing the Sleds in the Morning.

began in earnest their journey over the trail hardened by the pilgrims' footsteps. By the wayside we passed "caches" of waterproof bags, one of which was at either end of a pilgrim's route of daily toil in moving his outfit forward by relays; while his own ambition made him undergo longer hours and greater strain than he, a free citizen (U. S. A.), would have endured for any other master.

Linderman is only four miles long, and we were soon on Bennett, where the afternoon brought, in sharp contrast to the keen atmosphere of the morning, a blowing storm of moist snow which wet us to the sleeping-bag, and my work was done. The air had cleared suddenly, and the weather had turned so cold that my parkee had frozen as stiff as a board. I pulled it off, substituted dry moccasons and socks for my wet ones, left the rest of my clothes to be dried by the warmth of my body, and then, huddling myself up with my sleeping-bag as a seat, I watched my comrades finishing their allotted tasks.

Fritz, who had been chosen cook, was sitting with one leg on either side of the little sheet-iron stove, smoking a cigarette and making flapjacks. Outside, by the light of the crackling blaze, I could see

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Making Trail on the Last Day of the Journey.

Jack stirring something in a pan over a roaring fire with a big ladle that he had whittled out of a sapling. Weirdly presiding over this operation, their bodies in shadow and their wolf-noses thrust forward with epicurean relish, were the huskies. Jack fed them only once a day, and then all that they could eat of tallow, bacon, cornmeal and rice, thoroughly boiled in the form of a porridge. When he took the pan off the fire he put it, safely covered, in the snow to cool, while the dogs mounted guard over it, glaring at one another; and then he came to sit on his own bed, and together we ate by the light of a candle hanging by a piece of wire from the top of the tent. As I had my granite-ware plate filled with beans the second time and took my fourth flapjack—a flapjack an inch thick and seven inches in diameter—a twinkle came into Jack's eyes.

"I like to see a man in earnest," he said.

Then he relighted his pipe and went back to his dogs. Having filled a two-quart tin pan for each of them, with the ardor of a child he heaped more timber on the dying fire and, turning his back to the cheerful glow, began a technical conversation on the state of the trail with sleek old "Dude," the leader of the team.

Later, when he returned to the tent, the dogs were so many balls of fur, their noses snuggled under their bushy tails. If two feet of snow should fall during the night it would not disturb the serenity of their slumbers, and in the morning at the call to harness they would dig their way out, shake themselves, and be ready for duty. Jack explained, as he pulled off his moccasons, that they had eaten only half their usual rations. Having been treated to beefsteak in Dyea by their generous owner, they rather resented marching fare; but they would come down to it as soon as they felt the pangs of hunger, he added.

"Are you tired?" I asked him.

"Me? No," he drawled.

He filled up the stove—he must always have a fire of some kind going—and, leaning back on his robe, his hands behind his head, he looked up at the top of the tent dreamily. He was still in this attitude when I crawled into my sleeping-bag and quickly fell asleep. The sleeping-bag did

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

well enough for that night, but I soon repented of it. With no opportunity for airing it properly, it readily collected moisture and became as uncomfortable as a coating of ice. After I had been kept awake for a night by the colder weather that followed the storm, I ripped it open and used the furs as a robe, which, with the assistance of a heavy blanket, kept me as warm as toast, though when I awoke there was a glacial path through the space I had left open for breathing.

The first one to awake in the morning crawled half-way out of his robe, and, dexterously leaning over, put the coffee-pot on the stove and made the fire out of the kindlings which were always ready. To dress was to put on your footwear which had been drying—if it had not been burning—before the stove. Then the robes and blankets were rolled up and strapped to serve as seats for breakfast, and you stepped outside into the invigorating air and did what you might in the way of cleanliness. For my part, I washed my hands in the snow, using soap liberally, with astonishingly efficacious results. After breakfast we had to pack all the things that we had unpacked the night before back on the sleds and lash them.

On the Lewes lakes, and the streams which join them in a chain, one day was quite like another, with the exception of a single event of importance to ourselves. At daybreak we were on the level trail, now trotting and then walking, until our stomachs cried halt. On three occasions we had luncheon in the tents of pilgrims who, not having been able to bring their supplies over the pass in the rush of the previous autumn before winter was at hand, were making for the foot of Lake Le Barge, to take advantage of the three weeks by which the clearing of the ice in the river precedes the clearing of the ice in the lakes. While his partner was dragging his sled, one of our hosts was suffering in his tent the torture of snow-blindness, as the penalty of having gone for a day without glasses. Another host, an old Dane from San Francisco, had no companion, not even a dog.

"Sometime I do get mad," he said, "when the sled pull so hard, and I say, 'Yohn, you are a big fool to start for Klondyke when you are sixty-nine.' But we do not like to gif up. Nefer do we get so old we tank it too late to make a fortune. If a man know as he would drop dead on top of the pass, I tank a man go on to see the t'ing out. I make a fortune t'ree time, and efery time I haf many pad lucks—yes, very many pad lucks. Sometime I get lonely, and then I say, 'Yohn, there is your wife, there is your shildren; it is Sunday dinner, and you are home with a pile of gold.'"

How we relished the ham that we had brought with us for luncheon, followed by the perfect relaxation which comes with good digestion and physical fatigue, glorified by a pipe, before we arose and turned our steps toward the brown line of sled-track which stretched out over the expanse of white until growing darkness made it dim, and Jack began to look out for the first favorable place for a camp!

The important event which I have mentioned caused two weeks' delay at a time when we felt the need of every day to complete our journey, and I accept the awkward responsibility for it. At White Horse Cañon we were offered the hospitality of a large cabin with a kitchen in one end and bunk-room in the other, occupied by some workmen engaged in building a tramway around the rapids. Jack suggested that we stop here for a day, because the dogs needed rest, he said, but really on my account, I think. I had contracted a bad cough, and my legs ached like two great teeth. In the afternoon I lay down on the cook's bunk, and toward evening Fritz started down the trail to a distant camp to find a doctor who had turned pilgrim of fortune. Meanwhile, Jake, the cook, dosed me with tea made of sage that he had gathered on the mountain-side.

"Your pulse is up to a hundred and ten," the Doctor said; "but all that you've got is a plain, old-fashioned case of measles. You must have caught them in Dyea, and you've greatly exaggerated them by physical strain."

My comrades put up a tent in another cabin which still wanted doors and windows, thus insuring a soft light for the protection of my eyes, which, the Doctor feared, might be affected. They nailed some saplings together for a bedstead, and were so ingenious in many ways, so kind

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in keeping the temperature the same night and day, and in attending to my wants generally, that I felt like a king in his private hospital. Jake came in every day to make sure that I was taking the doses of sage-tea that he sent in morning, noon, and night; while the big workmen came in to hint that I must not let Jake have his own way too much. And I lay on my back and thought of two things—strawberries and pineapples. I would have given all my wealth for either, but not a five-cent piece for a pear.

My convalescence was not so dull as I sat on a bench in the kitchen, learning, under Jake's tutelage, how to cook oatmeal properly, how to bake bread and to make good pies out of dried apples, and listening to him expound his ideas of the world. He was a great cynic. If you believed in one thing, he was sure to believe in the other. One of his favorite remarks with which he baited me was that "everybody is out for the stuff; there ain't no honor nowadays; and you don't catch me missin' any dollars." His boarders excused him by saying, "Any cook that's been in a minin'-camp or a lumber-camp is always a blisterin' crank." On the morning of my departure I held out a bill to Jake in partial remuneration for what he had done for me. He stirred the contents of a pot this way and that, viciously, without replying. I protested, and then he growled:

"Gwan! What d'ye take me for?"

As I waved him a good-by he called out:

"Young feller, you're all right, but you won't argue."

In two days we were at the foot of Lake Le Barge, and on the second day we had travelled thirty-five miles, which made the dogs very unfit for service on the day following.

It took us all of two days' hard work to go from the foot of Le Barge to the junction of the Hootalinqua over a portion of the Yukon known from its length as Thirty Mile River, and certainly worthy of some distinction on account of other characteristics. Many more boats of the pilgrims' flotilla were wrecked in the spring on its hidden rocks than in the White Horse Rapids, which, I may add, have received undue celebrity. If an average temperature of thirty degrees below zero continues for several weeks, the current may freeze over, but rarely is there more than bench ice along the shores; and this, owing to the increasingly moderate weather and the falling water, was fast breaking away in huge cakes which fell into the stream with a splash. Over that which remained, slippery, sometimes sloping toward the river at a considerable angle, and often only a foot or two in breadth, we must make our way. When there was no footing below the sled, we attached one end of a rope to it, wrapped the other end around our waists, and if one of us slipped and fell in the soft snow of the steep hillside above, luckily the others maintained their hold and were able to prevent both sleds and dogs from going into the river and putting an end to our little expedition there and then.

Near Hootalinqua the current slackens, and we crossed where it was completely frozen over. Above us was a great jam of the cakes that had floated down, and some of them rumbled under our feet, came out in an open place below, and then went on to form another jam. A few minutes later there was a boom, and our bridge moved downstream with the noise of a medley of bass drums. At noon on this day the sun had made the trail so soft that we sank into it up to our knees. We halted a little later, determined to start at one o'clock in the morning and take advantage of the crust frozen during the night; and we had what seemed at the time the good fortune to put up in a cabin which had been abandoned by the Mounted Police. Having had an early dinner, we were thinking of bed at six o'clock when two ragged men, their faces blackened by cooking over camp-fires, came in. They sat down, and when they had eaten with the heartiness of famished beings some things that we had left on the table, one of them, whom his companion called "the Doctor," became explanatory:

"You mustn't mind our appetites," he said. "We've just come from Dawson. My pardner there, Yukon Bill, hain't been out of the country for eight years. Go easy there, Bill! Your manners are bad."

"Shut up!" roared Bill, looking as wild as a hungry lynx.

"Oh, Bill ain't as crazy as Jim," contin-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ued the Doctor. "Jim was a sight uglier 'n Bill, an' you can see what Bill is. He took his share of the bacon on his back an' started out for himself this mornin'."

"No packin' fer me! We kept the dogs, you bet, by ——" put in Bill through a mouthful.

Jim arrived three hours later. Without paying any attention to the presence of other persons, he dropped his pack as if it were of lead, fell down on the bench, pushed back his unkempt hair, and looked vacantly at the stove.

It was plain enough that the minds of all three of our visitors, especially Jim, had been affected by the hardships that they had endured on their long tramp, with only snow, trees, dogs, and their own quarrels for companionship. Most of these grim travellers whom we met coming out from Dawson—now and then one was limping from scurvy—had neither tent nor stove, quite inadequate robes, no dishes except skillets and cups, and no food except bacon, flour, and beans, and not always beans. Earlier in the winter they put up a barrier of boughs against the wind, and slept between two great fires, kept up by the member of the party whose night it was on watch.

At eleven o'clock we slept for half an hour, only to be awakened by the arrival of another equally worn-out party, and almost the last one from Dawson that we met. By the time we were fairly asleep again these tired beings set the cabin on fire, and Jack, in his good-natured way, put the flames out for them.

At daylight I was awakened by Fritz, who was grumbling to himself about the audacity and the stomachs that some people must have. I arose to see him looking into two empty pails which he had left full of apple-sauce and beans.

"I was hungry as a dog in the night," the Doctor explained, a little later, "and I couldn't help it."

Fritz replied by looking daggers at him. Then he offered a pair of snowshoes to Fritz as an olive-branch.

"If I thought that what you've eaten would make you downright sick, I'd take 'em," said Fritz.

"'Twon't," replied the Doctor, in all honesty. "Nothin' makes me sick." And he gave the snow-shoes to Jack, whose eyes were twinkling in appreciation of the conversation.

As we started out, five or six hours later than we had planned, we resolved to eschew cabins hereafter. We had not done a half-day's work when a heavy, wet snowstorm, and the condition of the dogs compelled us to rest.

"Wear 'em out," said Jack, "and it's all up, anyway. We'll boil some beans and lay up some sleep ahead against a better trail."

Accordingly, dogs and men slept for thirteen hours.

So little did it freeze at night that the sun, now rising at four o'clock, soon thawed the crust. The Big Salmon was already open, its current destroying the trail, and leaving a field of slush with many places too deep for passage for a distance of five or six miles, which was as wearing on the dogs as a full day's journey under ordinary circumstances. We only hoped that the Big Salmon was alone in its enmity to our plans, for once the ice is out of the tributaries, the ice in the Yukon cannot last long. It seemed to be imperative that, in order to take full advantage of the slight crust which formed, we should travel nights. We made this experiment once, starting out at 10 P.M., and once was quite enough.

The thawing snow had fallen away from the path which was hardened by travel from Dawson, and therefore the better resisted the sun's rays, but when frozen was as slippery as ice. In so far as you were able to keep the sled from slewing on this razor's back, that much you aided the dogs. At intervals you walked outside the trail, plunging with every step through the crust down to the slush underneath, while, with body bent and arm extended with all the rigidity at your command, you endeavored to hold the lurching "gee-pole" steady. Early in the evening the great darkness seemed the more dense to vision strained by the sun beating on the expanse of snow by day. With their eyes bloodshot and almost closed by snow-blindness, the St. Bernards continually stumbled and fell as they leaped from one side of the trail to the other, blindly and vainly seeking a better footing. When we rested we dug holes in the crust, and throwing ourselves prostrate, drank our fill. At first, I tried

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to use a telescopic drinking-cup ; but soon I regarded it as tawdry, inefficient, and unworthy of the occasion, and followed the more robust custom of Jack, who enjoyed to the full the pleasure of having made a convert. For one who had left White Horse with a bad cough on the heels of the measles, such indulgence would seem to be the height of indiscretion. But the cough was completely gone, no room having been left for it in the development of every muscle of my body by the handling of the " gee-pole."

At these times we would pay our respects with some bitterness to the man who had made this strange and lonely trail, though in better moments we were willing to admit that he was a pioneer and a pathfinder. As soon as the ice would bear him, when the wind had drifted the snow here and there and lifted the slush ice up to be frozen into rifts, with his dogs and sleds he set his face toward the coast, winding in and out between these rifts, back and forth across the stream and along its banks, wherever he could find the best footing ; and all who came afterward followed in his footsteps. He was making a path for himself and not for us, and it was to his interest, if not to ours, to have it as crooked as the track of a snake, and on the most crooked of rivers at that.

With the falling of the water as the winter advanced the ice was rent with cracks. It fell away from the shores, leaving cakes on end and fissures. You must toil up one side of a pyramid to slide down the other ; you held your sled up literally at an angle of forty-five degrees, and sometimes you dropped into the fissures up to your hips, for the thin covering of snow often made them invisible even in the daytime. Yet to step away from the trail was like stepping off a bad corduroy road into a swamp.

In the darkness the trained eye of the master had to trust to the halt and whine of the brave little " Dude " when we came to a place where the surface water was deep or the ice had given way entirely. While the master went ahead with a pole to make soundings, Fritz seized the opportunity to roll a cigarette and to say, in a drawl, as he sat on his sled, resting :

" If I were in town, I would call a cab."

Jack had discarded his boots with sharp pegs—the three of us had worn boots since it became warmer—to put on moccasons. These were soon wet and quickly froze, giving him a sole of ice with which to walk on ice. In utter exhaustion, once the big fellow threw himself upon his " gee-pole," and gasped out something about not caring whether he went any farther or not. Then he added :

" Well, we'll outlast this trail, anyway. I guess I'll light my pipe."

Confessedly, I was rather glad of the incident. It is good to see giants nod when you have nodded yourself. Only on the previous day, over a mile of sidling trail, leaning on my sled to keep it from upsetting, and righting it when it did upset, I had momentarily, I am ashamed to say, turned cynic and protester.

An hour before dawn a scimitar of light shot across the heavens, followed by broadswords, fans, daggers, waves, and streaks of light, dancing sometimes in playful panic, and again moving in a sweep of dignity. With the aurora borealis as our candle, we passed around Freeman's Point, built a fire for luncheon in a cove and enjoyed keenly the fact that we were half-way to Dawson.

As we moved on slowly at dawn to make a few more miles before camping, we saw the penalty of this savage run which human stubbornness had insisted on making in the blood left on the trail by the wounded feet of our dogs. Jack at once covered them with the moccasons which he had brought for the purpose. It was plain enough that the continuance of night-marches was unfeasible if we desired our brave steeds to hold out as far as Dawson. While the sled slid easier at night, the excrescences of ice were as sharp as lances, and though the mushy trail of mid-day made the sled harder to pull, it was like a cushion for a wounded foot. We compromised upon a portion of both evils by determining to start at dawn and travel as fast and as long as we could, practicably. This gave only seven or eight hours on the road as against the twelve or more that we had originally planned, and in order to make the most of them we made the sacrifice for the dogs' sake of drinking ice-water for our luncheon instead of taking the time to boil chocolate. Fritz preferring to handle the " gee-pole," and I pre-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ferring to assist in keeping the equilibrium of the big sled by holding the handles at the rear, each settled down to this as his definite labor.

We now had more time for our camps; more time for our pipes of relaxation as we sat on our beds around Jack's bonfires, after the dogs were fed and dinner was eaten. On one of these nights we were talking of ambitions.

"As a boy, I wanted to drive a street-car," said Fritz. "When I grew older they still called me Freddy, and I made pictures for a living. That is enough to ruin any man; and, foreseeing this, I concluded that I'd live on flapjacks and go unwashed and be called 'pardner,' or Pete, or Bill, or make baking-powder dough, or anything, till I found a good placer mine. Then I'm going around the world, smoking the best brand of Turkish cigarettes, and looking at other people's pictures."

Jack had run away from home at the age of thirteen to the land of the Indians that had been revealed to him in a dime novel secreted in a hay-mow, and had earned his own living ever since. Meagre as was his early education, he had picked up a surprising amount of information from reading and from association. His eye was that of a scout; his knowledge of birds and animals that of a naturalist; his love of flowers that of a sentimentalist. He had varied his life as a cow-boy by many other occupations. At one time he had been a private coachman in Omaha, just to see how it would seem.

"I was gettin' pretty sick of the job," he explained, "when the old lady I drove about leaned over to me one day, confidentially. 'I'm goin' to get you a fine livery to wear,' she said. Then I realized how low I had fallen, and that evening I was a free man again."

He was longer on the Government survey than in any other employment, rising until he filled a position of considerable responsibility. Possibly it was then that he learned the ethics of camp-life; more likely they were innate. He adhered to his own soap, his own towel, and his own bedding, and was more observant of all the niceties of life than are most of the men who wear the linen collars that he despised. In all his seventeen years of wandering his greatest source of sorrow was that he had never made enough money, according to his ideas, to return home, though his pay had been as high as a hundred and fifty dollars a month. He must have a few thousands, and treat the little Pennsylvania village that was his birthplace to such extravagance as it had never seen before. If he made a "stake" in the Klondyke, he had planned to drive right up to the old folks' door with his team of huskies and a little red cart, distributing candy to the children as the procession moved forward.

When we had passed one point which we recognized as a name on the map, we looked forward from day to day, as we lessened the distance, until we should arrive at another. In camp we compared our opinions of how many miles we had made that day, and soon our estimates became surprisingly accurate. After leaving Five Fingers, all our thoughts were bent on reaching Fort Selkirk, where the Pelly, a great river of itself, joins the Yukon. The trail for this distance was better than for the fifty miles that had preceded it; and, moreover, our new plan of shorter hours and harder work was succeeding admirably.

It was at Fort Selkirk that we met Mr. Pettit—pale-faced and so slight that one wondered how he had ever been able to bear the journey into the country—in charge of a trading-post, with no companions except a large camp of Indians. He had had nothing to sell for more than a year, no steamer having come up the river to bring him a stock of supplies in the summer of 1897.

Here we ate the last of our canned delicacies, some plain sausages, and the memory of that luxurious dinner will ever be sweet. To add to our joy, Mr. Pettit came to tell us, just as we had finished the last mouthful, that the Indians were greatly excited by the arrival of the news that one of the tribe, Ulick, had killed ten caribou and two moose some thirty miles down the river. We made careful calculations as to how much tobacco we could spare, and kept a sharp lookout for Ulick, whom we met with his family dragging some of the moose back to camp. For forty-five cents' worth of tobacco we secured thirty pounds of steak for ourselves and the dogs. To

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

offers of as high as a dollar a pound for more, he merely made the reply:

"Got heap money! Want 'baccy!"

Your husky dog is no vegetarian. The strength that fresh meat gave to our team led us to feed nearly all of our supply to them.

The height and the character of the mountains towering over our heads told us that we were coming into the region of the Rockies. Every turn of the river brought into view a panorama of low, wooded islands (made in later times by a change of current); of islands that were Cyclopean masses thrown up by chaos, and the nesting-places of eagles; of mountains on either shore, whose strata seemed to have been kneaded and stirred when soft as dough, and afterward, upon solidifying, had been rent by convulsions of the earth's crust.

But one was too busy with the handles of the sled fully to enjoy scenery. He only knew that his vista seemed to be frowning upon the impudence of him and his sled and dogs breaking in upon great solitudes. Thankfully, the weather was more in our favor and the trail was harder and not so sidling. At times it was as smooth as a skating-rink for a few hundred yards, where it was protected from the sun by the shadow of the mountains and the forests; again, there was glare ice, where we might ride for a little distance, jesting merrily about private equipages and driving-parks; and, again, we drove flocks of wild ducks away from open places, making us regret that we had only revolvers with us. Far over our heads we saw great flocks of wild swans and wild geese moving northward against the background of the blue sky in stately procession, reminding us that summer was near at hand. At 2 A.M. the thermometer was at from 10 to 20 degrees below zero; at noon, 80 degrees above, and the crust at dawn had become like porridge. I had one ear blistered by the frost and the other by the sun in the same day.

But we little minded these extremes; for the trail continued to be good, until one morning we arrived at the cluster of cabins called Stewart City, at the mouth of the Stewart River, where we rested for a day. Of the inmates of the cabins we bought enough rice to piece out the rations of our dogs. It took us six days to make the remaining seventy-five miles to Dawson, though now our outfit, including bedding and kit-bags, did not weigh more than two hundred pounds. The weather at night had suddenly moderated, as if the arctic winter, after a spasmodic resistance, had given way entirely to the tropical summer. Henceforth, it was needless to put up our tent, and we slept and cooked entirely in the open, drying our wet footwear by the heat of the sun in the late afternoon.

On the afternoon of the fourth day out from Stewart, when the dogs pulled up after one of the rushes they were never too tired to make on scenting a camp, we looked up to see some figures standing on a pile of logs which they were cutting for a raft of timber for a Dawson saw-mill.

"How are ye?" they called. "Goin' to town?"

We had reached the suburbs!

"Well," replied Jack, "we've been thinkin' some of it. How far is it?"

"'Bout twenty miles. But you won't make it. The ice is likely to go out any minute."

On the day following we passed still another camp of rafters, who said that the river was open in front of Dawson. They advised us to make camp and accompany them when navigation opened.

"We'll be old inhabitants by that time," said Jack.

Every creek flowing into the river was a torrent, eating up the ice and flooding its surface. However, we were confident of reaching our destination on the morrow, though we had to desert our sleds, put some flapjacks and slices of bacon in our pockets, and climb over the mountain which hid "town" from view.

Our last camp was on a wooded island where some prospector had built a brush-house. Jack's bonfire, especially large in honor of the occasion, extended to this house, and we thought it rather good fun that we had to save our bedding from the flames. But our jubilation was not unmixed with sadness. We should not make another journey together; and we had been good comrades, always venting our anger, when it insisted upon expression, upon our sleds, and never blaming one another.

Our hair and beards were long and un-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

kempt ; our trousers were the color of mahogany ; but we felt strong enough to go up the side of a mountain on the run, and we had been so near to Nature that we could truly claim her for next-door neighbor.

"We can sleep as long as we want tomorrow," said Fritz, pulling his robe over him; "and we won't care whether it is going to freeze at night or not."

"And we won't have wet feet," Jack added. "I guess it's been twenty days since they wasn't sopping 'fore we'd been out two hours, and that slush does feel rather clammy when the sun's blisterin' overhead."

Ten miles in ten hours was the record of our last day's travel, over the worst trail we had encountered. At dusk we rounded an island, and to our right, on a small flat across the river (which here had been opened by the current of the Klondyke), we saw the cluster of cabins which was the pilgrim's Mecca. There was glare ice, however, above the Klondyke across to the little suburb of Dawson, Klondyke City. For the first time in many days we rode on our sleds, finishing our journey in triumph.

"Don't you know that it's too late to travel on the river?" asked the foremost man of the little crowd that came out to meet us.

"Yes," replied Jack, "and we've just made up our minds to quit."

Four days later, as if it had broken away all along the shores at the same moment, the ice moved on toward the sea like a great white procession, halted now and then by a jam, but not for long.

"It's a pleasure to see that trail go by," was Jack's comment, as he watched it from our cabin-door. "I only wish I might pay it back in its own kind by tripping it up a few times."

A GLIMPSE OF THE MINES

At this season of the year the inhabitants of Dawson were passing out of the chrysalis of fur caps into soiled, broad-brimmed hats resurrected from cabin-shelves ; and out of winter clothing generally into what remained of their last summer's clothing. Along the thawing bog called the main street, littered and odorous from sanitary neglect, were two rows of saloons and gambling-halls, with mining brokers' offices and the stores of shrewd speculators in food-supplies, who always had one can of condensed milk for $2.50, one can of butter for $5, and one pound of sugar for $1.50, and assured you that they were the last in the country. To look out across the flat toward the mountains was to see scattered cabins and piles of tin cans, which at once let one into the culinary secrets of an isolated community composed largely of men. At the restaurants, bacon and beans and coffee cost $2.50.

With a tiny can of cocoa, which I pounced upon in a store as if it were an Elzevir in a junk-heap, and a few staples bought at extravagant prices, we were able to prepare a superior meal in the cabin that I had leased. But this was not until we had slept gloriously for sixteen hours. Then, having had a bath and a change of underclothes, and, therefore, not being afraid to face the world, I started for the mines.

In winter and in summer the trail leads up the Klondyke to the mouth of Bonanza, three miles from Dawson, and thence up Bonanza to the working-claims, about three miles farther on. In the spring, when the currents are swollen, you must go over a high mountain by a path in the soft snow. If you have a pack, this is hard work. On the way I met a blue-faced old fellow—by his look, if not by his limp, he had the scurvy—who promptly put me in my proper social status.

"Are ye a Cheechawko?" he asked.

"I don't know, I'm sure."

"Well, then, ye are, and the river must 'a' broke. Any man's a Cheechawko until he's been in the country when the ice goes out. In the old days we could lick the Cheechawkos into shape; larn 'em to leave their latchstrings out fur a passin' stranger when they was away from hum, and larn 'em to eat what they wanted and to use the best blanket in a cabin, but to lug nothin' away. Fifty thousand of 'em, they say—clerks and farmers and dudes. They're too many fur us. Civilization's here, and it's a case of lockin' up yer dust after this. But, young man, ye can't be an old-timer, never! Ye can't be an old-timer lest ye've lived in the camps in the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

old days when a man was a man and his neighbor's brother."

And without giving me time to reply to his little lecture, he hobbled on toward the hospital.

Cheechawko is the Indian word for stranger, or, more literally, "tenderfoot," which has come into general use in the Klondyke; and toward the Cheechawko, bringing in the more penurious ways of the outside world, along with ignorance of mining, the old-timer feels a genuine resentment. I was glad of the opportunity to see the veterans ere the recruits had arrived.

Before an Indian saw a tiny nugget glistening in the gravel on the bank of Bonanza, both Bonanza and Eldorado creeks were favorite pastures of moose and caribou. Now they are as expressive of man's handiwork at its worst as the rear of a row of tenement-houses. For that Indian had for a brother-in-law a white outcast, who had made him the uncle of many half-breed children, and, moreover, had told him of a god worshipped by the outside world which had not been mentioned by the missionaries. "Siawash George" Cormack took the credit for the discovery from the Indian, and passed the word along to the mining-camps at Forty Mile and Circle City. As money plays an important part in the native politics of Alaska, Cormack's ambition to be the chief of the Stick tribe seemed near fulfilment. But his wife, an Indian princess, has determined to abjure her royal rights for the ways of civilization; and civilization is obliging and will sell to her as well as to the white women of the new Eldorado chocolate caramels and striped silks.

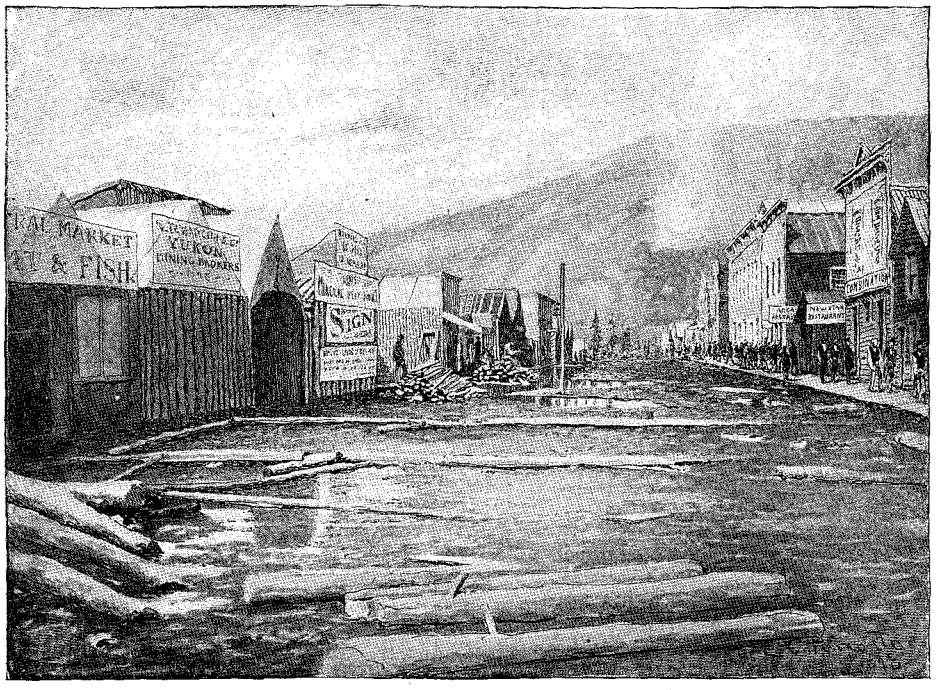
The miners from Forty Mile and Circle City staked all of Bonanza, and then staked in contempt a small tributary of Bonanza, in their phrase, a "pup," which they called Eldorado; and Eldorado turned out to be the richest placer creek of its size on record. How the gold came to Eldorado and Bonanza, whose wealth so belies their aspect, is for the geologist to say. Old-timers, who are fond of formulating theories over their cabin-fires, think that glacial action carried it to the creeks from The Dome, a huge mountain in which Eldorado and Bonanza have their headwaters.

Nine months after the discovery was made, the outside world heard of it. Such of the pilgrims attracted by the great news as were able to reach Dawson in the autumn of 1897 found that all creeks rising on the slopes of The Dome, and all other creeks that had as yet proven worth the working, had already been staked by the old-timers. Having staked the remaining creeks in a radius of from thirty to sixty miles on affidavits of having found "color," some of the new-comers rested in their cabins, eating their winter's supply of food; others found employment on the working-claims; and still others departed over the ice to escape starvation. As the humor of the saloon goes, there was left for the oncoming host of May and June an expanse of unexplored territory sufficient to keep a thousand times their number prospecting busily for a few centuries, but no gold at all, unless they could find it for themselves.

It was just on the eve of harvest-time when I first visited the creeks. In a day or two the flow of water from the gulches where the snow lay thickest would make a head sufficient to wash the yellow grain out of the dumps. In the four miles of Eldorado and the ten miles of Bonanza, lines of flumes and their dependent sluice-boxes—the lumber for which had been dragged from the Dawson saw-mill by husky dogs or cut with whip-saws—formed a network around the string of cabins occupied by claim-owners and their workmen and around piles of clayish-colored dirt, thawed out inch by inch during the short winter days, which contained virgin wealth amounting to nearly ten million dollars. The rounded hill-sides seemed as bare as the palm of the hand, scarred by broad streaks from top to bottom, showing where firewood and the timber for building the cabins and for keeping up the fires in the drifts had been slid down.

If you descended by the ladders into the holes beside the dumps to the drifts, you soon comprehended that reaping the harvest, once you have a claim, is not so easy as picking wild cranberries. It is dogged work to build fires day after day, running the risk of suffocation and permanent injury to the eyes by the smoke, and pulling up the dirt, bucketful after bucketful, by means of a windlass, with the thermometer forty below zero and your din-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The Main Street of Dawson.

ner to cook. In one spot of three or four square feet the nuggets are so thick that you can pick them out by hand as a farmer's boy picks potatoes out of a hill. In juxtaposition there may be as many more square feet which are not considered worth thawing and sluicing; and so the drifts seem like the path of a man trying to make his way to the light in darkness. From two to three feet above the real bed-rock is the false bed-rock, a stratum of stone broken into angular fragments apparently by some great forces passing overhead. Between the two is the best paying dirt, and occasionally here is found, perhaps with particles of gold sticking to it, the tusk of a mammoth who was the ruler in the valley before the days of the moose.

Once the water comes gushing down the flumes and the sluices, the men, who have been lounging in front of their cabins in the sunshine as they waited for it, pick up their shovels and begin peeling off the dirt of the dumps as fast as it is thawed by the sun and toss it into the boxes. They work by night as well as by day, if there is enough water and enough soft dirt. Of a sudden the sun beat down with such intensity—110 degrees Fahrenheit, with great drifts of snow in the gulches—for three or four days, that the little creeks became torrents, dams had to be opened, and sluice-boxes with goodly sums in them floated away from their moorings. Temporarily, there was much more water than was needed. Only too soon was the loss of the energy that had gone to waste brought home. With the snow gone and rains the only source of supply, the current dwindled until many claims had not a single sluice-head, and some had not finished washing their dumps by the end of August, instead of, as anticipated, by the end of June.

When the "clean-up" was made, you might feast your eyes on the consummation of the harvest. The water was shut off and the cleats in the boxes were lifted and rinsed, leaving the result of the day's work, which glistened with yellow particles. Just a small stream was turned on by the man at the water-gates (who was probably making the most of his rest from shovelling by smoking a pipe of cut plug) and then turned off again, or on a little more or off a little less, while the most expert miner on the claim pushed the speckled sand-pile back and forth with a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

common brush-broom until all the foreign particles had floated off, except a sprinkling of the heavy black sand which is invariably the companion of placer gold. Three or four or five thousand dollars—perhaps ten or fifteen or twenty thousand, if the "clean-up" be on Eldorado—which is three or four or five double handfuls, is put into a pan with an ordinary fire-shovel. The sight is bound to make your blood run faster, and to color your reason with an epic enthusiasm. That little yellow pile, you know at a glance, will stand the test of chemicals. Once you have seen a "color" in the bottom of a pan with the black sand following it around like a faithful servant, you can never again be deceived by the false glitter of any other particles. You would know it if you saw it between cobble-stones in Broadway, or if it were no larger than a pin-head at the bottom of a trout-pool.

Miss Mulrooney of the Forks.

For the moment, the yellow pile makes you feel like seeking a claim of your own and harvesting its treasure for yourself. But when you look at the miry path along the base of the mountain by the creek-side, and think of following it with a pack on your back until it is no more, and a wilderness begins; think of passing on over the mountains until you come to what you consider a likely place, and thawing through thirty feet of earth at the rate of a foot a day in the haphazard possibility of finding "pay dirt," you conclude that the poetry of the thing can be better appreciated by sitting on someone else's dump.

Besides, as one who did a little prospecting on his own account and is proud to say that he found a few "colors"—which is just what anyone else can do in the Klondyke region—I observed that the recent arrivals of Nestorian prospectors who took a delight in quoting to you from Emerson when their hands were reeking with clay and their gray locks were sticking through the crowns of old hats, do not like Alaska, though free to admit its material opportunities. They could not be weaned from the temperate climate and the skies of California, and were determined to return to their old stamping-grounds, where any honest prospector can get a "grubstake" from a speculative city man, and needs nothing more to make him happy and free.

So be it; and the more is it fitting that the true Alaskan hermits, members of the early communities of gold-seekers in the Yukon valley, who bore the brunt of the robust business of pioneering, should occupy the cabins of the masters on the Eldorado and the Bonanza claims. Graduates of colleges and universities, who work for them with pick and shovel for a dollar an hour, did not come into the country until after the great "strike," and must take the consequences. You feel a real sympathy with those of the old-timers who sold for a few hundred dollars, before they were prospected, claims on Eldorado that will produce nearly a million. For my part, I cannot overcome my strong antipathy to the Canadian Government because it placed a royalty of ten per cent. on the output of claims and no tax at all on the saloons, while it sent as expert inspectors to collect this royalty a keeper of a livery stable and a captain of a whaler, whose fitness for their positions was a political "pull." These and most of the other civil officials, so far as I could learn, were amassing fortunes at the expense of the honest prospector.

On the rounded hills above the valleys of Eldorado and Bonanza were many fresh mounds of earth, as if the population of the Klondyke, man by man, was digging graves—and graves of many ambitions these were, in all truth.

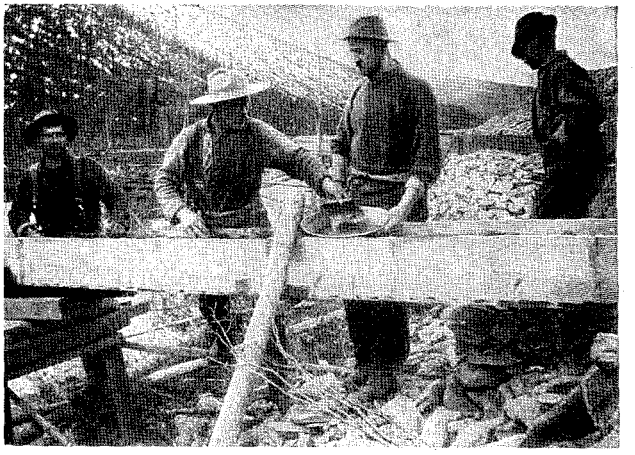
In some dips of the hill-side will be found

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

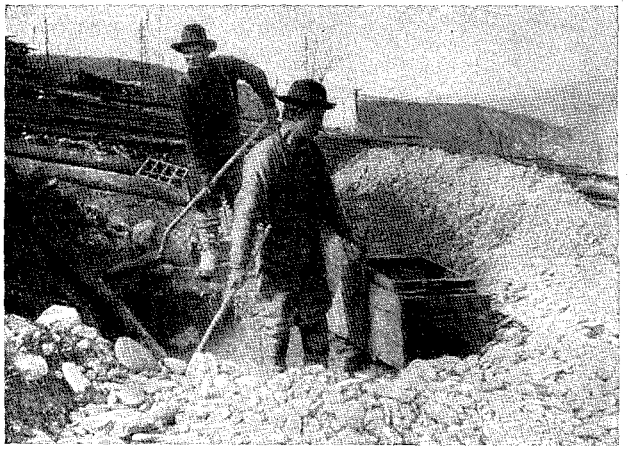
a few hundred square feet which are foot for foot as rich as the bed of Eldorado. I enjoyed nothing better than to spend an afternoon with Joe Staley and Billy Deddering, the discoverers of the richest "bench," that of French Gulch, who took $187 out of their first pan on bedrock. Joe is a gaunt bachelor of forty-five years; Billy is a little German, round-faced and satisfied to accept things as they come, or their absence if they do not come.

The bench claim is, in fact, the only "poor man's claim." As against the creek claim, which requires sluice-boxes and wages for your workmen through the winter before you can realize upon it, the sun in summer will thaw the dirt on a bench claim; and then you need only a rocker to "take your money out with your own hands," as the expression goes.

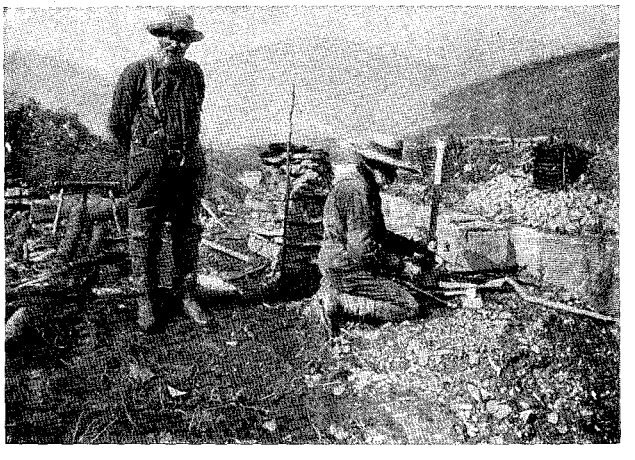
I think that Joe Staley was the happiest man in the Klondyke on the day the discovery was made. He did not go to "town" until he had enough to pay off the mortgage on his mother's farm in Ohio, and he looked forward to the time when his wanderings for twenty years as a prospector should be at an end, and he might settle down to a peaceful existence on the old homestead. But one day, in Dawson, when we had eaten fresh eggs and other luxuries which had just been brought in from the "outside," as he pushed his plate away from him, he shook his head dubiously.



Putting the Gold in the Pan After the Cleaner.



Joe Staley and Billy Deddering.



Two Brothers who have been "Pardners" for Forty Years.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"I dunno as I'll be so happy as I thought when I settle down among the cows and chickens," he mused. "This grub don't taste the way I thought 'twould. Darned if I don't like the beans and bacon that I have up at the claim better; and I'll be glad to be back carryin' dirt to the rocker for Billy to-morrow. They say once the gold fever's in a fellow's bones it sticks like the rheumatiz, and I believe it. I reckon it's the only thing I'll be satisfied with in this life."

One of the claims near Joe's, which is even richer than his, was sold for a hundred dollars a few days after it was staked, and there had followed the stampede to the new "strike" the usual reaction in faith in its value. The fortunate purchaser washed out a thousand dollars in the first day with his rocker, and in his patch of hill-side, one hundred feet square, there is probably all of $75,000. Another claim, and perhaps more valuable yet, was staked by a runaway boy from the East. When I met him one day, he was laughing over the joke he had played on the old folks at home. For the first time in five years he had written to them.

"I just told 'em," he said, "I'd been in the Klondyke—they don't even know that—and I'd be out on the last steamer with fifty thousand, cold."

By mid-June more than thirty thousand Cheechawkos were in Dawson. They had the satisfaction of looking in at the saloons where much of the gold from the "clean-up" was being spent; of having pointed out to them the leading gambler, and that shrewd Scotchman, Alexander McDonald, who has risen in two years from daily wages to the ownership of fifty claims, and whom they call "King of the Klondyke;" of seeing Dawson nod when the King nodded. Only this excitement did not long atone for other disappointments. They went up the creeks by the trails running at one side of the claims. Sometimes they mistook mica sparkling in the sand of the rivulets for gold. The old-timers laughed at them. Wherever they found anything worth staking on account of contiguity to a good claim, it had been staked months ago. They returned to Dawson in the state of mind of one who has seen the sights, and is a little discouraged to find himself so far from home.

The claim-owners sitting in front of Miss Mulrooney's hotel with full stomachs, smoking cigars and waiting for rain, used to guy the new-comers as they passed with their packs, their new shovels, and their new pans. At this season everyone travels at night, the damp mist rising from the frozen ground being more bearable than the beating sun and the mosquitoes of the daytime.

Miss Mulrooney had been a Cheechawko herself, and she took the Cheechawko's part. When she went to the Klondyke a steamship company lost a good stewardess, and she became an employer instead of an employee. She hired the one surviving mule in Dawson for $20 a day, and personally superintended his labors in dragging the logs to the site at the junction of Eldorado and Bonanza—the centre of the community of wealth, as she foresaw—called The Forks, where she built a hotel of no less than two stories. Her rates were the highest in the Klondyke, $3.50 a meal; but she had secured the best food before the cry of famine was heard and prices rose, and you felt that her blankets—do not think that we ever had sheets—were the cleanest in that region. Thanks to her tact and the miners' respect for her, no public-house was so orderly. As a group of her guests was sitting on the bench by her door, when the everlasting light of the arctic summer seemed to have taken hold of our nerves so that we could not sleep, she said:

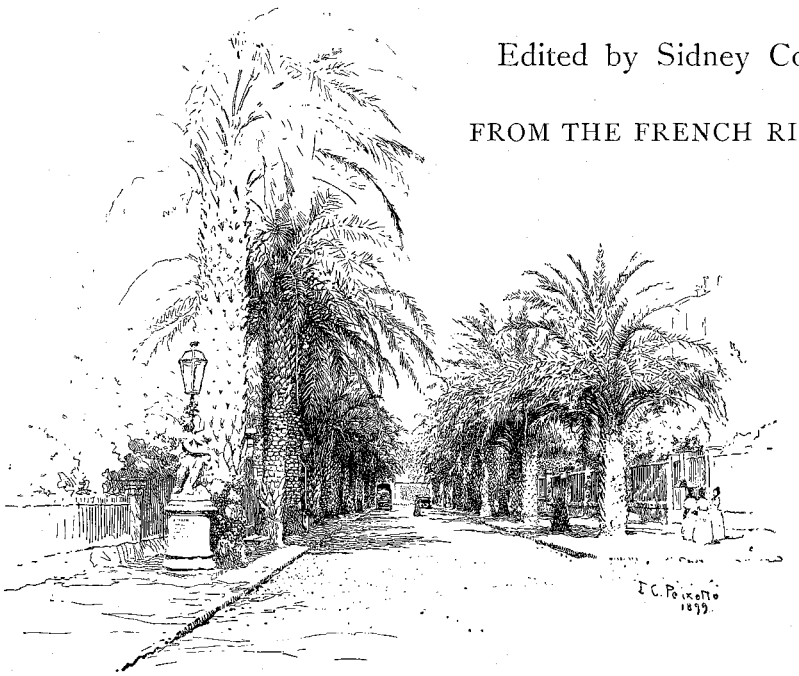
"I'm thinkin' few will ever mistake the Klondyke for a pleasure-resort."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE
LETTERS OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Edited by Sidney Colvin

FROM THE FRENCH RIVIERA

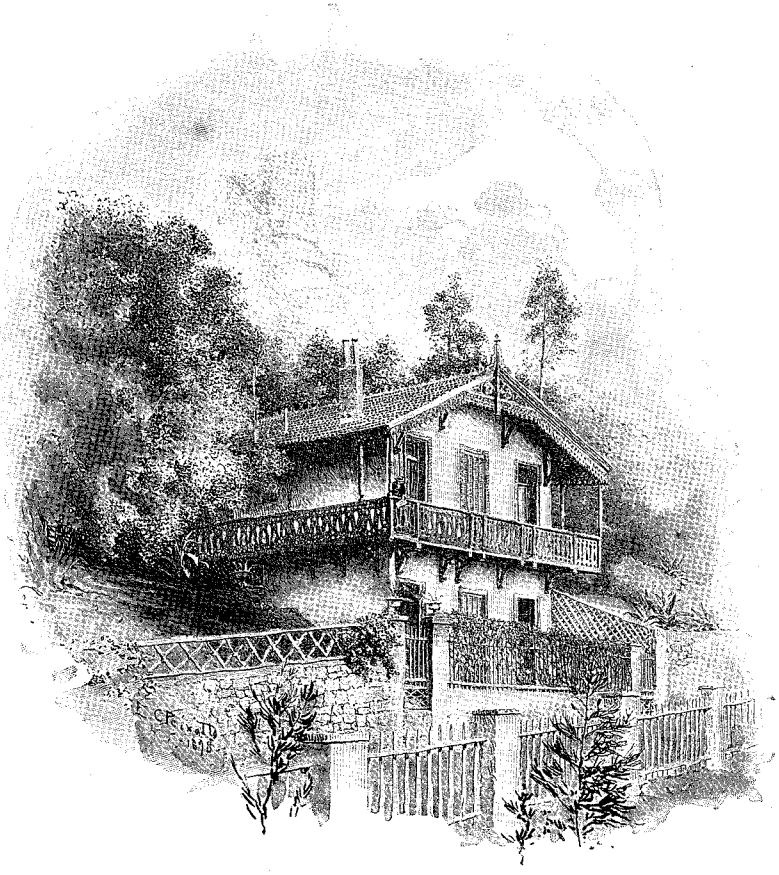


Boulevard des Palmiers, Hyères.

HYÈRES, 1883-4.

THE letters quoted in our last number told the story of the visit to Mentone by which Stevenson's health, after a threatening breakdown at Edinburgh, was partially restored in the winter of 1873–74. Nine years passed before the accidents of life brought him again as an invalid to the Provençal coast. During those years he had, first of all, finished his studies for the Bar, passing as Advocate in July, 1875. Having in order to please his parents acquired this professional label, and the social status which it was held to confer, he thenceforth devoted himself entirely to the predestined work of his life, namely literature; living still for the next four years chiefly in his father's house, but treating himself to periods of absence, which grew yearly longer, both among his friends in London and in the artist haunts of Paris and Fontainebleau. Then, in 1879–80, came the adventurous visit to the Californian coast which ended in his marriage; and from which he returned with his happiness, indeed, secured, but his health badly shaken. The next three summers (1880, 1881, 1882) were spent in Scotland, where the climate once and again undid what good he had gained from intervening winter sojourns at Davos, in Switzerland. At last, in the late autumn of 1882, having thus far made no real progress toward recovery, he determined again to try the Mediterranean coast of France. A first experiment at Montpellier, and a second and longer one in an attractive suburb of Marseilles, having failed, he moved in March, 1883, to Hyères, and there rented a cramped but habitable chalet, "La Solitude," having a pleasant garden, and situated in a fine airy position above the town. Here he and his family lived for the next fifteen months. To the first part of this period he often afterward referred as the happiest time of his life. His malady remained quiescent enough to afford, at least to his own buoyant spirit, a strong hope of ultimate recovery. He delighted in his surroundings, and realized for the first time the joys of a true home of his own. The last shadow of a cloud between himself and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

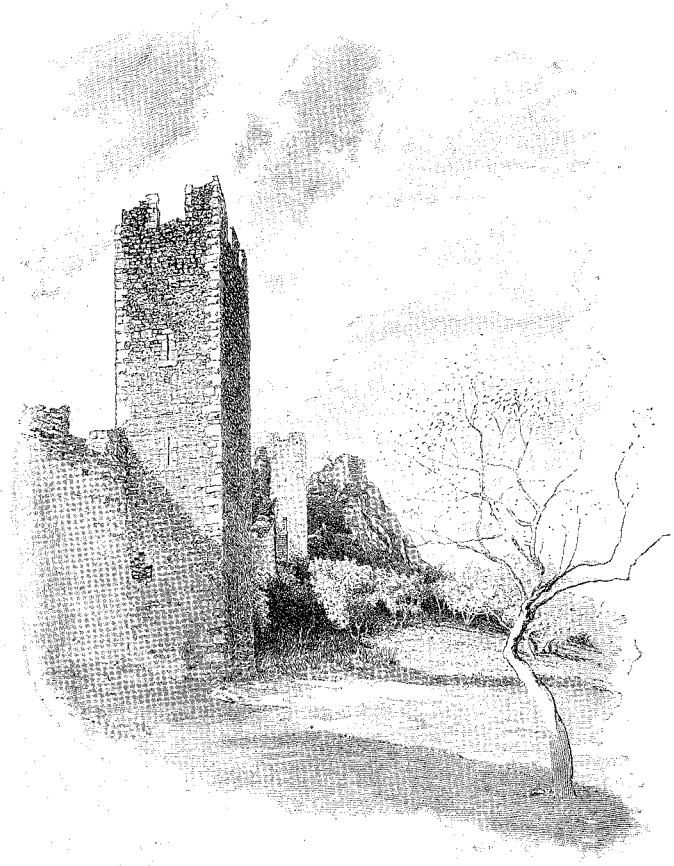


Chalet La Solitude, Hyères.

his parents had long passed away; and toward his father, now in declining health and often suffering from moods of constitutional depression, the son begins on his part to assume, how touchingly and tenderly will be seen from the following letters, a quasi-paternal attitude of encouragement and monition. At the same time his work on the *Silverado Squatters*, the *Black Arrow* (designated hereinafter, on account of its old English dialect, as "tushery"), *Prince Otto*, the *Child's Garden of Verses* (for which his own name was *Penny Whistles*), and other undertakings prospered well; while the publication of *Treasure Island* in book form brought with it the first breath of popular applause. In the autumn came a heavy blow in the death of his old friend James Walter Ferrier (see the essay "Old Mortality," and the references in the following letters); but still his health held out fairly, until in January, 1884, on a visit to Nice, he was unexpectedly prostrated anew by a complication of attacks which for the time being brought him to death's door. Returning to Hyères, his recovery had been only partial, when after four months (May, 1884), a recurrence of violent hemorrhages once more prostrated him completely; soon after which he quitted Hyères, and the epidemic of cholera which broke out there the same summer prevented all thoughts of his return.

The time, both during the happy and hard-working months of April-December, 1883, and the semi-convalescence of February-May, 1884, was a prolific one in the way of correspondence. In the limits here at my disposal, I can only illustrate its yield by a few disconnected examples, which I have taken by dipping as it were almost at random into the lucky-bag. In the first, Stevenson announces to his mother the intention of trying the new home. In the second, he invites, in his own name and his wife's, his old friend and confidante of the Edinburgh days to come and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Ruins of the Château d'Hyères.

see its beauties for herself. The rest are addressed miscellaneously to Mr. Henley, with whom he was at this time working in close alliance on the *Magazine of Art* and elsewhere; to his parents; to Mr. Will H. Low, of New York, an old intimate of Fontainebleau days, and a name very familiar to readers of this Magazine; to Mr. Gosse; and to myself.

SIDNEY COLVIN.

HÔTEL DES ILES D'OR, HYÈRES, VAR,
March 2, 1883.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—It must be at least a fortnight since we have had a scratch of a pen from you; and if it had not been for Cummy's letter, I should have feared you were worse again: as it is, I hope we shall hear from you to-day or to-morrow at latest.

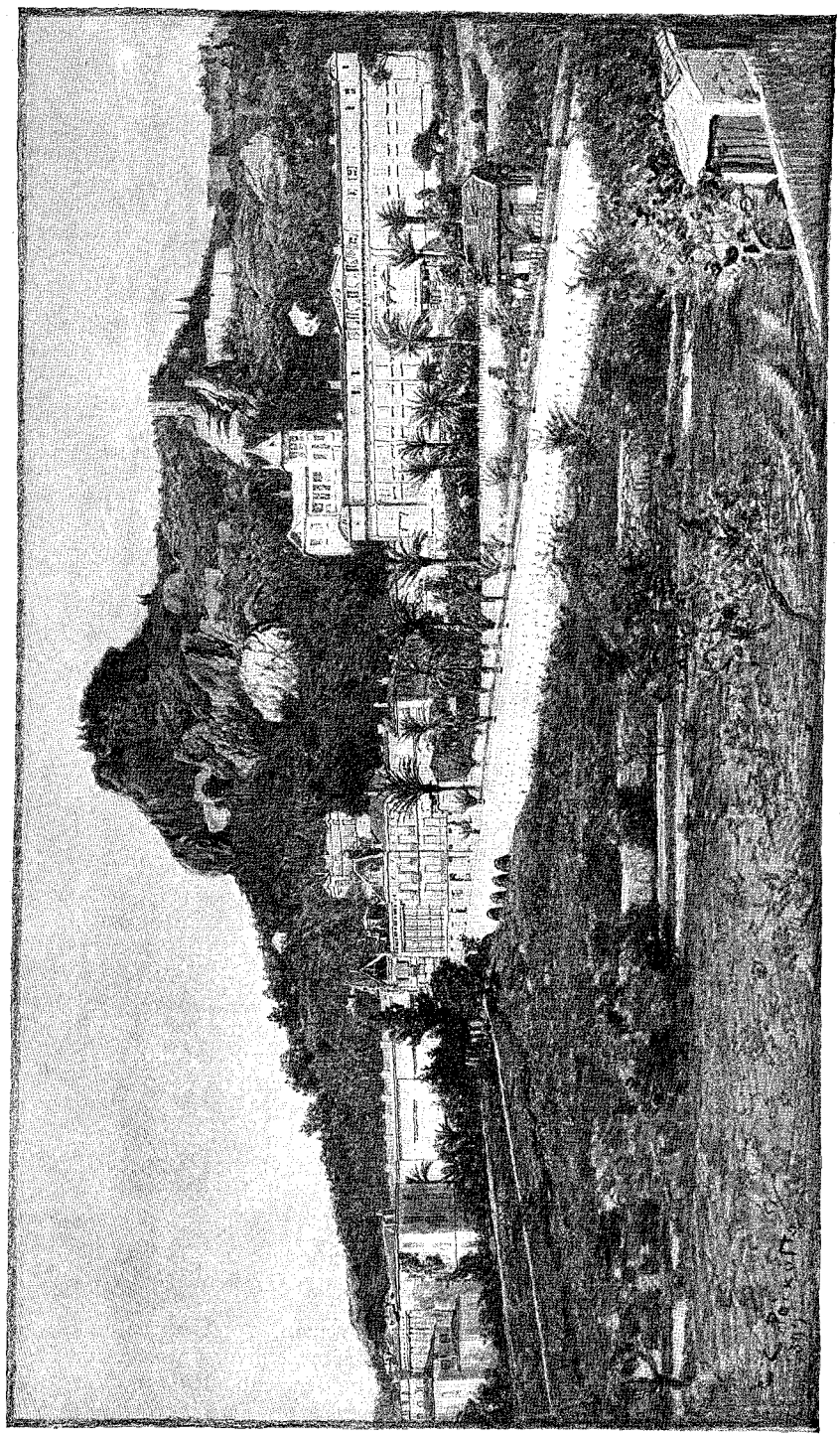
Health.—Our news is good: Fanny, though very useless, has never got so bad as we feared, and we hope now that this attack may pass off in threatenings. I am greatly better, have gained flesh, strength, spirits; eat well, walk a good deal, and do some work without fatigue. I am off the sick list.

Lodging.—We have found a house up the hill, close to the town, an excellent place though very, very little. If I can get the landlord to agree to let us take it by the month just now, and let our month's rent count for the year, in case we take it on, you may expect to hear we are again installed, and to receive a letter dated thus:—

La Solitude,
Hyères-les-Palmiers,
Var.

If the man won't agree to that, of course I must give it up, as the house would be dear enough anyway at 2000 f. However, I hope we may get it, as it is healthy, cheerful, and close to shops, and society, and civilisation. The garden, which is above, is lovely, and will be cool

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Hyères.

La Solitude lay in the slope of the hill to the left of the rocky summit.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in summer. There are two rooms below with a kitchen, and four rooms above, all told.—Ever your affectionate son,

R. L. Stevenson.

Chalet la Solitude,
Hyeres les Palmiers, Var [April, 1883].

My Dear Friend,—I am one of the lowest of the—but that's understood. I received the copy [fair copies for the printer of the *Child's Garden* verses], excellently written, with I think only one slip from first to last. I have struck out two, and added five or six; so they now number 45; when they are fifty, they shall out on the world. I have not written a letter for a cruel time; I have been, and am, so busy, drafting a long story (for me, I mean), about a hundred *Cornhill* pages, or say about as long as the Donkey book: *Prince Otto* it is called, and is, at the present hour, a sore burthen but a hopeful. If I had him all drafted, I should whistle and sing. But no: then I'll have to rewrite him; and then there will be the publishers, alas! But sometime or other, I shall whistle and sing, I make no doubt.

I am going to make a fortune, it has not yet begun, for I am not yet clear of debt; but as soon as I can, I begin upon the fortune. I shall begin it with a halfpenny, and it shall end with horses and yachts and all the fun of the fair. This is the first real grey hair in my character; rapacity has begun to show, the greed of the protuberant guttler. Well, doubtless, when the hour strikes, we must all guttle and protube. But it comes hard on one who was always so willow-slender and as careless as the daisies.

Truly I am in excellent spirits. Thanks to prompt counsels from F. on his visit, I have crushed through a financial crisis; Fanny is much better; I am in excellent health, and work from four to five hours a day—from one to two above my average, that is; and we all dwell together and make fortunes in the loveliest house you ever saw, with a garden like a fairy story, and a view like a classical landscape.

Little? Well, it is not large. And when you come to see us, you will probably have to bed at the hotel, which is hard by. But it is Eden, madam, Eden and Beulah and the Delectable Mountains and Eldorado and the Hesperidean Isles and Bimini!

We both look forward, my dear friend, with the greatest eagerness to have you here. It seems it is not to be this season; but I appoint you with an appointment for next season. You cannot see us else: remember that. Till my health has grown solid like an oak-tree, till my fortune begins really to spread its boughs like the same monarch of the woods (and the acorn, ay de mi! is not yet planted), I expect to be a prisoner among the palms.

Yet it is like old times to be writing you from the Riviera, and after all that has come and gone, who can predict anything? How fortune tumbles men about! Yet I have not found that they change their friends, thank God.

Both of our loves to your sister and yourself. As for me, if I am here and happy, I know to whom I owe it; I know who made my way for me in life, if that were all, and I remain, with love, your faithful friend,

Robert Louis Stevenson.

[The following is to Mr. Henley: *Brashiana* were some squibs in sonnet form, referring to boyish haunts and pranks in Edinburgh.]

Hyères [April, 1883?].

Dear Lad,—I was delighted to hear the good news about ——. Bravo, he goes uphill fast. Let him beware of vanity, and he will go higher; let him be still discontented, and let him (if it might be) see the merits and not the faults of his rivals, and he may swarm at last to the top-gallant. There is no other way. Admiration is the only road to excellence; and the critical spirit kills, but envy and injustice are putrefaction on its feet.

Thus far the moralist. The eager author now begs to know whether you may have got the other *Whistles*, and whether a fresh proof is to be taken; also whether in that case the dedication should not be printed therewith; Bulk Delights Publishers (original aphorism; to be said sixteen times in succession as a test of sobriety).

I do assure you I am getting better every day; and if the weather would but turn, I should soon be observed to walk in hornpipes. Truly I am on the mend. I am

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

still very careful. I have the new dictionary; a joy, a thing of beauty, and—bulk. I shall be raked i' the mools before it's finished; that is the only pity; but meanwhile I sing.

I beg to inform you that I, Robert Louis Stevenson, author of *Brashiana* and other works, am merely beginning to commence to prepare to make a first start at trying to understand my profession. O the height and depth of novelty and worth in any art! and O that I am privileged to swim and shoulder through such oceans! Could one get out of sight of land—all in the blue? Alas not, being anchored here in flesh, and the bonds of logic being still about us.

But what a great space and a great air there is in these small shallows where alone we venture! and how new each sight, squall, calm, or sunrise! An art is a fine fortune, a palace in a park, a band of music, health, and physical beauty; all but love—to any worthy practiser. I sleep upon my art for a pillow; I waken in my art; I am unready for death, because I hate to leave it. I love my wife, I do not know how much, nor can, nor shall, unless I lost her; but while I can conceive my being widowed, I refuse the offering of life without my art. I *am* not but in my art: it is me; I am the body of it merely.

And yet I produce nothing, am the author of *Brashiana* and other works: tiddyidity—as if the works one wrote were anything but prentice's experiments. Dear reader, I deceive you with husks, the real works and all the pleasure are still mine and incommunicable. After this break in my work, beginning to return to it, as from light sleep, I was exclamatory as you see.

Sursum Corda:
Heave ahead:
Here's luck.
Art and Blue Heaven,
April and God's Larks.
Green reeds and the sky-scattering river.
A stately music.
Enter God!

Ay, but you know, until a man can write that "Enter God," he has made no Art! None! Come, let us take counsel together and make some! R. L. S.

CHALET SOLITUDE, May 5th [1883].

MY DEAREST PEOPLE,—I have had a great piece of news. There has been offered for *Treasure Island*—how much do you suppose? I believe it would be an excellent jest to keep the answer till my next letter. For two cents I would do so. Shall I? Anyway, I'll turn the page first. No—well—A hundred pounds, all alive, O! A hundred jingling, tingling, golden, minted quid. Is not this wonderful? And that I have now finished, in draft, the fifteenth chapter of my novel, and have only five before me, and you will see what cause of gratitude I have.

The weather, to look at the per contra sheet, continues vomitable; and Fanny is quite out of sorts. But, really, with such cause of gladness, I have not the heart to be dispirited by anything. My child's verse book is finished, dedication and all, and out of my hands—you may tell Cummy; *Silverado* is done, too, and cast upon the waters; and this novel so near completion, it does look as if I should support myself without trouble in the future. If I have only health, I can, I thank God. It is dreadful to be a great, big man, and not be able to buy bread.

O that this may last!

I have to-day paid my rent for the half year, till the middle of September, and got my lease: why they have been so long, I know not.

I wish you all sorts of good things.

When is our marriage day?—Your loving and ecstatic son,

TREESURE EILAAN.

It has been for me a Treasure Island verily.

LA SOLITUDE, HYÈRES-LES-PALMIERS, VAR.
[May 20th, 1883.]

MY DEAR GOSSE,—I enclose the receipt and the corrections. As for your letter and Gilder's, I must take an hour or so to think; the matter much importing—to me. The £40 was a heavenly thing.

I send the MS. by Henley, because he acts for me in all matters, and had the thing [*Silverado Squatters*], like all my other books, in his detention. He is my unpaid agent—an admirable arrangement for me, and one that has rather more than doubled my income on the spot.

If I have been long silent, think how long you were so, and blush, sir, blush.

I was rendered unwell by the arrival of your cheque, and, like Pepys, "my hand

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

still shakes to write of it." To this grateful emotion, and not to D. T., please attribute the raggedness of my hand.

This year I should be able to live and keep my family on my own earnings, and that in spite of eight months and more of perfect idleness at the end of last and beginning of this. It is a sweet thought.

This spot, our garden and our view, are sub-celestial. I sing daily with my Bunyan that great bard,

I dwell already the next door to Heaven!

If you could see my roses, and my aloes, and my fig-marigolds, and my olives, and my view over a plain, and my view of certain mountains as graceful as Apollo, as severe as Zeus, you would not think the phrase exaggerated.

It is blowing to-day a *hot* mistral, which is the devil or a near connection of his.

This to catch the post.—Yours affectionately, R. L. STEVENSON.

[The financial sun, owing to unexpected expenses in connection with the new installation, was presently shining less brightly, as the two following letters to Mr. Henley show.]

LA SOLITUDE, HYÈRES-LES-PALMIERS, VAR.

MY DEAR LAD,—The books came some time since, but I have not had the pluck to answer: a shower of small troubles having fallen in, or troubles that may be very large.

I have had to incur a huge vague debt for cleaning sewers; our house was (of course) riddled with hidden cesspools, but that was infallible.

I have the fever; Lloyd pines, I don't quite know why; it is uneasifying. I feel the duty to work very heavy on me at times, with the fever; yet go it must. I have had to leave *Fontainebleau*, when three hours would finish it, and go full-tilt at tushery for awhile. But it will come soon.

I think I can give you a good article on Hokusai; but that is for afterwards; *Fontainebleau* is first in hand.

By the way, my view is to give the *Penny Whistles* to Crane or Greenaway. But Crane, I think, is likeliest; he is a fellow who, at least, always does his best. Cassell, I suppose, went back on 'em?

Shall I ever have money enough to write a play? O dire necessity!

A word in your ear: I don't like trying to support myself. I hate the strain and the anxiety; and when unexpected expenses are foisted on me, I feel the world is playing with false dice.—Now I must Tush, adieu,

AN ACHING, FEVERED, PENNY-JOURNALIST.

A lytle Jape of TUSHERIE, by A. Tusher.

The pleasant river gushes
Among the meadows green;
At home the author tushes;
For him it flows unseen.

The Birds among the Bŭshes
May wanton on the spray;
But vain for him who tushes
The brightness of the day!

The frog among the rushes
Sits singing in the blue,
By'r la'kin! but these tushes
Are wearisome to do!

The task entirely crushes
The spirit of the bard:
God pity him who tushes—
His task is very hard.

The filthy gutter slushes,
The clouds are full of rain,
But doomed is he who tushes
To tush and tush again.

At morn with his hair-brŭshes,
Still "tush" he says, and weeps;
At night again he tushes
And tushes till he sleeps.

And when at length he pŭshes
Beyond the river dark—
'Las, to the man who tushes,
"Tush" shall be God's remark!

HYÈRES, 1883.

DEAR LAD,—Snatches in return for yours; for this little once, I'm well to windward of you.

Seventeen chapters of *Otto* are now drafted, and finding I was working through my voice and getting screechy, I have turned back again to rewrite the earlier part. It has, I do believe, some merit: of what order of course, I am the last to know; and triumph of triumphs, my wife—my wife who hates and loathes and slates my women—admits a great part of my Countess to be on the spot.

Yes, I could borrow, but it is the joy of being before the public, for once. Really, £100 is a sight more than *Treasure Island* is worth.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The reason of my *dêche?* Well, if you begin one house, have to desert it, begin another, and are eight months without doing any work, you will be in a *dêche* too. I am not in a *dêche*, however; *distinguo*—I would fain distinguish; I am rather a swell, but *not solvent*. At a touch the edifice, *ædificium*, might collapse. If my creditors began to babble around me, I would sink with a slow strain of music into the crimson west. The difficulty in my elegant villa is to find oil, *oleum*, for the dam axles. But I've paid my rent until September; and beyond the chemist, the grocer, the baker, the doctor, the gardener, Lloyd's teacher, and the great chief creditor Death, I can snap my fingers at all men. Why will people spring bills on you? I try to make 'em charge me at the moment; they won't, the money goes, the debt remains.

The Required Play is in the *Merry Men*—Q. E. F. I thus render honor to your *flair;* it came on me of a clap; I do not see it yet beyond a kind of sunset glory. But it's there: passion, romance, the picturesque, involved: startling, simple, horrid: a sea-pink in sea-froth! *S'agit de la désenterrer.* "Help!" cries a buried masterpiece.

Once I see my way to the year's end, clear, I turn to plays; till then I grind at letters; finish *Otto;* write, say a couple of my *Traveller's Tales;* and then, if all my ships come home, I will attack the drama in earnest. I cannot mix the skeins. Thus, though I'm morally sure there is a play in *Otto*, I dare not look for it: I shoot straight at the story.

As a story, a comedy, I think *Otto* very well constructed; the echoes are very good, all the sentiments change round, and the points of view are continually and, I think (if you please), happily contrasted. None of it is exactly funny, but some of it is smiling. R. L. S.

[The following letter to his father was written soon after receiving the news of the death of his friend Mr. J. W. Ferrier, and refers incidentally to the work of advice on conduct and the problems of a young man's life, which he at various times took up and laid by under the titles, "Lay Morals," "Reflections and Remarks on Human Life," etc.]

La Solitude, Hyères-les-Palmiers, Var, October 12, 1883.

My Dear Father,—I have just lunched; the day is exquisite, the air comes through the open window rich with odor, and I am by no means spiritually minded. Your letter, however, was very much valued, and has been read oftener than once. What you say about yourself I was glad to hear; a little decent resignation is not only becoming a Christian, but is likely to be excellent for the health of a Stevenson. To fret and fume is undignified, suicidally foolish, and theologically unpardonable; we are here not to make, but to tread predestined, pathways; we are the foam of a wave, and to preserve a proper equanimity is not merely the first part of submission to God, but the chief of possible kindnesses to those about us. I am lecturing myself, but you also. To do our best is one part, but to wash our hands smilingly of the consequence is the next part, of any sensible virtue. And no one but an atheist has the right to wrangle over anything but his own conscious sins.

I have come, for the moment, to a pause in my moral works; for I have many irons in the fire, and I wish to finish something to bring coin before I can afford to go on with what I think doubtfully to be a duty. It is a most difficult work; a touch of the parson will drive off those I hope to influence; a touch of overstrained laxity, besides disgusting like a grimace, may do harm. Nothing that I have ever seen yet speaks directly and efficaciously to young men; and I do hope I may find the art and wisdom to fill up a gap. The great point, as I see it, is to ask as little as possible, and meet, if it may be, every view or absence of view; and it should be, must be, easy. Honesty is the one desideratum; but think how hard a one to meet. I think all the time of Ferrier and myself; these are the pair that I address. Poor Ferrier, so much a better man than I, and such a temporal wreck. But the thing of which we must divest our minds is to look partially upon others; *all* is to be viewed; and the creature judged, as he must be by his Creator, not dissected through a prism of morals, but in the unrefracted ray. So seen, and in relation to the almost omnipotent surround-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ings, who is to distinguish between F. and such a man as Dr. Candlish, or between such a man as David Hume and such an one as Robert Burns? To compare my poor and good Walter with myself is to make me start; he, upon all grounds above the merely expedient, was the nobler being. Yet wrecked utterly; health, money, self-respect, all squandered ere the full age of manhood; and the last skirmishes so well fought, so humanly useless, so pathetically brave, only the leaps of an expiring lamp. All this is a very pointed instance. It shuts the mouth. I have learned more, in some ways, from him than from any other soul I ever met; and he, strange to think, was the best gentleman, in all kinder senses, that I ever knew.—Ever your affectionate son,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

LA SOLITUDE, HYÈRES-LES-PALMIERS, VAR.
[1883.]

MY DEAR LOW,— . . . Some day or other, in Cassell's *Magazine of Art*, you will see a paper which will interest you and where your name appears. It is called, "Fontainebleau: Village Communities of Artists," and the signature of R. L. Stevenson will be found annexed.

Please tell the editor of *Manhattan* the following secrets for me: 1st, that I am a beast; 2nd, that I owe him a letter; 3rd, that I have lost his, and cannot recall either his name or address; 4th, that I am very deep in engagements, which my absurd health makes it hard for me to overtake; but 5th, that I will bear him in mind; 6th and last, that I am a brute.

My address is still the same, and I live in a most sweet corner of the universe, sea and fine hills before me, and a rich variegated plain; and at my back a craggy hill, loaded with vast feudal ruins. I am very quiet; a person passing by my door half startles me; but I enjoy the most aromatic airs, and at night the most wonderful view into a moonlit garden. By day this garden fades into nothing, overpowered by its surroundings and the luminous distance; but at night and when the moon is out, that garden, the arbor, the flight of stairs that mount the artificial hillock, the plumed blue gum-trees that hang trembling, become the very skirts of Paradise. Angels I know frequent it; and it thrills all night with the flutes of silence. Damn that garden;—and by day it is gone.

Continue to testify boldly against realism. Down with Dagon, the fish god! All art swings down towards imitation, in these days, fatally. But the man who loves art with wisdom sees the joke; it is the lustful that tremble and respect her ladyship; but the honest and romantic lovers of the muse can see a joke and sit down to laugh with Apollo.

The prospect of your return to Europe is very agreeable; and I was pleased by what you said about your parents. One of my oldest friends died recently; and this has given me new thoughts of death. Up to now I had rather thought of him as a mere personal enemy of my own; but now that I see him hunting after my friends, he looks altogether darker. My own father is not well; and Henley, of whom you must have heard me speak, is in a questionable state of health. These things are very solemn, and take some of the color out of life. It is a great thing after all to be a man of reasonable honor and kindness. Do you remember once consulting me in Paris, whether you had not better sacrifice honesty to art; and how, after much confabulation, we agreed that your art would suffer if you did? We decided better than we knew. In this strange welter where we live, all hangs together by a million filaments; and to do reasonably well by others, is the first pre-requisite of art. Art is a virtue; and if I were the man I should be, my art would rise in the proportion of my life.

If you were privileged to give some happiness to your parents, I know your art will gain by it. *By God, it will!*
Sic subscribitur, R. L. S.

[October 23, 1883.]
CHALET DE LA SOLITUDE, HYÈRES,
VAR, FRANCE.

MY DEAR LOW,—*C'est d'un bon camarade;* and I am much obliged to you for your two letters and the inclosure. Times are a litle changed with all of us, since the ever memorable days of Lavenu: hallowed be his name? Hallowed his old Fleury, of which you did not see—I think—as I did—the glorious apotheosis: advanced on a Tuesday to three francs,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

on the Thursday to six, and on Friday swept off, holus bolus, for the proprietor's private consumption. Well, we had the start of that proprietor. Many a good bottle came our way, and was, I think, worthily made welcome.

I am pleased that Mr. Gilder should like my literature; and I ask you particularly to thank Mr. Bunner (have I the name right?) for his notice, which was of that friendly, headlong sort that really pleases an author like what the French call a "shake-hands." It pleases me the more coming from the States, where I have met not much recognition, save from the buccaneers, and above all from pirates who misspell my name. I saw my book advertised in a number of the *Critic* as the work of one R. L. Stephenson; and, I own, I boiled. It is so easy to know the name of the man whose book you have stolen; for there it is, at full length, on the title-page of your booty. But no, damn him, not he! He calls me Stephenson. These woes I only refer to by the way, as they set a higher value on the *Century* notice.

I am now a person with an established ill-health—a wife—a dog possessed with an evil, a Gadarean spirit—a chalet on a hill, looking out over the Mediterranean—a certain reputation—and very obscure finances. Otherwise, very much the same, I guess; and were a bottle of Fleury a thing to be obtained, capable of developing theories along with a fit spirit even as of yore. Yet I now draw near to the middle ages; nearly three years ago, that fatal Thirty struck; and yet the great work is not yet done—not yet even conceived. But so, as one goes on, the wood seems to thicken, the footpath to narrow, and the House Beautiful on the hill's summit to draw further and further away. We learn, indeed, to use our means; but only to learn, along with it, the paralyzing knowledge that these means are only applicable to two or three poor commonplace motives. Eight years ago, if I could have slung ink as I can now, I should have thought myself well on the road after Shakespeare; and now—I find I have only got a pair of walking-shoes and not yet begun to travel. And art is still away there on the mountain summit. But I need not continue; for of course this is your story just as much as it is mine; and, strange to think, it was Shakespeare's too, and Beethoven's, and Phidias's. It is a blessed thing that, in this forest of art, we can pursue our woodlice and sparrows, *and not catch them*, with almost the same fervor of exhilaration as that with which Sophocles hunted and brought down the Mastodon.

Tell me something of your work, and your wife.—My dear fellow, I am yours ever, R. L. Stevenson.

My wife begs to be remembered to both of you; I cannot say as much for my dog, who has never seen you, but he would like, on general principles, to bite you.

La Solitude, Hyères-Les-Palmiers, Var.
November, 1883.

My dear Colvin,—I have been bad, but as you were worse, I feel no shame. I raise a blooming countenance, not the evidence of a self-righteous spirit.

I continue my uphill fight with the twin spirits of bankruptcy and indigestion. Lloyd is down again—bush cholera, I think: a very clammy boy, and that knocks us a little down. Duns rage about my portal, at least to fancy's ear.

I suppose you heard of Ferrier's death: my oldest friend except Bob. It has much upset me. I did not fancy how much. I am strangely concerned about it.

My house is the loveliest spot in the universe; the moonlight nights we have are incredible: love, poetry, and music, and the Arabian Nights, inhabit just my corner of the world—nest there like mavises.

Here lies the carcase
of
Robert Louis Stevenson,
An active, austere and not inelegant
writer,
who,
at the termination of a long career,
wealthy, wise, benevolent, and honored by
the attention of two hemispheres,
yet owned it to have been his crowning favor
TO INHABIT
LA SOLITUDE

(with the consent of the intelligent edility of Hyères, he has been interred, below this frugal stone, in the garden which he honored for so long with his poetic presence).

I must write more solemn letters. Adieu. Write. R. L. S.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Why don't you send me the *Fontainebleau?* That is downright mean; you should help a friend in his work, my boy.

Be well and you will be happy, be well and happy and you will be virtuous, be well, happy and virtuous and you will probably become acquainted with a debtor's jail.

LA SOLITUDE, HYÈRES, November, 1883.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—You must not blame me too much for my silence; I am over head and ears in work, and do not know what to do first. I have been hard at *Otto*, hard at *Silverado* proofs, which I have worked over again to a tremendous extent; cutting, adding, rewriting, until some of the worst chapters of the original are now, to my mind, as good as any. I was the more bound to make it good, as I had such liberal terms; it's not for want of trying if I have failed.

I got your letter on my birthday; indeed that was how I found it out, about three in the afternoon, when postie comes. Thank you for all you said. As for my wife, that was the best investment ever made by man; but "in our branch of the family" we seem to marry well. She is still out of sorts; but V—l, whom I had to call in, pretends to understand her ailment, and, for the nonce, convinces us. I, considering my piles of work, am wonderfully well; I have not been so busy for I know not how long. I hope you will send me the money I asked however, as I am not only penniless, but shall remain so in all human probability for some considerable time. I have got in the mass of my expectations; and the £100 which is to float us on the new year can not come due till *Silverado* is all ready; I am delaying it myself for the moment; then will follow the binders and the travellers and an infinity of other nuisances; and only at the last, the jingling-tingling.

Do you know that *Treasure Island* has appeared? In the November number of Henley's Magazine, a capital number anyway, there is a funny publisher's puff of it for your book; also a bad article by me. Lang dotes on *Treasure Island:* "Except *Tom Sawyer* and the *Odyssey*," he writes, "I never liked any romance so much." I will enclose the letter though. The P.'s have made us a present of some English bacon: very good. The Bogue is angelic, although very dirty. It has rained—at last! It was jolly cold when the rain came.

I was overjoyed to hear such good news of my father. Let him go on at that!—Ever your affectionate, R. L. S.

LA SOLITUDE, December 20, 1883.

MY DEAR FATHER,—I do not know which of us is to blame; I suspect it is you this time. The last accounts of you were pretty good, I was pleased to see; I am, on the whole, very well—suffering a little still from my fever and liver complications, but better.

I have just finished reading a book, which I counsel you above all things *not* to read, as it has made me very ill, and would make you worse—Lockhart's *Scott.* It is worth reading, as all things are from time to time that keep us nose to nose with fact; though I think such reading may be abused, and that a great deal of life is better spent in reading of a light and yet chivalrous strain. Thus, no Waverley novel approaches in power, blackness, bitterness, and moral elevation to the diary and Lockhart's narrative of the end; and yet the Waverley novels are better reading for every day than the life. You may take a tonic daily, but not phlebotomy.

The great double danger of taking life too easily, and taking it too hard, how difficult it is to balance that! But we are all too little inclined to faith; we are all, in our serious moments, too much inclined to forget that all are sinners, and fall justly by their faults, and therefore that we have no more to do with that than with the thunder-cloud; only to trust, and do our best, and wear as smiling a face as may be for others and ourselves. But there is no royal road among this complicated business. Hegel, the German, got the best word of all philosophy with his antinomies: the contrary of everything is its postulate. That is, of course grossly expressed, but gives a hint of the idea, which contains a great deal of the mysteries of religion, and a vast amount of the practical wisdom of life. For your part, there is no doubt as to your duty—to take things easy and be as happy as you can, for your sake, and my mother's, and that of many besides. Excuse this sermon. —Ever your loving son, R. L. S.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LA SOLITUDE, December 25, 1883.

MY DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER,—This it is supposed will reach you about Christmas, and I believe I should include Lloyd in the greeting. But I want to lecture my father; he is not grateful enough; he is like Fanny; his resignation is not the "true blue." A man who has gained a stone; whose son is better, and, after so many fears to the contrary, I dare to say a credit to him; whose business is arranged; whose marriage is a picture—what I should call resignation in such a case as his would be to "take down his fiddle and play as loud as ever he could." That and nought else. And now, you dear old pious ingrate, on this Christmas morning, think what your mercies have been; and do not walk too far before your breakfast—as far as to the top of India Street, then to the top of Dundas Street, and then to your ain stair-heid; and do not forget that even as *laborare*, so *jocularí, est orare;* and to be happy the first step to being pious.

Has Lloyd a rag to his back? I fear it greatly.

I have as good as finished my novel, and a hard job it has been—but now practically over, *laus deo!* My financial prospects better than ever before; my excellent wife a touch dolorous, like Mr. Tommy; my Bogue quite converted, and myself in good spirits. O, send Curry Powder per Baxter. R. L. S.

["Smeoroch" mentioned in the following was a favorite Scotch terrier.]

Last Sunday of '83.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—I give my father up. I give him a parable: that the Waverley novels are better reading for every day than the tragic Life. And he takes it backside foremost, and shakes his head, and is gloomier than ever. Tell him that I give him up. I don't want no such a parent. This is not the man for my money. I do not call that by the name of religion which fills a man with bile—and, I may add, stupidity. I write him a whole letter, bidding him beware of extremes, and telling him that his gloom is gallows-worthy; and I get back an answer—Perish the thought of it.

Here am I on the threshold of another year, when, according to all human foresight, I should long ago have been resolved into my elements; here am I, who you were persuaded was born to disgrace you—and, I will do you the justice to add, on no such insufficient grounds—no very burning discredit when all is done; here am I married, and the marriage recognised to be a blessing of the first order, A1 at Lloyd's. There is he, at his not first youth, able to take more exercise than I at thirty-three, and gaining a stone's weight, a thing of which I am incapable. There are you; has the man no gratitude? There is Smeoroch: is he blind? Tell him from me that all this is

NOT THE TRUE BLUE!

I will think more of his prayers when I see in him a spirit of *praise*. Piety is a more childlike and happy attitude than he admits. Martha, Martha, do you hear the knocking at the door? But Mary was happy. Even the Shorter Catechism, not the merriest epitome of religion, and a work exactly as pious although not quite so true as the multiplication table—even that dry-as-dust epitome begins with a heroic note. What is man's chief end? Let him study that; and ask himself if to refuse to enjoy God's kindest gifts is in the spirit indicated. Up, Dullard! It is better service to enjoy a novel than to mump.

I have been most unjust to the Shorter Catechism, I perceive. I wish to say that I keenly admire its merits as a performance; and that all that was in my mind was its peculiarly unreligious and unmoral texture; from which defect it can never, of course, exercise the least influence on the minds of children. But they learn fine style and some austere thinking unconsciously.—Ever your loving son,

R. L. S.

LA SOLITUDE, HYÈRES-LES-PALMIERS, VAR, January 1 [1884].

MY DEAR PEOPLE,—A Good New Year to you. The year closes, leaving me with £50 in the bank, owing no man anything, £100 more due to me in a week or so, and £150 more in the course of the month; and I can look back on a total receipt of £465, os. 6d. for the last twelve months! And yet I am not happy!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Yet I beg! Here is my beggary:—

1. Sellar's *Trial.*
2. George Borrow's *Book about Wales.*
3. My Grandfather's *Trip to Holland.*
4. And (but this is, I fear, impossible) the *Bell Rock Book.*

When I think of how last year began, after four months of sickness and idleness, all my plans gone to water, myself starting alone a kind of spectre for Nice—should I not be grateful? Come, let us sing unto the Lord!

Nor should I forget the expected visit, but I will not believe in that till it befall; I am no cultivator of disappointments, 'tis a herb that does not grow in my garden; but I get some good crops both of remorse and gratitude. The last I can recommend to all gardeners; it grows best in shiny weather, but once well grown, is very hardy; it does not require much labor; only that the husbandman should smoke his pipe about the flower-pots and admire God's pleasant wonders. Winter-green (otherwise known as Resignation, or the "false gratitude plant") springs in much the same soil; is little hardier, if at all; and requires to be so dug about and dunged, that there is little margin left for profit. The variety known as the Black Winter-green (H. V. Stevensoniana) is neither for ornament nor profit.

"John, do you see that bed of Resignation?"—"It's doin' bravely, sir."—"John, I will not have it in my garden; it flatters not the eye and comforts not the stomach; root it out."—"Sir, I ha'e seen o' them that rase as high as nettles; gran' plants!"—"What then? Were they as tall as alps, if still unsavory and bleak, what matters it? Out with it, then; and in its place put Laughter and a Good Conceit (that capital home evergreen), and a bush of Flowering Piety—but see it be the flowering sort—the other species is no ornament to any gentleman's Back Garden." JNO. BUNYAN.

[The following replies to an account by Mr. Gosse of an official room he was then occupying—an Old-World apartment of a kind not common in London public offices—in the roof overlooking an inner court at the Board of Trade, in Whitehall Place.]

LA SOLITUDE, HYÈRES-LES-PALMIERS, VAR, 17/3/84.

MY DEAR GOSSE,—Your office—office is profanely said—your bower upon the leads is divine. Have you, like Pepys, "the right to fiddle" there? I see you mount the companion, barbiton in hand, and, fluttered about by city sparrows, pour forth your spirit in a voluntary. Now when the spring begins, you must lay in your flowers: how do you say about a potted hawthorn? Would it bloom? Wallflower is a choice pot-herb; lily-of-the-valley, too, and carnation, and Indian cress trailed about the window, is not only beautiful by color, but the leaves are good to eat. I recommend thyme and rosemary for the aroma, which should not be left upon one side; they are good quiet growths.

On one of your tables keep a great map spread out; a chart is still better—it takes one further—the havens with their little anchors, the rocks, banks, and soundings, are adorably marine; and such furniture will suit your ship-shape habitation. I wish I could see those cabins; they smile upon me with the most intimate charm. From your leads do you behold St. Paul's? I always like to see the Fools-cap; it is London *per se*, and no spot from which it is visible is without romance. Then it is good company for the man of letters, whose veritable nursing Pater-Noster is so near at hand.

I am all at a standstill; as idle as a painted ship, but not so pretty. My romance, which has so nearly butchered me in the writing, not even finished; though so near, thank God, that a few days of tolerable strength will see the roof upon that structure. I have worked very hard at it, and so do not expect any great public favor. *In moments of effort, one learns to do the easy things that people like.* There is the golden maxim; thus one should strain and then play, strain again and play again. The strain is for us, it educates; the play is for the reader, and pleases. Do you not feel so? We are ever threatened by two contrary faults: both deadly. To sink into what my forefathers would have called "rank conformity," and to pour forth cheap replicas upon the one hand; upon the other, and still more insidiously present, to forget that

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

art is a diversion and a decoration, that no triumph or effort is of value, nor anything worth reaching except charm.—Yours affectionately, R. L. S.

LA SOLITUDE, HYÈRES-LES-PALMIERS, VAR, March 9, 1884.

MY DEAR COLVIN,—You will already have received a not very sane note from me; so your patience was rewarded—may I say, your patient silence? However, now comes a letter, which on receipt, I thus acknowledge.

I have already expressed myself as to the political aspect. About Grahame, I feel happier: it does seem to have been really a good, neat, honest piece of work. We do not seem to be so badly off for commanders: Wolseley and Roberts, and this pile of Woods, Stewarts, Alisons, Grahames, and the like. Had we but ONE statesman on any side of the house!

Two chapters of *Otto* do remain: one to rewrite, one to create; and I am not yet able to tackle them. For me, it is my chief o' works; hence probably not so for others: since it only means that I have here attacked the greatest difficulties. But some chapters towards the end: three in particular—I do think come off. I find them stirring, dramatic, and not unpoetical. We shall see, however, as like as not, the effort will be more obvious than the success. For, of course, I strung myself hard to carry it out. The next will come easier, and possibly be more popular. I believe in the covering of much paper: each time with a definite and not too difficult artistic purpose; and then, from time to time, drawing oneself up and trying, in a superior effort, to combine the facilities thus acquired or improved. Thus one progresses. But mind, it is very likely that the big effort, instead of being the masterpiece, may be the blotted copy, the gymnastic exercise. This no man can tell; only the brutal and licentious public, snouting in Mudie's wash-trough, can return a dubious answer.

I am to-day, thanks to a pure heaven and a beneficent, loud-talking, antiseptic mistral, on the high places as to health and spirits. Money holds out wonderfully. Fanny has gone for a drive to certain meadows which are now one sheet of jonquils: sea-bound meadows, the thought of which may freshen you in Bloomsbury. "Ye have been fresh and fair, Ye have been filled with flowers"—I fear I misquote. Why do people babble? Surely Herrick, in his true vein, is superior to Martial himself: though Martial is a very pretty poet.

Did you ever read St. Augustine? The first chapters of the *Confessions* are marked by a commanding genius: Shakespearian in depth. I was struck dumb, but, alas! when you begin to wander into controversy, the poet drops out. His description of infancy is most seizing. And how is this: "Sed majorum nugae negotia vocantur; puerorum autem talia cum sint puniuntur a majoribus." Which is quite after the heart of R. L. S. See also his splendid passage about the "luminosus limen amicitiae" and the "nebulae de limosa concupiscentia carnis"; going on "*Utrumque* in confuso aestuabat et rapiebat imbecillam aetatem per abrupta cupiditatum." That is damned knowing for a Father of the Kirk. That "Utrumque" is a real contribution to life's science. Lust *alone* is but a pigmy; but it never, or rarely, attacks us single-handed.

Do you ever read (to go miles off, indeed) the incredible Barbey d'Aurevilly? A psychological Poe—to be for a moment Henley. I own with pleasure I prefer him with all his folly, rot, sentiment, and mixed metaphors, to the whole modern school in France. It makes me laugh, when it's nonsense; and when he gets an effect (though it's still nonsense and mere Poëry, not poesy) it wakens me. *Ce qui ne meurt pas* nearly killed me with laughing, and left me—well, it left me very nearly admiring the old ass. At least it's the kind of thing one feels one couldn't do. The dreadful moonlight, when they all three sit silent in the room—by George, sir, it's imagined—and the brief scene between husband and wife is all there. *Quant au fond*, the whole thing, of course, is a fever dream, and worthy of eternal laughter. Had the young man broken stones, and the two women been hard-working honest prostitutes, there had been an end of the whole immoral and baseless business: you could at least have respected them in that case.

I also read *Petronius Arbiter;* I tackled some Tacitus, too. I got them with a dreadful French crib on the same page with the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

text, which helps me along and drives me mad. The French do not even try to translate. They try to be much more classical than the classics, with astounding results of barrenness and tedium. Tacitus, I fear, was too solid for me. I liked the war part; but the dreary intriguing at Rome was too much. R. L. S.

HYÈRES [Spring 1884].

MY DEAR HENLEY,—"Old Mortality" is out, and I am glad to say Coggie likes it. We like her immensely.

I keep better, but no great shakes yet; cannot work—cannot: that is flat, not even verses: as for prose, that more active place is shut on me long since.

My view of life is essentially the comic; and the romantically comic. *As you like It* is to me the most bird-haunted spot in letters; *Tempest* and *Twelfth Night* follow. These are what I mean by poetry and nature. I make an effort of my mind to be quite one with Molière, except upon the stage, where his inimitable *jeux de scène* beggar belief; but you will observe they are stage-plays—things *ad hoc;* not great Olympian debauches of the heart and fancy; hence more perfect, and not so great. Then I come, after great wanderings, to *Carmosine* and to *Fantasio;* to one part of *La Dernière Aldini* (which, by the by, we might dramatise in a week); to the notes that Meredith has found, Evan and the postillion, Evan and Rose, Harry in Germany. And to me these things are the good; beauty, touched with sex and laughter; beauty with God's earth for the background. Tragedy does not seem to me to come off; and when it does, it does so by the heroic illusion; the anti-masque has been omitted; laughter, which attends on all our steps in life, and sits by the deathbed, and certainly redacts the epitaph, laughter has been lost from these great-hearted lies. But the comedy which keeps the beauty and touches the terrors of our life (laughter and tragedy-in-a-good-humor having kissed), that is the last word of moved representation; embracing the greatest number of elements of fate and character; and telling its story, not with the one eye of pity, but with the two of pity and mirth.

F., having read thus far, says: "All this is your sight of life, not Henley's. He sees tragedy. That is the trouble in collaboration.

"Triumph!" I cry, "it is an ideal conjunction."

"Yes," she says, "if you will understand and respect each other's ground."

Let us understand and respect. I am no melodramatist, but a Skelt-drunken boy; I am, I know it, the man who went out to find the Eldorado of romantic comedy, and who means to come in sight of it. If we do possess these opposite gifts, we must un-nail the scaffolding: the trim reticule of the French play will hardly hold the pair of us; some liberty, Aristophanic or Shakespearian, some pursuit of nightingales, is necessary. But this would be to look forward to our ripeness.

R. L. S.

(To be continued.)

THE GOSPEL OF RELAXATION

By William James

I PROPOSE in the following informal pages to take certain psychological doctrines and show their practical applications to mental hygiene—to the hygiene of our American life more particularly. Our people, especially our teachers, are turning toward psychology nowadays with hopes of guidance, and if psychology is to justify the hopes, it must be by showing fruits in the pedagogic and therapeutic lines.

The reader may possibly have heard of a peculiar theory of the emotions, commonly referred to in psychological literature as the Lange-James theory. According to this theory our emotions are mainly due to those organic stirrings that are aroused in us in a reflex way by the stimu-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lus of the exciting object or situation. An emotion of fear, for example, or surprise, is not a direct effect of the object's presence on the mind, but an effect of that still earlier effect, the bodily commotion which the object suddenly excites; so that, were this bodily commotion suppressed, we should not so much *feel* fear as call the situation fearful; we should not feel surprise, but coldly recognize that the object was indeed astonishing. One enthusiast has even gone so far as to say that when we feel sorry it is because we weep, when we feel afraid it is because we run away, and not conversely. The reader may possibly be acquainted with the paradoxical formula. Now, whatever exaggeration may possibly lurk in this account of our emotions (and I doubt myself whether the exaggeration be very great), it is certain that the main core of it is true, and that the mere giving way to tears, for example, or to the outward expression of an anger-fit, will result for the moment in making the inner grief or anger more acutely felt. There is, accordingly, no better known or more generally useful precept in the moral training of youth, or in one's personal self-discipline, than that which bids us pay primary attention to what we do and express, and not to care too much for what we feel. If we only check a cowardly impulse in time, for example; or if we only *don't* strike the blow or rip out with the complaining or insulting word that we shall regret as long as we live, our feelings themselves will presently be the calmer and better, with no particular guidance from us on their own account. Action seems to follow feeling, but really action and feeling go together; and by regulating the action, which is under the more direct control of the will, we can indirectly regulate the feeling, which is not.

Thus the sovereign voluntary path to cheerfulness, if our spontaneous cheerfulness be lost, is to sit up cheerfully, to look round cheerfully, and to act and speak as if cheerfulness were already there. If such conduct doesn't make you soon feel cheerful, nothing else on that occasion can. So to feel brave, act as if we *were* brave, use all our will to that end, and a courage-fit will very likely replace the fit of fear. Again, in order to feel kindly toward a person to whom we have been inimical, the only way is more or less deliberately to smile, to make sympathetic inquiries, and to force ourselves to say genial things. One hearty laugh together will bring enemies into a closer communion of heart than hours spent on both sides in inward wrestling with the mental demon of uncharitable feeling. To wrestle with a bad feeling only pins our attention on it, and keeps it still fastened in the mind, whereas if we act as if from some better feeling, the old bad feeling soon folds its tent like an Arab and silently steals away.

The best manuals of religious devotion accordingly reiterate the maxim that we must let our feelings go and pay no regard to them whatever. In an admirable and widely successful little book called "The Christian's Secret of a Happy Life," by Mrs. Hannah Whitall Smith, I find this lesson on almost every page. *Act* faithfully, and you really have faith, no matter how cold and even how dubious you may feel. "It is your purpose God looks at," writes Mrs. Smith, "not your feelings about that purpose; and your purpose, or will, is therefore the only thing you need attend to. . . . Let your emotions come or let them go, just as God pleases, and make no account of them either way. . . . They really have nothing to do with the matter. They are not the indicators of your spiritual state, but are merely the indicators of your temperament, or of your present physical condition."

But the reader knows these facts already, so I need no longer press them on his attention. From our acts and from our attitudes ceaseless inpouring currents of sensation come, which help to determine from moment to moment what our inner states shall be—that is a fundamental law of psychology which I will therefore proceed to assume.

A Viennese neurologist of considerable reputation has recently written about the *Binnenleben*, as he terms it, or buried life of human beings. No doctor, this writer says, can get into really profitable relations with a nervous patient until he gets some sense of what the patient's *Binnenleben* is, of the sort of unuttered inner atmosphere in which his consciousness dwells alone with the secrets of its prison-house. This inner personal tone is what we can't communicate or describe articu-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lately to others, but the wraith and ghost of it, so to speak, is often what our friends and intimates feel as our most characteristic quality. In the unhealthy minded, apart from all sorts of old regrets, ambitions checked by shames and aspirations obstructed by timidities, it consists mainly of bodily discomforts not distinctly localized by the sufferer, but breeding a general self-mistrust and sense that things are not as they should be with him. Half the thirst for alcohol that exists in the world, exists simply because alcohol acts as a temporary anæsthetic and effacer to all these morbid feelings that never ought to be in a human being at all. In the healthy-minded, on the contrary, there are no fears or shames to discover, and the sensations that pour in from the organism only help to swell the general vital sense of security and readiness for anything that may turn up. Consider, for example, the effects of a well-toned *motor-apparatus*, nervous and muscular, on our general personal self-consciousness, the sense of elasticity and efficiency that results. They tell us that in Norway the life of the women has lately been entirely revolutionized by the new order of muscular feelings with which the use of the *ski*, or long snow-shoes, as a sport for both sexes has made the women acquainted. Fifteen years ago the Norwegian women were even more than the women of other lands votaries of the old-fashioned ideal of femininity, the "domestic *angel*," the "gentle and refining influence," sort of thing. Now these sedentary fireside tabby-cats of Norway have been trained, they say by the snow-shoes, into lithe and audacious creatures for whom no night is too dark or height too giddy; and who are not only saying good-by to the traditional feminine pallor and delicacy of constitution, but actually taking the lead in every educational and social reform. I cannot but think that the tennis and tramping and skating habits and the "bicycle-craze" which are so rapidly extending among our dear sisters and daughters in this country are going also to lead to a sounder and heartier moral tone, which will send its tonic breath through all our American life.

I hope that here in America more and more the ideal of the well-trained and vigorous body will be maintained neck by neck with that of the well-trained and vigorous mind, as the two coequal halves of the higher education, for men and women alike. The strength of the British Empire lies in the strength of character of the individual Englishman, taken all alone by himself; and that strength, I am persuaded, is perennially nourished and kept up by nothing so much as by the national worship, in which all classes meet, of athletic out-door life and sport.

I remember, years ago, reading a certain work by an American doctor on hygiene and the laws of life and the type of future humanity. I have forgotten its author's name and its title, but I remember well an awful prophecy that it contained about the future of our muscular system. Human perfection, the writer said, means ability to cope with the environment; but the environment will more and more require mental power from us, and less and less will ask for bare brute strength. Wars will cease, machines will do all our heavy work, man will become more and more a mere director of nature's energies, and less and less an exerter of energy on his own account. So that if the *homo sapiens* of the future can only digest his food and think, what need will he have of well-developed muscles at all? And why, pursued this writer, should we not even now be satisfied with a more delicate and intellectual type of beauty than that which pleased our ancestors? Nay, I have heard a fanciful friend make a still further advance in this "new-man" direction. With our future food, he says, itself prepared in liquid form from the chemical elements of the atmosphere, pepsinated or half-digested in advance, and sucked up through a glass tube from a tin can, what need shall we have of teeth, or stomachs even? They may go, along with our muscles and our physical courage, whilst, challenging ever more and more our proper admiration, will grow the gigantic domes of our crania arching over our spectacled eyes, and animating our flexible little lips to those floods of learned and ingenious talks which will constitute our most congenial occupation.

I am sure that your flesh creeps at this apocalyptic vision. Mine certainly did so; and I cannot believe that our muscu-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lar vigor will ever be a superfluity. Even if the day ever dawns in which it will not be needed for fighting the old heavy battles against Nature, it will still always be needed to furnish the background of sanity, serenity, and cheerfulness to life, to give moral elasticity to our disposition, to round off the wiry edge of our fretfulness, and make us good-humored and easy of approach. Weakness is too apt to be what the doctors call irritable weakness. And that blessed internal peace and confidence, that *acquiescentia in seipso*, as Spinoza used to call it, that wells up from every part of the body of a muscularly well-trained human being, and soaks the indwelling soul of him with satisfaction, is, quite apart from every consideration of its mechanical utility, an element of spiritual hygiene of supreme significance.

And now let me go a step deeper into mental hygiene and try to enlist the reader's insight and sympathy in a cause which I believe is one of paramount patriotic importance to us Yankees. Many years ago a Scottish medical man, Dr. Clouston, a mad-doctor, as they called him there, or what we would call an asylum physician (the most eminent one in Scotland), visited this country and said something that has remained in my memory ever since. "You Americans," he said, "wear too much expression on your faces. You are living like an army with all its reserves engaged in action. The duller countenances of the British population betoken a better scheme of life. They suggest stores of reserved nervous force to fall back upon, if any occasion should arise that requires it. This inexcitability, this presence at all times of power not used, I regard," continued Dr. Clouston, "as the great safeguard of our English people. The other thing in you gives me a sense of insecurity, and you ought somehow to tone yourselves down. You really do carry too much expression, you take too intensely the trivial moments of life."

Now, Dr. Clouston is a trained reader of the secrets of the soul as expressed upon the countenance, and the observation of his which I quote seems to me to mean a great deal. And all Americans who stay in Europe long enough to get accustomed to the spirit that reigns and expresses itself there, so unexcitable as compared with ours, make a similar observation when they return to their native shores. They find a wild-eyed look upon their compatriot's faces, either of too desperate eagerness and anxiety, or of too intense responsiveness and good-will. It is hard to say whether the men or the women show it most. It is true that we do not all feel about it as Dr. Clouston felt. Many of us, far from deploring it, admire it. We say, "What intelligence it shows! How different from the stolid cheeks, the cod-fish eyes, the slow, inanimate demeanor we have been seeing in the British Isles." Intensity, rapidity, vivacity of appearance are indeed with us something of a nationally accepted ideal, and the medical notion of "irritable weakness" is not the first thing suggested by them to our mind, as it was to Dr. Clouston's. In a weekly paper not very long ago I remember reading a story in which, after describing the beauty and interest of the heroine's personality, the author summed up her charms by saying that to all who looked upon her an impression as of "bottled lightning" was irresistibly conveyed.

Bottled lightning in truth is one of our American ideals, even of a young girl's character! Now it is most ungracious, and it may seem to some persons unpatriotic, to criticise in public the physical peculiarities of one's own people, of one's own family, so to speak. Besides, it may be said, and said with justice, that there are plenty of bottled-lightning temperaments in other countries, and plenty of phlegmatic temperaments here; and that when all is said and done the more or less of tension I am making a fuss about is a very small item in the sum-total of a nation's life, and not worth solemn treatment in a magazine in which agreeable rather than disagreeable things should be made prominent. Well, in one sense the more or less of tension in our faces and our unused muscles *is* a small thing. Not much mechanical work is done by these contractions. But it is not always the material size of a thing that measures its importance, often it is its place and function. One of the most philosophical remarks I ever heard made was by an unlettered workman who was doing some repairs at my house many years ago. "There is very little difference between

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

one man and another," he said, "when you go to the bottom of it. But what little there is is very important." And the remark certainly applies to this case. The general over-contraction may be small when estimated in foot-pounds, but its importance is immense on account of its *effects on the over-contracted person's spiritual life*. This follows as a necessary consequence from the theory of our emotions to which I made reference at the beginning of this article. For by the sensations that so incessantly pour in from the over-tense excited body, the over-tense and excited habit of mind is kept up, and the sultry, threatening, exhausting, thunderous inner atmosphere never quite clears away. If you never wholly give yourself up to the chair you sit in, but always keep your leg- and body-muscles half contracted for a rise; if you breathe eighteen or nineteen instead of sixteen times a minute, and never quite breathe out at that; what mental mood *can* you be in but one of inner panting and expectancy, and how can the future and its worries possibly forsake your mind? On the other hand, how can they gain admission to your mind if your brow be unruffled, your respiration calm and complete, and your muscles all relaxed?

Now, what is the cause of this absence of repose, this bottled-lightning quality, in us Americans? The explanation of it that is usually given is that it comes from the extreme dryness of our climate and the acrobatic performances of our thermometer, coupled with the extraordinary progressiveness of our life, the hard work, the railroad speed, the rapid success, and all the other things we know so well by heart. Well, our climate is certainly exciting, but hardly more so than that of many parts of Europe, where, nevertheless, no bottled-lightning girls are found. And the work done and the pace of life are as extreme in every great capital of Europe as they are here. To me both of these pretended causes are utterly insufficient to explain the facts.

To explain them we must go, not to physical geography, but to psychology and sociology. The latest chapter both in sociology and in psychology to be developed in a manner that approaches adequacy is the chapter on the imitative impulse. First Tarde in France, and later Royce and Baldwin here, have shown that invention and imitation, taken together, form, one may say, the entire warp and woof of human life in so far as it is social. The American over-tension and jerkiness and breathlessness and intensity and agony of expression, are primarily social, and only secondarily physiological phenomena. They are bad habits, nothing more or less, bred of custom and example, born of the imitation of bad models and the cultivation of false personal ideals. How are idioms acquired, how do local peculiarities of phrase and accent come about? Through an accidental example set by someone, which struck the ears of others, and was quoted and copied till at last everyone in the locality chimed in. Just so it is with national tricks of vocalization or intonation, with national manners, fashions of movement and gesture, and habitual expressions of face. We, here in America through following a succession of pattern-setters whom it is now impossible to trace, and through influencing each other in a bad direction, have at last settled down collectively into what, for better or worse, is our own characteristic national type—a type with the production of which, so far as these habits go, the climate and conditions have had practically nothing at all to do.

This type, which we have thus reached by our imitativeness, we now have fixed upon us for better or worse. Now no type can be *wholly* disadvantageous; but so far as our type follows the bottled-lightning fashion, it cannot be wholly good. Dr. Clouston was certainly right in thinking that eagerness, breathlessness, and anxiety are not signs of strength; they are signs of weakness and of bad co-ordination. The even forehead, the slab-like cheek, the codfish eye, may be less interesting for the moment, but they are more promising signs than intense expression is of what we may expect of their possessor in the long run. Your dull, unhurried worker gets over a great deal of ground, because he never goes backward or breaks down. Your intense, convulsive worker breaks down and has bad moods so often that you never know where he may be when you most need his help—he may be having one of his "bad days." We say that so many of our fellow-countrymen collapse, and have

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to be sent abroad to rest their nerves, because they work so hard. I suspect that this is an immense mistake. I suspect that neither the nature nor the amount of our work are accountable for the frequency and severity of our breakdowns, but that their cause lies rather in those absurd feelings of hurry and having no time, in that breathlessness and tension, that anxiety of feature, and that solicitude for results, that lack of inner harmony and ease, in short, by which with us the work is so apt to be accompanied, and from which a European who should do the same work would nine times out of ten be free. These perfectly wanton and unnecessary tricks of inner attitude and outer manner in us, caught from the social atmosphere, kept up by tradition, and idealized by many as the admirable way of life, are the last straws that break the American camel's back, the final overflowers of our measure of wear and tear and fatigue.

The voice, for example, in a surprisingly large number of us has a tired and plaintive sound. Some of us are really tired (for I don't mean absolutely to deny that our climate has a tiring quality), but far more of us are not tired at all, or would not be tired at all unless we had got into a wretched trick of feeling tired by following the prevalent habits of vocalization and expression. And if talking high and tired, and living excitedly and hurriedly, would only enable us to *do* more by the way, even while breaking us down in the end, it would be different. There would be some compensation, some excuse for going on so. But the exact reverse is the case: It is your relaxed and easy worker, who is in no hurry, and quite thoughtless most of the while of consequences, who is your efficient worker; and tension and anxiety, and present and future, all mixed up together in our mind at once, are the surest drags upon steady progress and hindrances to our success. My colleague, Professor Münsterberg, an excellent observer, who came here recently, has written some notes on America to German papers. He says in substance that the appearance of unusual energy in America is superficial and illusory, being really due to nothing but the habits of jerkiness and bad co-ordination for which we have to thank the defective training of our people. I think myself that it is high time for old legends and traditional opinions to be changed; and that if anyone should begin to write about Yankee inefficiency and feebleness, and inability to do anything with time except to waste it, he would have a very pretty paradoxical little thesis to sustain, with a great many facts to quote, and a great deal of experience to appeal to in its proof.

Well, if our dear American character is weakened by all this over-tension—and I think, whatever reserves you may make, gentle reader, that you will agree as to the main facts—where does the remedy lie? It lies, of course, where lay the origins of the disease. If a vicious fashion and taste are to blame for the thing, the fashion and taste must be changed. And though it is no small thing to inoculate seventy millions of people with new standards, yet, if there is to be any relief, that will have to be done. We must change ourselves from a race that admires jerk and snap for their own sakes, and looks down upon low voices and quiet ways as dull, to one that, on the contrary, has calm for its ideal, and for their own sakes loves harmony, dignity, and ease.

So we go back to the psychology of imitation again. There is only one way to improve ourselves, and that is by some of us setting an example which the others may pick up and imitate till the new fashion spreads from east to west. Some of us are in more favorable positions than others to set new fashions. Some are much more striking personally and imitable, so to speak. But no living person is sunk so low as not to be imitated by somebody. Thackeray somewhere says of the Irish nation, that there never was an Irishman so poor that he didn't have a still poorer Irishman living at his expense; and surely there is no human being whose example doesn't work contagiously in *some* particular. The very idiots at our public institutions imitate each others' peculiarities. And if you, dear reader, should individually achieve calmness and harmony in your own person, you may depend upon it that a wave of imitation will spread from you, as surely as the circles spread outward when a stone is dropped into a lake.

Fortunately, we shall not have to be absolute pioneers. Even now in New York they have formed a society for the im-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

provement of our national vocalization, and one perceives its machinations already in the shape of various newspaper articles intended to stir up dissatisfaction with the awful thing that it is. And, better still than that, because more radical and general, is the gospel of relaxation, as one may call it, preached by Miss Annie Payson Call, of Boston, in her admirable little volume called "Power through Repose," a book that ought to be in the hands of every instructor of youth in America of either sex. You need only be followers, then, on a path already opened up by others. But of one thing be confident—others still will follow you.

And this brings me to one more application of psychology to practical life, to which I will call attention briefly, and then close. If one's example of easy and calm ways is to be effectively contagious, one feels by instinct that the less voluntarily one aims at getting imitated, the more unconscious one keeps in the matter, the more likely one is to succeed. *Become the imitable thing,* and you may then discharge your minds of all responsibility for the imitation—the laws of social nature will take care of that result. Now, the psychological principle on which this precept reposes is a law of very deep and widespread importance in the conduct of our lives, and at the same time a law which we Americans most grievously neglect. Stated technically, the law is this, that *strong feeling about one's self tends to arrest the free association of one's objective ideas and motor processes.* We get the extreme example of this in the mental disease called melancholia.

A melancholic patient is filled through and through with intensely painful emotion about himself. He is threatened; he is guilty; he is doomed; he is annihilated; he is lost. His mind is fixed as if in a cramp on this sense of his own situation; and in all the books on insanity you may read that the usual varied flow of his thoughts has ceased. His associative processes, to use the technical phrase, are inhibited, and his ideas stand stock still, shut up to their one monotonous function of reiterating inwardly the fact of the man's desperate estate. And this inhibitive influence is not due to the mere fact that his emotion is *painful.* Joyous emotions about the self also stop the association of our ideas. A saint in ecstasy is as motionless and irresponsive and one-idead as a melancholiac. And without going as far as ecstatic saints, we know how in everyone a great or sudden pleasure may paralyze the flow of thought. Ask young people returning from a party or a spectacle, and all excited about it, what it was. "Oh, it was *fine!* it was *fine!* it was *fine!*" is all the information you are likely to receive until the excitement has calmed down. Probably everyone of my readers has been made temporarily half-idiotic by some great success or piece of good fortune. "*Good!* GOOD! GOOD!" is all we can at such times say to ourselves, until we smile at our own very foolishness.

Now from all this we can draw an extremely practical conclusion. If, namely, we wish our trains of ideation and volition to be copious and varied and effective, we must form the habit of freeing them from the inhibitive influence of egoistic preoccupation about their results. Such a habit, like other habits, can be formed. Prudence and duty and self-regard, emotions of ambition and emotions of anxiety, have, of course, a needful part to play in our lives. But confine them as far as possible to the occasions when you are making your general resolutions and deciding on your plans of campaign, and keep them out of the details. When once a decision is reached and execution is the order of the day, dismiss absolutely all responsibility and care about the outcome. *Unclamp,* in a word, your intellectual and practical machinery and let it run free, and the service it will do you will be twice as good. Who are the scholars who get "rattled" in the recitation-room? Those who think of the possibilities of failure and feel the great importance of the act. Who are those who do recite well? Often those who are most indifferent. *Their* ideas reel themselves out of their memory of their own accord. Why do we hear the complaint so often that social life in New England is either less rich and expressive or more fatiguing than it is in some other parts of the world? To what is the fact, if fact it be, due, unless to the over-active conscience of the people, afraid of either saying something too trivial and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

obvious, or something insincere, or something unworthy of one's interlocutor, or something in some way or other not adequate to the occasion? How can conversation possibly steer itself through such a sea of responsibilities and inhibitions as this? On the other hand, conversation does flourish and society is refreshing, and neither dull, on the one hand, nor exhausting from its effort on the other, wherever people forget their scruples and take the brakes off their hearts and let their tongues wag as automatically and irresponsibly as they will.

They talk much in pedagogic circles to-day about the duty of the teacher to prepare for every lesson in advance. To some extent this is useful. But we Yankees are assuredly not those to whom such a general doctrine should be preached. We are only too careful as it is. The advice I should give to most teachers would be in the words of one who is herself an admirable teacher. Prepare yourself in the *subject so well that it shall be always on tap;* then in the class-room trust your spontaneity and fling away all further care. My advice to students would be somewhat similar, especially at periods when there are many successive days of examination impending. One ounce of good nervous tone in an examination is worth many pounds of anxious study for it in advance. If you want really to do your best in an examination, fling away the book the day before, say to yourself, "I won't waste another minute on this miserable thing, and I don't care an iota whether I succeed or not." Say this sincerely, and feel it; and go out and play, or go to bed and sleep; and I am sure the results next day will encourage you to use the method permanently. I have heard this advice given to a student by Miss Call, whose book on muscular relaxation I quoted a moment ago. In her later book, entitled "As a Matter of Course," the gospel of moral relaxation, of dropping things from the mind, and not "caring," is preached with equal success. Not only our preachers, but our friends the theosophists and mind-curers of various religious sects are also harping on this string. And with the doctors, the Delsarteans, and such writers as Prentice Mulford, Mr. Dresser, and Mr. Trine to help, and the whole band of school-teachers and magazine readers chiming in, it really looks as if a good start might be made in the direction of changing our American mental habit into something more indifferent and strong.

Worry means always and invariably inhibition of associations and loss of effective power. Of course, the sovereign cure for worry is religious faith, and this, of course, you also know. The turbulent billows of the fretful surface leave the deep parts of the ocean undisturbed, and to him who has a hold on vaster and more permanent realities the hourly vicissitudes of his personal destiny seem relatively insignificant things. The really religious person is accordingly unshakable and full of equanimity, and calmly ready for any duty that the day may bring forth. This is charmingly illustrated by a little work with which I recently became acquainted: "The Practice of the Presence of God the best Rule of a Holy Life, by Brother Lawrence, being Conversations and Letters of Nicholas Herman, of Lorraine, Translated from the French."* I extract a few passages, the conversations being given in indirect discourse. Brother Lawrence was a Carmelite friar, converted at Paris in 1666. "He said that he had been footman to M. Fieabert, the Treasurer, and that he was a great awkward fellow, who broke everything. That he had desired to be received into a monastery, thinking that he would there be made to smart for his awkwardness and the faults he should commit, and so he should sacrifice to God his life, with its pleasures; but that God had disappointed him, he having met with nothing but satisfaction in that state. . . .

"That he had long been troubled in mind from a certain belief that he should be damned; that all the men in the world could not have persuaded him to the contrary; but that he had thus reasoned with himself about it: *I engaged in a religious life only for the love of God, and I have endeavored to act only for Him; whatever becomes of me, whether I be lost or saved, I will always continue to act purely for the love of God. I shall have this good at least, that till death I shall have done all that is in me to love Him.* . . . That

* Fleming H. Revell Company, New York.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

since then he had passed his life in perfect liberty and continual joy.

"That when an occasion of practising some virtue offered, he addressed himself to God, saying, 'Lord, I cannot do this unless Thou enablest me;' and that then he received strength more than sufficient.

"That when he had failed in his duty, he only confessed his fault, saying to God, 'I shall never do otherwise, if You leave me to myself; it is You who must hinder my failing, and mend what is amiss.' That after this he gave himself no further uneasiness about it.

"That he had been lately sent into Burgundy to buy the provision of wine for the society, which was a very unwelcome task for him, because he had no turn for business, and because he was lame, and could not go about the boat but by rolling himself over the casks. That, however, he gave himself no uneasiness about it, nor about the purchase of the wine. That he said to God, 'It was His business he was about,' and that he afterward found it well performed. That he had been sent into Auvergne, the year before, upon the same account; that he could not tell how the matter passed, but that it proved very well.

"So, likewise, in his business in the kitchen (to which he had naturally a great aversion), having accustomed himself to do everything there for the love of God, and with prayer, upon all occasions, for His grace to do his work well, he had found everything easy during fifteen years that he had been employed there.

That he was very well pleased with the post he was now in; but that he was as ready to quit that as the former, since he was always pleasing himself in every condition, by doing little things for the love of God.

That the goodness of God assured him He would not forsake him utterly, and that He would give him strength to bear whatever evil He permitted to happen to him; and therefore that he feared nothing, and had no occasion to consult with anybody about his state. That when he had attempted to do it, he had always come away more perplexed."

The simple-heartedness of the good Brother Lawrence, and the relaxation of all unnecessary solicitudes and anxieties in him, is a refreshing spectacle.

The need of feeling responsible all the livelong day has been preached long enough in our New England. Long enough exclusively, at any rate—and long enough to the female sex. (I might as well now confess that this article was originally written for the students of a woman's college, and afterward repeated to more than one similar audience.) What our girl-students and woman-teachers most need nowadays is not the exacerbation, but rather the toning-down of their moral tensions. Even now I fear that some one of my fair readers may be making an undying resolve to become strenuously relaxed, cost what it will, for the remainder of her life. It is needless to say that that is not the way to do it. The way to do it, paradoxical as it may seem, is genuinely not to care whether you are doing it or not. Then, possibly, by the grace of God, you may all at once find that you *are* doing it; and, having learned what the trick feels like, may (again by the grace of God) be enabled to go on.

And that something like this may be your happy experience, dear reader, after reading this article, is my most earnest wish.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE POINT OF VIEW

THE Puritans, we know, had no doubt at all either about the existence or the intense activity of a personal devil. He was as much a factor of the life of the colony as the General Court, which body he somewhat resembled in the comprehensiveness of his functions. He was responsible, of course, for such ills as the eighty-two dangerous heresies springing from the teachings of Mistress Anne Hutchinson; but he was no less to blame for the inclination of the Puritan damsels toward "immoderate greate sleeves, slashed apparel, immoderate greate rayles," etc. He was at the bottom of every mishap, and the most intelligent did not hesitate to ascribe anything unexpected to his direct teachings. "The Indians near Aquidnec," casually remarks Winthrop, "being powwowing in this tempest, the devil came and fetched away five of them;" and the entirely incidental way in which the statement is made, without further comment or elaboration, shows how completely Satan was accepted as a concrete personality to be taken into account in all one's reckonings.

The Passing of the Devil.

Any plunge into popular literature on social subjects—or into realistic fiction—shows not only that "Circumstance, environment, and heredity have replaced the world, the flesh, and the devil," but that we have substituted for the embodied spirit of evil of the old days, an abstraction, Society, which is responsible for nearly as wide a field of harmfulness as its predecessor. It does not, to be sure, snatch away Indians, preferring the less direct method of moving them onward to some reservation not as yet wanted by the whites; but otherwise it is as active as ever Satan was. Society determines environment, and environment determines character. Society is responsible for the tough on the streets of New York, and for the spiritless failures who drift dejectedly through some of our alleged pictures of Western life. Society is to blame for public corruption and private dishonesty, for drinking, for woman's wrongs, for the woes of the working man, for war, for unsound views on the currency or the tariff or the policy of expansion—for whatever, in fact, happens to be the particular *bête noire* of the particular speaker who holds the floor at a given moment. Truly, there is no room left for the Prince of Darkness; his occupation is gone, and Society has triumphantly usurped his ancient domain.

Probably most of us feel with regard to the devil as Emerson did concerning the world—that we "can get on very well without him." Nevertheless it is a question whether this substitution of Society for Satan is an altogether fortunate step. For the old attitude presupposed a belief in the individual. Satan dealt with units, and if a man went astray it was because he himself yielded when he might have resisted, so that even in sinning he proclaimed his free will; but who teaches to-day that a man can resist Society, or how can he be held responsible for the results of his environment? In the old belief life was a battle-field, whereon each must wage his own individual conflict with the powers of darkness, at the peril of his own eternal loss; in the newer teaching it is a kind of infirmary, wherein moral invertebrates in mass helplessly accept whatever happens to be nearest at hand, complaining bitterly meanwhile because some power, not exactly defined, has failed to do something not precisely formulated, which would have made matters very different in some fashion not entirely comprehended.

The old doctrine was stern and terrible enough in principle, and trivial enough in some of its workings out; but it encouraged the idea that each man must bear his own burden and fight his own fight. It developed the martial virtues; it trained a race of men, austere and narrow, but so virile, so indomitable and forceful, that their impress is even yet stamped deep upon our national character. Will the new attitude do as much? The man who believes that he is tempted by a definite spirit of evil whom he may resist and ought to resist may yield, or even take sides with the tempter and sin with a high hand, and yet be of heroic mould; but what hope is there for the man who holds himself blameless because his course is shaped by a power too strong for resistance? Is there for him any possibility of brave living and genuine effort? "*Courage, tout le monde; le diable est mort!*" Is his disappearance an unmixed good?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE FIELD OF ART

THE LIMITS OF THE THEATRE

HOW often the persons whom we call uneducated—the persons who know only one manner of using the mind, who are not accustomed to abstractions in general statement—how often such persons can teach us. The fact that they do not juggle with words obliges them to think with facts. Lately, when considering the essential difference between the work of Rodin and that of the pretty good French sculptors, whose statues look posed and fixed in comparison with his, my ideas seemed to be brought to a focus by some remarks of that human piece of furniture whom artists call the model. We were trying to fix the superiority of one gesture over a set of others. In establishing a preference, the young woman eliminated certain attitudes which reminded her of her other profession — the stage. She therefore carried in her own mind some line of demarcation between the gesture of the drama and the gesture of plastic art. This might seem curious, because the aim of both would seem to be the rendering of nature. And yet, on discussing the question more delicately with this unphilosophical mind, it was evident that to her the gesture and attitude of the theatre belonged to a world whose basis was a stage: that is to say, a fundamentally artificial one; while the gesture of plastic art moved in the open world of nature, unlimited and unrestrained. On the stage the gesture had to be fixed by the limited and artificial place, the limited and artificial light, the limited and artificial actions of other people, all prearranged and executed on a plan controlled by one mind; for otherwise they would clash.

So when Coquelin, the great actor, was playing with Jane Hading in tragi-comedy, he complained to me that her stage action, her gestures, her voice, her whole manner were keyed up to a tragic intensity which forced him out of what he thought the comedy side of the play: a play essentially ironical, essentially cynical, essentially un-tragic, except from its subject being the ferocity of human nature depicted in a degraded form. Therefore the great actor's truth to nature was not only limited by being made to suit artificial light thrown from below his feet, the size of a given house, his wearing a given costume, but also by the artificial actions of other people, moving restrained within the set circle of a prearranged combination of movements, checked and counter-checked by the necessity of a form of scansion of the meaning, so as to produce a sequence of well-considered tableaux. And these little theatrical pictures had thus to be co-ordinated to suit the weaker part of the people undertaking to carry them out. Anything farther removed from a free representation of free life, such as happens under the law of what we call accident, could not be conceived. Therefore such gestures as implied careful co-ordination, and could be repeated exactly, so as to avoid entanglement with those of others, were least adapted to the representation of passion and of the abandonment of the body to the feelings of the soul.

After all, the movement of the theatre, as compared with that of the freer arts, is more akin to the movement of the regimentally trained soldier, or to the action of the workman who repeats a blow which is to-day more accurately carried out by machinery.

As a practical proof of the unnaturalness of theatrical gesture, this expert, who was herself working out the problem, showed me how unsatisfactory were photographs of actors and actresses represented in their most renowned gestures; and this seemed to be quite as true of the very best as of the poorest. These pictures certainly were not inspiring, did not imply continuance, were in fact the farthest removed from those great representations of life by plastic art which appeal to us as embodying the very forces of nature.

It seemed that the transitional gestures previous to the culminating one might have been more akin, both to real life and to the life of great works of art; while the final and definitive gesture belonged to a strictly professional crisis.

Could not such a discrimination, or man-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ner of classification, be suggested, if not established, in regard to works of plastic art? Has not the modern theatre influenced the sensitiveness of artists with regard to that truth of nature which they aim at feeling, however inadequate their representation may be? The works of some of the most distinguished modern painters (and I should extend modernity quite far back) have a certain fixed probability of arrangement and gesture which seems to separate them from the greater works of the past, as well as from the greater works of to-day. However important many of them are, and however capable their authors, there is a rigidity and setness of the movement which suggests that final climax necessary to the stage. The arrested movement does not imply that fluid continuation which we feel in nature. There is a reminder of the studio, and the pose there inflicted upon a model continually urged to *garder la pose*—keep fixed. Fixity of course is abhorred by life, which is fluid and continually in sequence. When I see a murderer strike down his victim, do I feel like applauding and saying: "O please stay there!"? I know that there will be a movement immediately afterward, let us say of retreat, as of shock or of fear, or a repetition of a blow, or something that carries out the necessities of life. The modern study of the studio turns entirely the other way, to the encouragement of what can be very definitely represented, to the movements that can be repeated, to attitudes which can be kept for a long time, so as to be copied, as it is supposed, accurately. The public also is trained by the theatre to enjoy this subordinate representation of the stage by painting and sculpture. We are all more or less tainted by it. The photograph again has accustomed us more and more to one definite moment perceived by the instrument, without relation to a previous or a consequent one. Therein the artist and the public have been equally trained, and are to some extent interchangeably responsible.

The stage naturally must affect the artist, who is necessarily more or less sensitive, and as he has to explain to the public, he has to explain in terms that the public are acquainted with.

The Japanese painters, for instance, during the last century and this, were enormously affected by theatrical representation. Many of the gestures, let us say, of Hokusai, one of the greatest, are nothing but commemorations of stage effects in gesture. They are often representations of such and such a hero, as he is traditionally played on the stage. But even though these gestures fail by exaggeration and untruth to real passion, they do not fail as representations of nature—they remain fluid and continuous. The reason for this I take to be that they are actions and movements rendered from memory, so that the memory is charged to some extent with the recollection of a previous movement. But there seems to me no doubt—to me who am a passionate admirer of Hokusai—that the greater part of his representations is charged with theatrical motive. That, however, I am trying to make out as being different from theatrical rendering. A beautiful example of theatrical rendering which is typical of French tradition, continued through the school teaching of this date, is the famous picture of the "Oath of the Horatii," or the "Rape of the Sabine Women," by David—take whichever you may prefer. When David paints Pope Pius VII., he represents a mild and venerable ecclesiastic in the sequence of his life, with much behind him, and much to occur again. But there is nothing to tell us, when the Horatii stick out one leg and one arm in their famous attitude, how they will ever get back to real life.

This is the taint of French art, naturally grown into French artists from their great intelligence, their extreme sensitiveness to ridicule, their unwillingness to give themselves away, their fear of mystery, of sentiment, of want of clearness, as they say, and also of the increasing power of the commercial influence.

To come suddenly on Rodin's statue of St. John the Baptist, in the Luxembourg Gallery, makes the other statues around look like plaster casts. No wonder that he was accused, as he sadly told me, of having cast his statue from life; whereas, of course, its livingness came of his not doing so.

This is not saying that all the time a continuous stream of reaction has not been running; but it has required great effort, and often great moral courage, to flow on with it. Besides, reaction is not an artistic manner. There may be a wish to react, to oppose, to protest; but that can only be the cause, and is inartistic as a means. It is then only in a few cases of the present century that we can hope to find the persistence of such a stream of life.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

If examples are needed, and we skip the men of the end of the last century, we might take the beautiful manner in which Corot's figures are placed within the landscape, so that any movement of theirs would change evidently our manner of seeing them. They live and move as the clouds and the water and the branches of his trees.

Let us think also of Delacroix and Millet, and even many times of Turner, when he places figures in other than his classical landscapes.

And let us not forget that Mr. Winslow Homer, though he sometimes errs the other way, can make his figures live with an open-air life as astonishingly true as the weight of his sea-waves. I am thinking of the marvellous picture exhibited with the Society of American Artists, in the exhibition of '97. It represented the call of "All Right!" of a sailor at the sounding of the ship's bell. No studio model, no posing of any one person could have given this heavy, cramped movement of accustomed habit in which the weather-beaten tar lifted his work-roughened hand to a face sculptured by rain and sun into something as near nature as that of the animal. It is not the portrait of a single man, nor the gesture of a single man. No English painter of sailors, or French realist of the studio or of out-of-doors could to-day put aside so entirely that terrible accuracy of the *copying* of the model.

But my purpose is far from selecting just now this artist or that one, or getting to anything further than the suggestion of the limitations of different artists, and the possibility of a classification by elimination of those artists who have not suffered from the methods of the stage. JOHN LA FARGE.

It is pleasant to see an artist of the artists —an *artiste peintre* in every fibre of his nervous system—standing up for truth of conception, truth of pose, truth of gesture. And when the word truth is used here it means verisimilitude and not a more recondite, more psychological sort of truth which requires explanation as to the trueness of it. That Mr. La Farge has the instinctive feeling for such every-day truth and the love of it, those of us who know his art know already. It is not so very long since his window, presenting the scene of Christ and the disciples on the way to Emmaus, was exhibited in New York; and there, in a medium unfamiliar to the composer of action and incident, the human naturalness of attitude was worthy of attention. The Saviour was represented as turning toward one of his listeners with the familiar gesture of both hands emphasizing his words of exposition, while, for the moment, his back was turned to the other attendant of his journey, who still seems desirous of attracting his attention. This is only one of many instances which this artist's practice affords us of a realistic (we are not talking French but English, and realism is not *réalisme* by a great deal) — a realistic way of conceiving action, and it must be said again that painters are often too indifferent to this part of their artistic work.

The world is full of big and grandiose pictures, some of them good pictures, too, in which vigorous action is supposed to be going on while nothing of the sort appears in the actual pose of the figures as represented. The very worst instance which occurs to the mind is that of the Shnorr frescoes in the Munich Palace; the Nibelungen Lied pictures, in which everything that is ferocious and bloodthirsty is being carried forward in theory while, in reality—the reality of a work of art—the swords do not shatter, the spears do not pierce, the javelins are not flying, the raised arms are not coming down, the horses are not in movement, the men are frozen corpses or built-up dummies. In pictures immeasurably superior to these, the same peculiarity is to be observed. Mr. Blashfield has pointed out that even in the pictures of the able and powerful painter Jean-Paul Laurens, the same fault exists; and yet Mr. Laurens is a recorder of historical events recorded and unrecorded in the books, whose power of summoning up the conditions of the past is great and admirable. The present writer has been for more than thirty years a loving admirer of the work—which Mr. La Farge tells us now we all have a right to admire—the work of Winslow Homer, and the first picture, and the first water-color drawing, in which those virtues were seen which have been so much loved ever since, caught the eye of the tyro in art study by that same singular truthfulness of movement. Homer's figure subjects, too few, it must be said, possess that gift still. There is no first and no second manner in Winslow Homer in the matter of record of living and moving nature. He draws now as he drew in 1865, only with more complete and with more satisfac-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

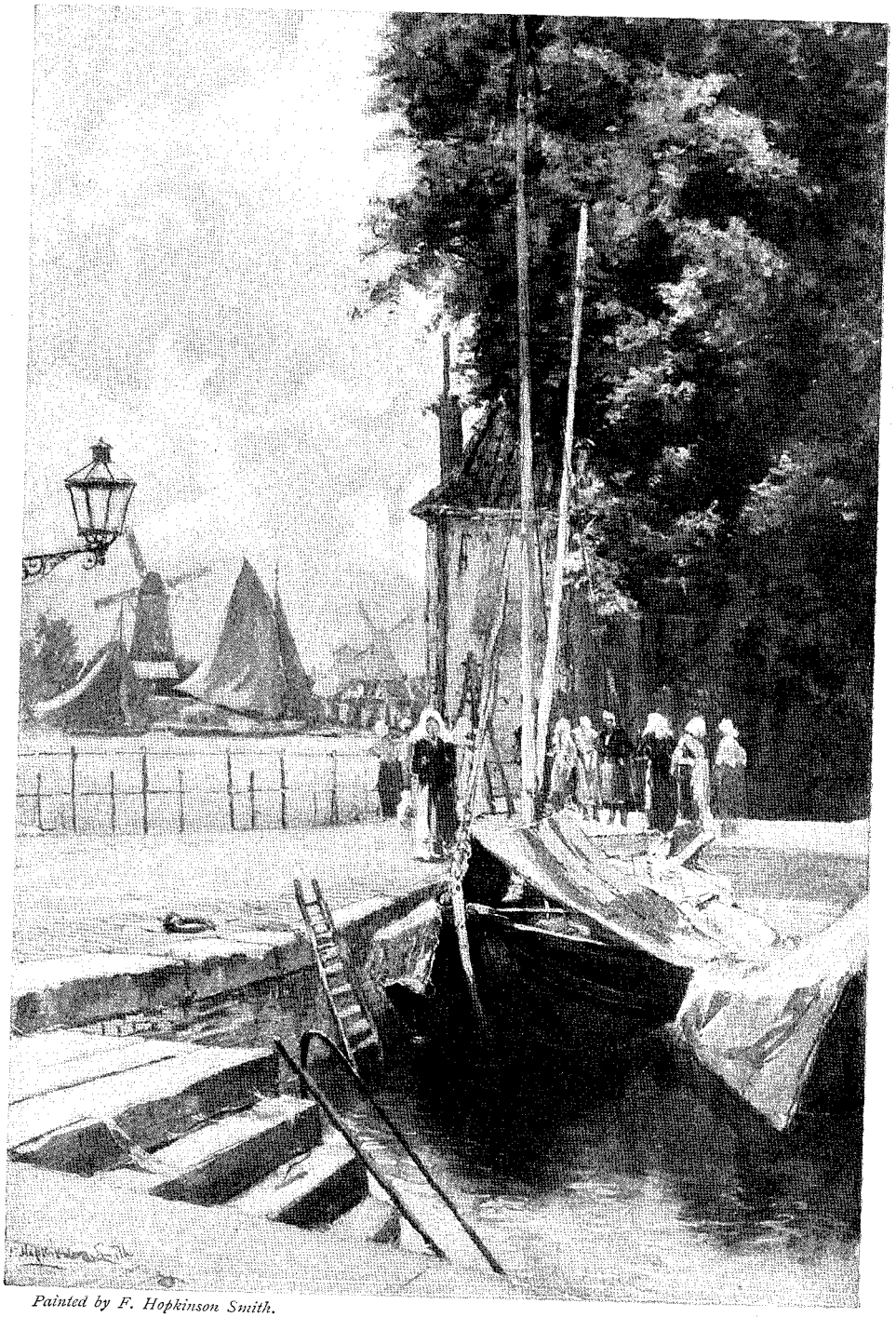
tory result. The Mower with his back toward you is seen to be mowing vigorously. The right arm goes down, and with the movement the point of the scythe comes round to the left with a whistling cut which is almost audible; the girl in the summer costume and broad straw hat throws up the right arm that the outstretched hand may press that hat down upon the head, as the summer breeze takes it. The negroes on the deck of the fishing-boat in New Providence harbor crouch on the gunwale in attitudes as expressive of their intent watchfulness as the attitudes of the moving men are of their intended action; and the attendants of the surf-bathing beach drag the half-drowned girls in from the shallow water with a movement which no other artist seems to know how to render. It need hardly be said that admirable art can exist without the exercise of this wonderful gift. But if this is true, it is also true that there are many kinds of fine art, and that one of them, and a noble one, has for its chief and central characteristic the rendering of attitude, whether long continued or instantaneous, with such truth that it would seem for the instant deceptive. It is after all nothing but the very best of good drawing. There is no spiritual meaning in it which is not perfectly conveyed by physical conditions. When a running man is so drawn that he seems to be running, his figure is rightly drawn, and that is all there is about it. The mystery is no greater than the mystery: How anybody can draw so well. No words can express the difference—the difference conveyed in the thickness of a line, or the intensifying, more or less, of the gradation which makes movement out of frozen stillness; and in like manner, no words can convey the secret of the look of repose. Explain in words why an Egyptian lion seems to be immovably quiet, and you may then find words to explain why a modern drawing is full of movement.

One of these numbers must really be devoted to the matter of book illustration. When the time comes to print that paper it will appear, in all probability, that about the most important single thing in book illustration is naturalness of pose, carrying with it, as it does, realism of effect in the whole composition. It is largely that gift which gave George Cruikshank his great power, and still more was it the greatest gift which the gifted John Leech possessed. Book illustration is not what it is merely because its spaces are small, its medium generally black and white, and its framing a printed page or the white paper margin. Book illustration is simply the fine art of story-telling carried out in a way which appeals the most often to the student. It is rare that an important series of works of fine art, mainly descriptive and narrative, is published in any other way than in a book. The few exceptions that occur to one are mostly poor things; there is here and there a Manzel or a Gavarni, or a Forain, or a Leech ("The Children of the Mobility," "Young Troublesome," etc.), who gives the world descriptive and narrative art without more setting of words than a title. No doctrine of rebellion against convention or protest against tradition needs to be preached in connection with such art as this which we are considering. There is as much convention in Leech's Butcher-boy "overing" a post as there is in the Diadumenos. The only question is to trace it, for it will be found a little less easily traceable. On the other hand, this minor art, book-illustration, carries in itself a lesson for the graphic arts of grander form, and a corrective to the malign influence of the theatre. R. S.

MR. ELMER E. GARNSEY writes to say that the ceiling decoration in the Library of Congress, the southeast pavilion, second story, was designed by him, and not as is stated in the list, given in the January number, under the name of Mr. R. L. Dodge.

Mr. Frank Fowler writes to say that, in the decoration of the west room of the Waldorf Hotel, the ceiling containing three large panels representing Music and the Dance was painted by him, and not as is stated in the list under the name of Mr. Armstrong.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Painted by F. Hopkinson Smith.

THE BOATS THAT SAIL UP AND DOWN.

—Between Showers in Dort, page 598.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED